Fannie R. Perkins.

The Treasury of Song

HOME! HOME! SWEET, SWEET HOME, THERE'S NO PLACE LIKE HOME, THERE'S NO PLACE LIKE HOME.

THE

TREASURY OF SONG

FOR

THE HOME CIRCLE:

THE RICHEST, BEST-LOVED GEMS

SACRED AND SECULAR.

CAREFULLY SELECTED FROM THE BEST WORKS OF THE AMERICAN, ENGLISH, SCOTCH, IRISH, WELSH, SWISS, FRENCH, SPANISH, GERMAN, ITALIAN, AFRICAN AND RUSSIAN AUTHORS, AND CONTAINING MANY OF

THE CHOICEST AND GRANDEST HARMONIES

OF HANDEL, HAYDN, MENDELSSOHN, MOZART, BEETHOVEN, ABT, SULLIVAN, GOUNOD, BLISS, PINSUTI, SWEENEY, O'KANE, GILCHRIST, MARSHALL, LOWRY, ROOT, AND LIKE CELEBRITIES.

COMPRISING THEIR FAVORITE

SONGS, HYMNS, GLEES, MADRIGALS, BALLADS, SENTENCES, RESPONSES, ANTHEMS CHANTS, AND SELECTIONS FROM OPERA AND ORATORIO IN DELIGHTFUL VARIETY, CHOSEN EXPRESSLY FOR THEIR EMINENT FITNESS TO PROMOTE

THE HAPPINESS OF EVERY HOME.

TO WHICH ARE APPENDED BRIEF BIOGRAPHIES OF EMINENT COMPOSERS, PERFORMERS AND SINGERS.

VERY ELEGANTLY ILLUSTRATED

PROFESSOR D. H. MORRISON, MUSICAL EDITOR.

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Memorial

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INTRODUCTION.

MUSICAL knowledge is rapidly extending; musical instruments are finding their way into every home; and the musical tastes of the community are undergoing a rapid elevation. This general advancement demands a corresponding advance in the books of song. The old style of book, with its burden of uninteresting matter, is discarded. A newer and better style, embodying the very Gems of Song, is now in demand.

The Treasury of Song has two distinctive characteristics. In the first place, it is a collection of Gems and of Gems only.

Such a collection is not possible, except as the result of immense research and of large expenditure for copyright privileges. These elements have been freely bestowed upon this book. The entire range of vocal music has been studiously examined, and from all its departments that which the people really love and which they love to sing, has been selected. Its cost in many cases has been immense, but it has been freely met, and as the result, a casket of gems "of purest ray serene," is now offered to the song-loving public.

A second distinctive feature of this book is its special adaptation to the wants of the home. This shrine of all that is holy and good will be made the happier and the brighter by the incoming of Treasury of Song as its familiar guest. So suitable is it for use at all times and by all persons, the old folks and the young alike, that it will make the fireside more than ever a delight, and the home-gathering a genuine festal time.

Confident that the music-loving homes of our land need this very book, and that they will greet it with a generous welcome and a heartfelt appreciation, Treasury of Song is sent forth on its mission of harmony.

THE EDITOR.

A 15544
June 1, 1934.

"Sing when the birds are waking,
Sing with the morning light,
Sing in the noontide's golden beam,
Sing in the hush of night.
Sing when the heart is troubled,
Sing when the hours are long,
Sing when the storm-cloud gathers;
Sweet is the voice of song."

TREASURY OF SONG.

NEVER FORGET THE DEAR ONES.

ROOT. By per.

Andantino.

1. Nev - er for - get the dear ones A - round the so - cial hearth,
2. Ev - er their hearts are turn - ing To thee when far a - way,
3. Nev - er for - get thy fa - ther, Who cheer - ful toils for thee,

The sun - ny smiles of glad - ness, The songs of art - less mirth:
Their love so pure and ten - der, Is with thee on thy way.
With - in thy heart may ev - er Thy moth - er's im - age be.

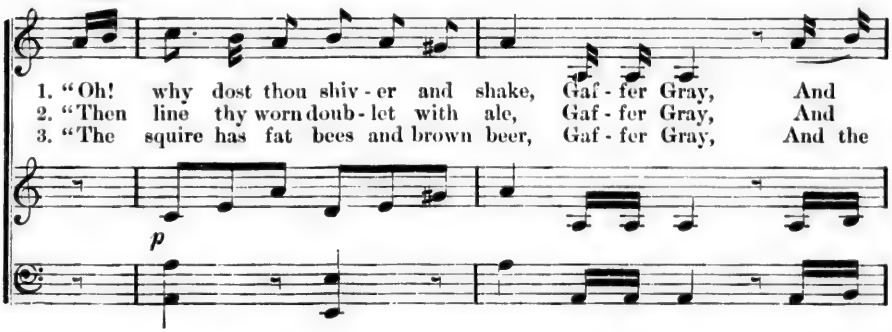
Tho' oth - er scenes may woo thee In oth - er lands to roam,
Wher - ev - er thou may'st wan - der, wher - ev - er thou may'st roam,
Thy sis - ter and thy broth - er, They long for thee to come.

Nev - er for - get the dear ones That clus - ter round thy home.

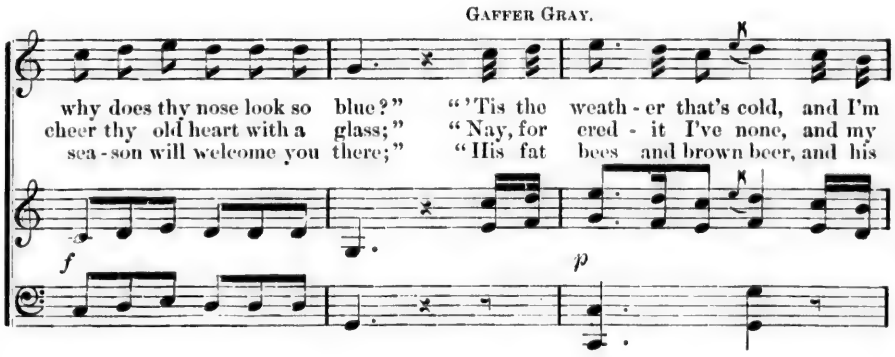
GAFFER GRAY.

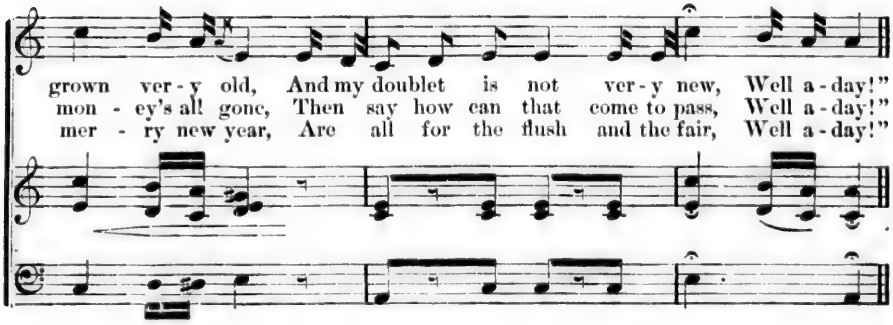
MARSHALL. By per.

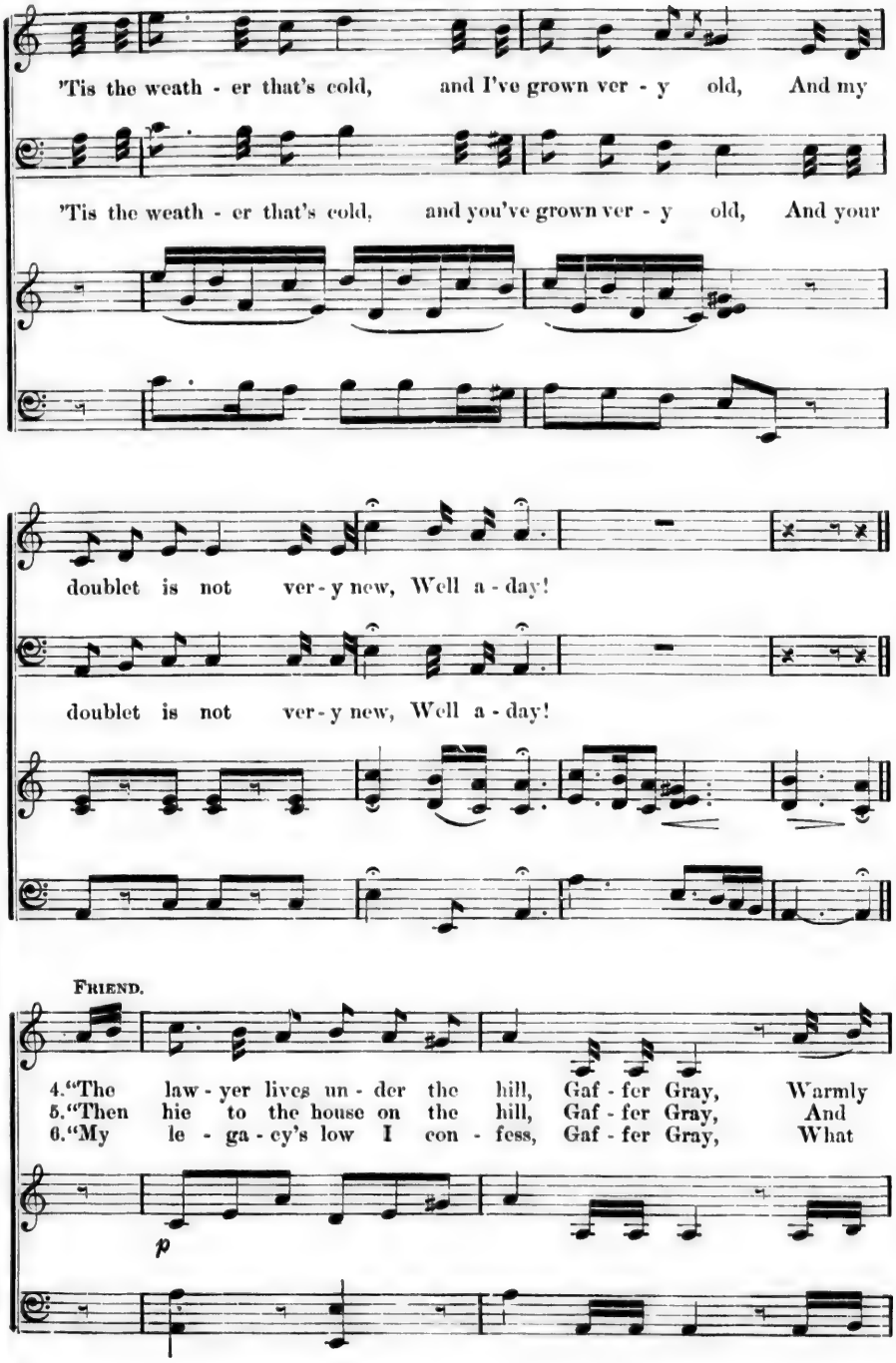
FRIEND.



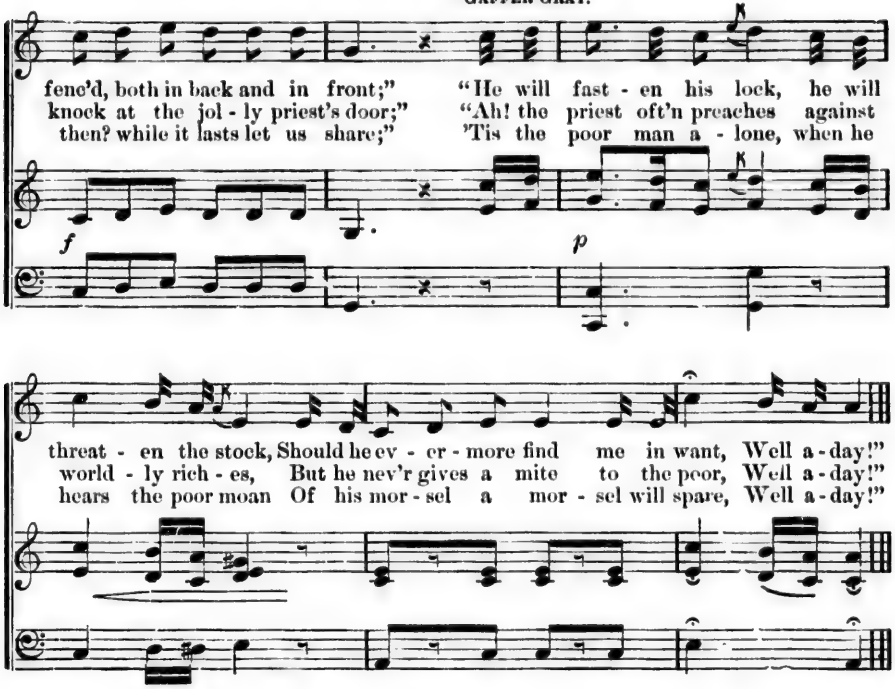
GAFFER GRAY.



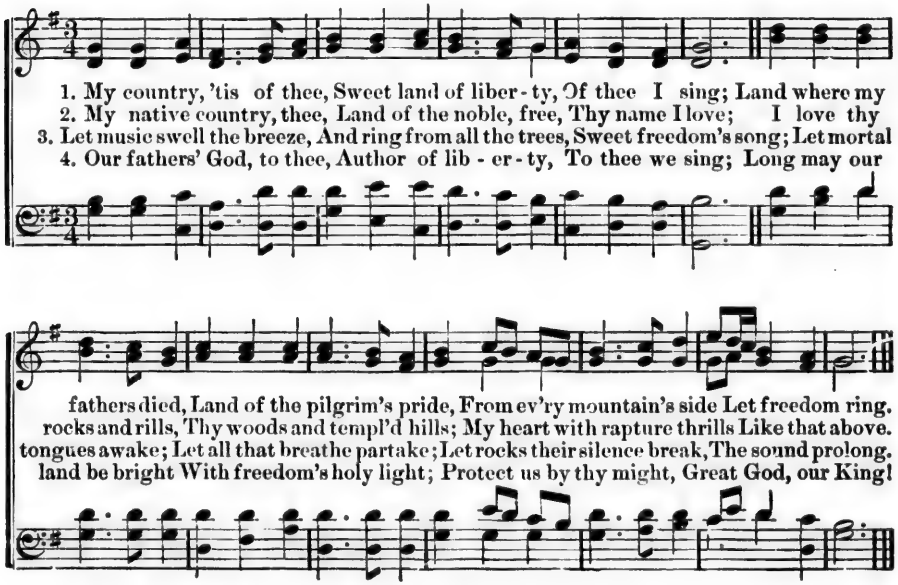



'Tis the weath - er that's cold, and I've grown ver - y old, And my
'Tis the weath - er that's cold, and you've grown ver - y old, And your
doublet is not ver - y new, Well a - day!
doublet is not ver - y new, Well a - day!
FRIEND.
4. "The law - yer lives un - der the hill, Gaf - fer Gray, Warmly
5. "Then hie to the house on the hill, Gaf - fer Gray, And
6. "My le - ga - cy's low I con - fess, Gaf - fer Gray, What
p

Gaffer Gray.



AMERICA.



ANNIE LAWRIE.

SCOTCH SONG.

1. Max - wel - ton's banks are bon - ny, Where ear - ly falls the dew, And 'twas there that An - nie Law - rie, Gave me her prom-ise true, Gave me her prom - ise true, And ne'er for-get will I, But for bonnie An - nie Law - rie, I'd lay me down and die.
2. Her brow is like the snaw - drift, Her throat is like the swan, Her face is as the fair - est, That e'er the sun shone on, That e'er the sun shone on, And dark blue is her e'e, And for bonnie An - nie Law - rie, I'd lay me down and die.
3. Like dew on the gowan ly - ing Is the fa' o' her fairy feet, And like winds in sum - mer sigh - ing, Her voice is low and sweet, Her voice is low and sweet, And she's a' the world to me, And for bonnie An - nie Law - rie, I'd lay me down and die.

p

dim.

TWENTY YEARS AGO.

HAYES.

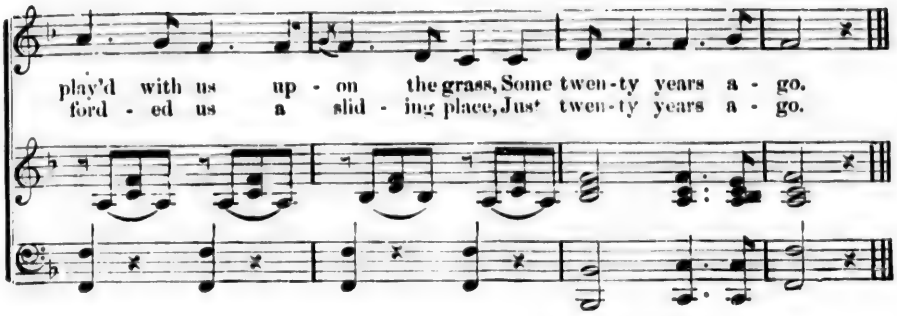
Moderato.

p

1. I've wander'd to the vil-lage, Tom, I've sat beneath the tree, Up-
2. The grass is just as green, dear Tom, Bare foot - ed boys at - play, Were

on the schoolhouse play - ing ground, that shelter'd you and me, But
sport - ing there as we did then, With spir - its just as gay, But the

none where there to greet me, Tom, And few were left to know, That
mas - ter sleeps up - on the hill, Which coat - ed o'er with snow, Af-



3. The spring that bubbled 'neath the hill, close by the spreading beach,
Is very low, 'twas once so high, that we could almost reach;
And kneeling down to get a drink, dear Tom, I started so!
To find that I had changed so much, since twenty years ago.

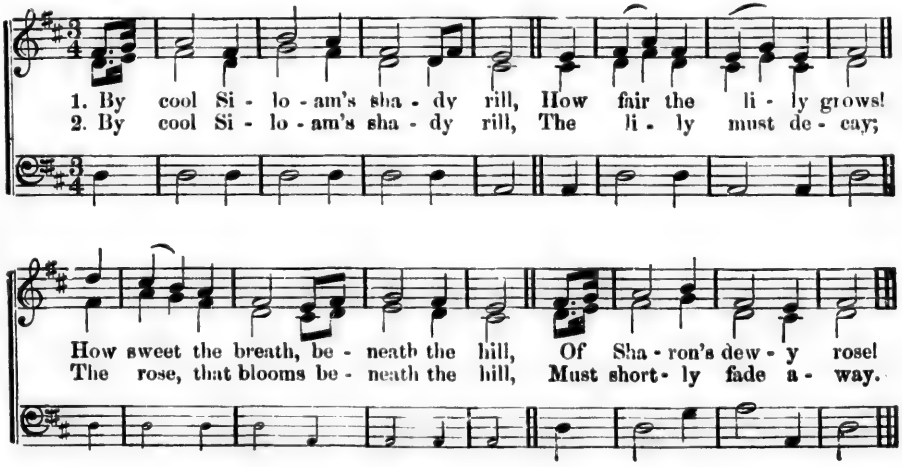
4. Down by the spring, upon an elm, you know I cut your name,
Your sweetheart's just beneath it, Tom, and you did mine the same,
Some heartless wretch has peeled the bark, 'twas dying sure, but slow,
Just as the one whose name was cut, died twenty years ago.

5. My lids have long been dry, dear Tom, but tears came to my eyes,
I thought of those we loved so well, those early broken ties;
I visited the old church-yard, and took some flowers to strew
Upon the graves of those we loved, some twenty years ago.

6. Some are in the church-yard laid, some sleep beneath the sea;
But few are left of our old class, excepting you and me;
And when our time shall come, dear Tom, and we are called to go,
I hope they'll lay us where we played, just twenty years ago.

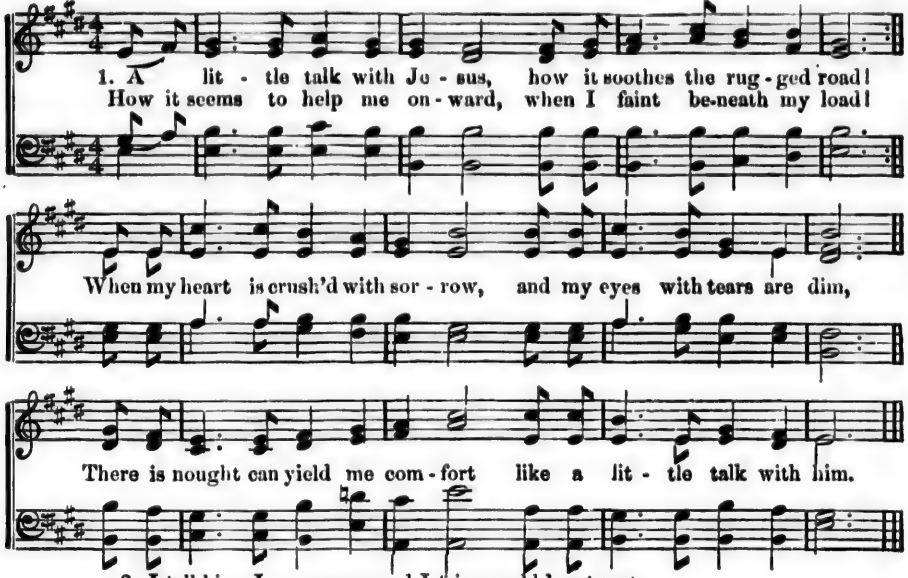
SILOAM.

WOODBURY. By per



A LITTLE TALK WITH JESUS.

FISCHER. By per.



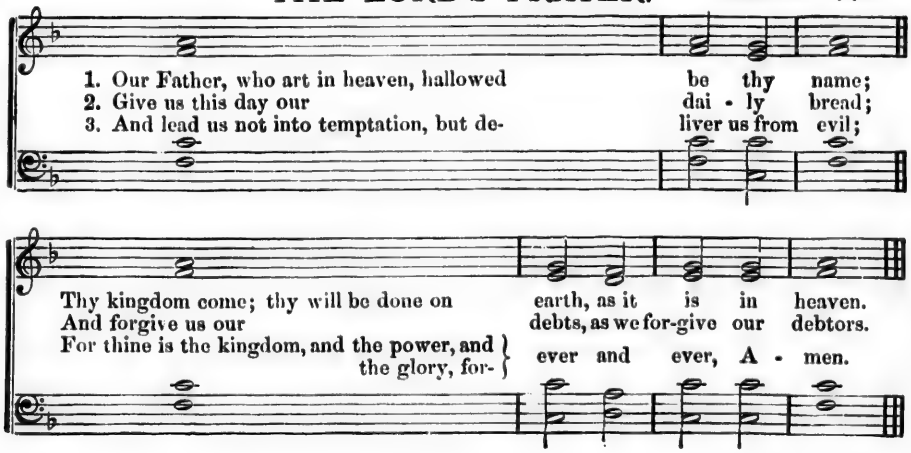
2. I tell him I am weary, and I fain would be at rest;
That I am daily, hourly longing to repose upon his breast;
And he answers me so sweetly, in the tenderest tones of love,
"I am coming soon to take thee to my happy home above.

3. The way is long and weary to yonder far-off clime,
But a little talk with Jesus doth while away the time.
The more I come to know him, and all his grace explore,
It sets me ever longing to know him more and more.

4. So I'll wait a little longer, 'till his appointed time,
And along the upward pathway my pilgrim feet shall climb.
There, in my Father's dwelling, where many mansions be,
I shall sweetly talk with Jesus, and he will talk with me.

THE LORD'S PRAYER.

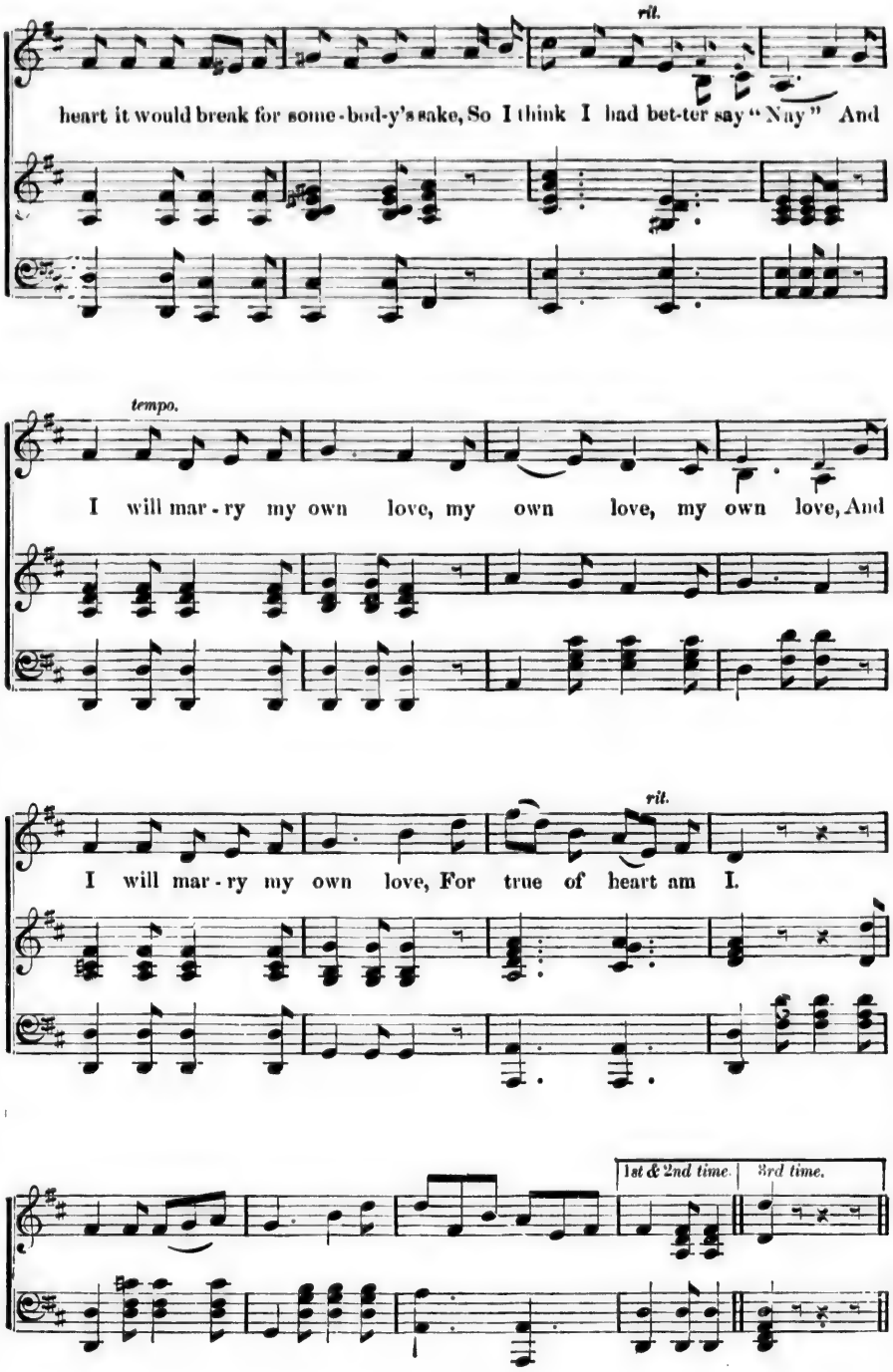
MARSHALL. By per.

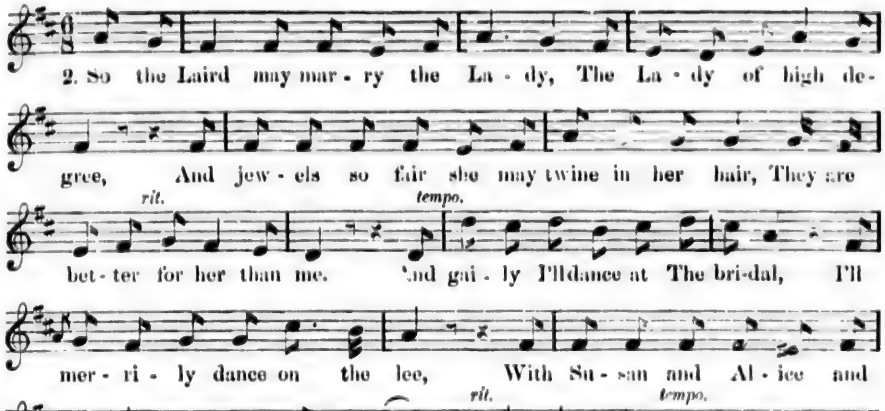


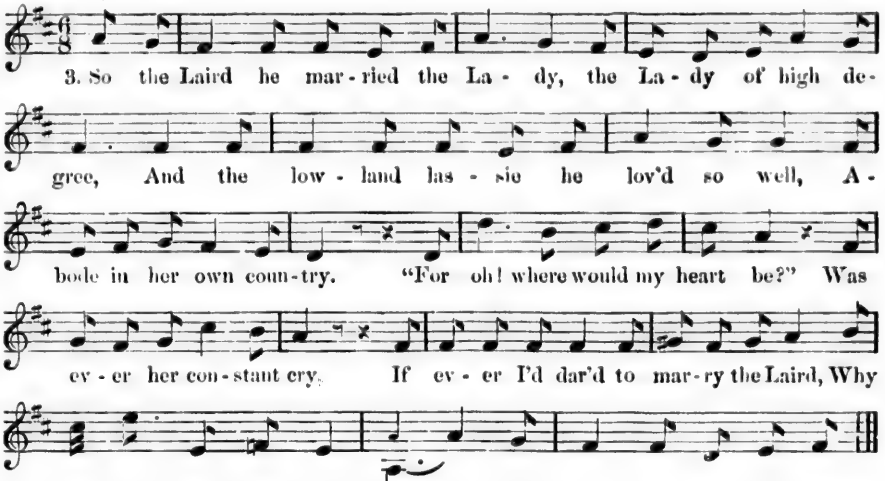
JANET'S CHOICE.

CLARIBEL

1. They say I may mar-ry the Laird if I will, The Laird of high de-gree, And jew-els so fair I may twine in my hair, And a la-dy I'd sure-ly be; But oh! where would my heart be? In spite of my gems so gay, My

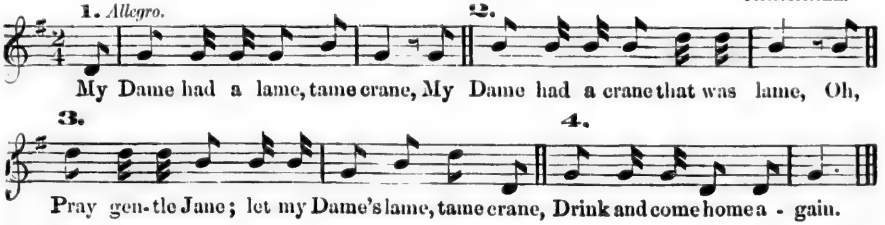

rit.
heart it would break for some-bod-y's sake, So I think I had bet-ter say "Nay" And
tempo.
I will mar-ry my own love, my own love, my own love, And
rit.
I will mar-ry my own love, For true of heart am I.
1st & 2nd time.
3rd time.





ROUND FOR FOUR VOICES.

MARSHALL.



I'VE BROUGHT THEE AN IVY LEAF.

MARTIN. WOOD.

1. I've
2. I'd have

Allegro.

f

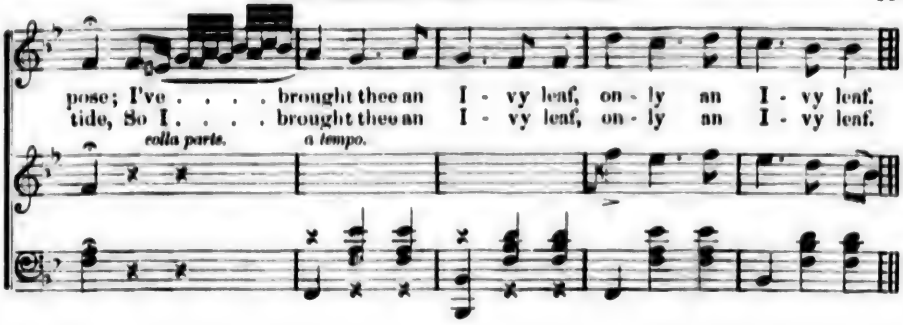
brought thee an I - vy leaf, on - ly an I - vy leaf,
brought thee a flow - er, a beau - ti - ful flow - er,

p *f*

From the land of the rose, where the wild heath - er grows, . . .
But it would have sighed 'till it fa - ded and died, . . .

. . . . . And the vi - o - let blos - soms in qui - et re-
. . . . . And have droop'd in hu - man - i - ty's with - er - ing

p



3.

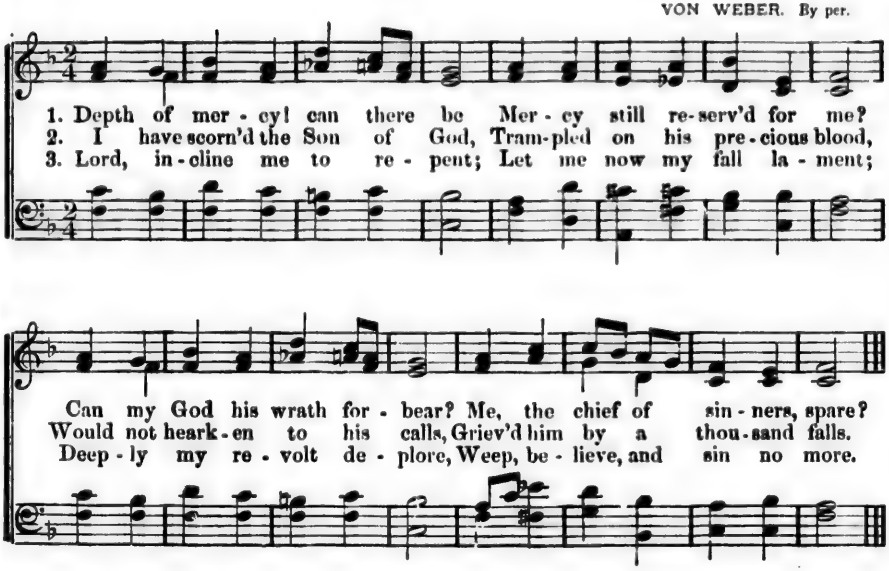
I have brought thee a rose-bud, a fairy-like rose-bud,
To place in thy hair,
And to perfume the air,
But it like the flower would fade in despair,
So I brought thee an Ivy leaf, only an Ivy leaf.

4.

An Ivy leaf green, a beautiful Ivy leaf,
Bright type of true heart,
Of true friendship a part,
Oh, wear it for-ever, love, nearest thy heart,
I've brought thee a Ivy leaf, only an Ivy leaf.

SEYMOUR.

VON WEBER. By per.



RESTING BY AND BY.

DYER. LOWRY. By per.

1. When faint and wea - ry toil - ing, The sweat-drops on my brow, I
2. This life to toil is giv - en, And he im-proves it best Who
3. Nor ask, when o - ver - burdened, You long for friend - ly aid, "Why
4. Wan reap - ers in the Har - vest, Let this thy strength sustain, Each

long to rest from la - bor, To drop the bur-den now—There comes a gen-tle
seeks by pa-tient la - bor To en - ter in - to rest; Then, pilgrim, worn and
i - dle stands my brother, No yoke up - on him laid?" The Mas-ter bids him
sheaf that fills the gar - ner Brings you e - ter - nal gain; Then bear the cross with

chiding, To quell each mourning sigh; Work while the day is shining, There's resting by and by.
weary, Press on, the goal is nigh; The prize is straight before thee, There's resting by and by.
tarry; And dare you ask him why? Go, labor in the vineyard, There's resting by and by.
patience, To fields of duty hie; 'Tis sweet to work for Jesus, There's resting by and by.

Chorus.

Rest-ing by and by, There's rest-ing by and by; We shall not al-ways

la - bor, We shall not al-ways cry; The end is draw-ing near-er, The

end for which we sigh; We'll lay our heavy burdens down, There's resting by and by.

MY AIN COUNTRIE.

LEE. SCOTCH SONG. ARR.

1. { I am far frae my hame, an' I'm wea-ry aft - en-whiles, For the
An' I'll ne'er be fu' con - tent un - til my een do see The
D.C. But these sichts an' these soun's will as naething be to me, When I

lang'd-for hame-bringing, an' my Father's welcome smiles, }
gow - den gates of heav'n, an' my . . . . . } ain countrie.
hear the angels singing in my . . . . . ain countrie.

1st time. 2nd time. FINE.

D.C

{ The earth is fleck'd wi' flowers, mon - y - tint - ed, fresh and gay; }
{ The bird - ies war - ble blithely, for my Fa - ther, made them sae; }

2. I've his gude word of promise, that some gladsome day the King
To his ain royal palace, his banished hame will bring,
Wi' een, an' wi' heart running owre we shall see
"The King in his beauty," an' our ain countrie.
My sins hae been mony, and my sorrows hae been sair;
But there they'll never vex me, nor be remembered mair.
For his bluid hath made me white, and his hand shall dry my e'e,
When he brings me hame at last to my ain countrie.

3. He is faithfu' that hath promised, an' he'll surely come again,
He'll keep his tryst wi' me, at what hour I dinna ken;
But he bids me still to wait, an' ready aye to be,
To gang at ony moment to my ain countrie.
So I'm watching aye, and singing o' my hame as I wait,
For the soun'ing o' his footfa' this side the gowden gate,
God gie his grace to ilk ane wha listens noo to me,
That we a' may gang in gladness to our ain countrie.

THE MONKS OF OLD.

JONES GLOVER.

Many have told of the monks of old, What a saint - ly race they were, But

'tis more true, that a mer - ri - er crew Could scarce be found elsewhere, For they

sung and langh'd, and the rich wine quaff'd, And liv'd on the dain-ti - est cheer, For they

langh'd ha! ha! and they quaff'd ha! ha! And liv'd on the dain - ti - est cheer.

And then they would jest at the love confess'd By man - y an art - less Maid, And what

hopes and fears they had breath'd in the ears Of those who had sought their aid. And they

sung and laugh'd, and the rich wine quaff'd, As they told of each love-sick jade, And they

laugh'd ha! ha! and they quaff'd ha! ha! As they told of each love - sick jade.

f *f*

3.

And the abbot meek, with his form so sleek,
Was the heartiest of them all,
And would take his place with a smiling face,
When refection bell would call,
When they sung and laugh'd, and the rich wine [quaff'd,
Till they shook the olden wall,
And they laugh'd ha! ha! and they quaff'd [ha! ha!
Till they shook the olden wall.

4.

Then say what they will, we'll drink to them [still,
For a jovial band they were,
And 'tis most true, that a merrier crew
Could not be found elsewhere,
For they sung and laugh'd, and the rich wine [quaff'd,
And lived on the daintest cheer.
For they laugh'd ha! ha! and they quaff'd [ha! ha!
And lived on the daintiest cheer.

JACK'S YARN.

WEATHERLY. DIEHL.

Moderato.

mf

1. 'Twas a Monday night, the moon was shinin' bright, The winds had been a blowin' all the day. We were sit-tin' in a ring, an' lor' how we did sing, I reckon you'd ha' heard us 'cross the bay. I'd sung o' black-eyed Sue, who
2. The tears were on his cheek, he sobb'd an' could'nt speak, He show'd us where his back [were torn an' scored. He clutch'd us one an' all, an' he trembled like to fall When he saw the white-faced planter come aboard. Then our Cap-'n he upstood, so
3. Then the planter he grew pale, an' like a cur turn'd tail, As quickly down the side went he. Or on our British deck, he'd soon ha' found his neck: An' the poor old slave was free. So here's good luck an' life, to our

p

colla voce.

dolce. *meno mosso.*

p *dolce.* *meno mosso.*

a tempo.

was so fond an' true, When we hears a sort o' splashin' in the sea, An' a nigger then we spied, [scramblin'
noble, proud an' good, An' the poor old nig were at his knee: "Ev'ry man is free," he cries, ["where the
Cap'n an' his wife, God bless'n for his noble words say we. For to free the slaves, Bri-

a tempo.

rall. *f*

up the starboard side, An' he tumbled on the deck in front o' we. Hillee,
Brit-ish col-or flies, An' I'll nev-er give him up," says he.
tan-nia rules the waves, An' that's be-ing Mistress of the sea.

rall. *f*

a tempo. dolce.

haullee, hillee ho, hillee, haullee, hillee he, The ship's a sailin' on the sea, An'

p *a tempo.*

ff *D.S.* :8:

ev'ry jol-ly Jack will soon be comin' back: Singin' haullee, hillee, haullee, hillee ho.

D.S. :8:

ff *f*

THE LAND O' THE LEAL.

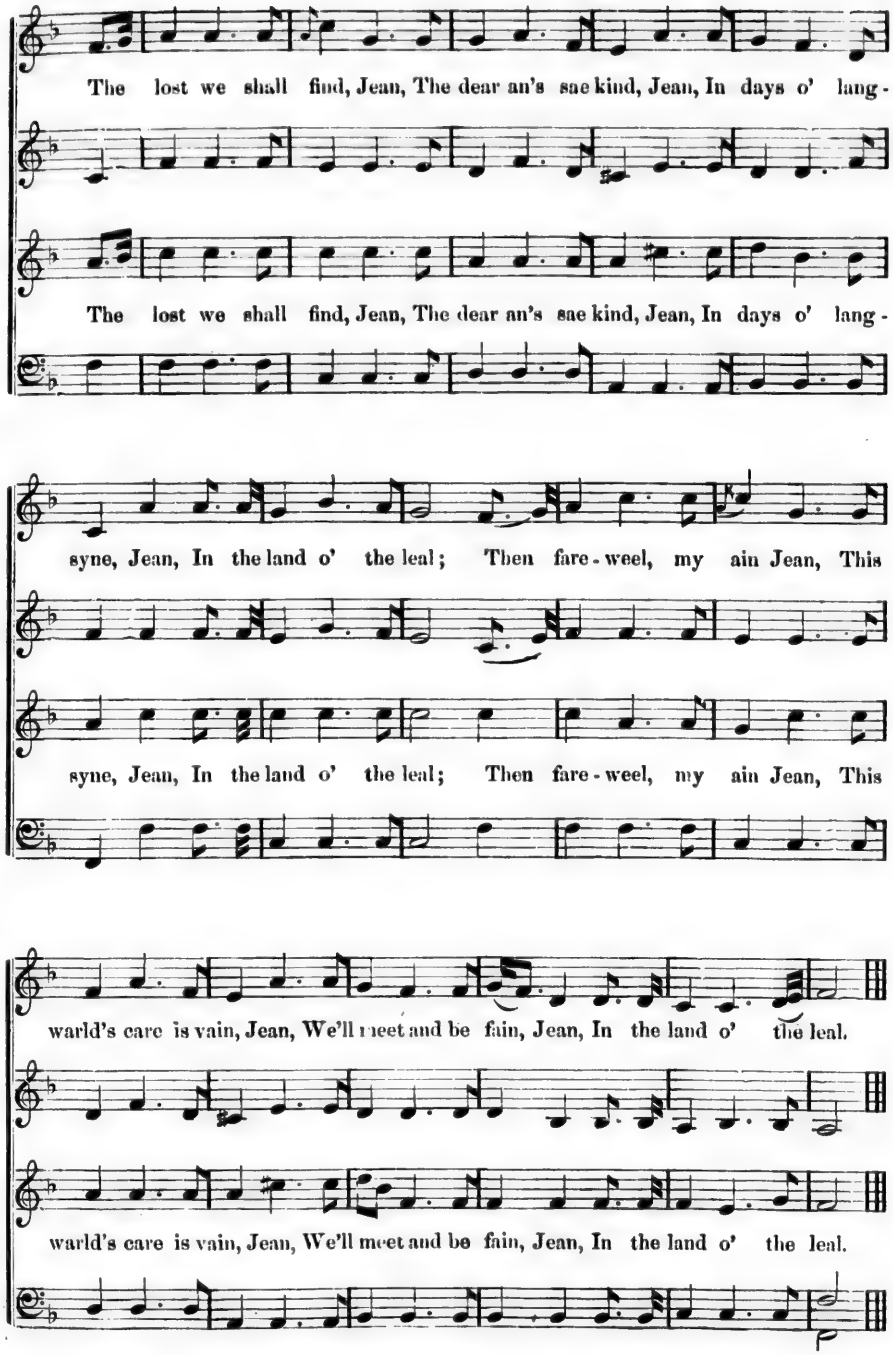
NAIRNE. WEBSTER. By per.

1. I'm wear-ing a-wa', Jean, Like snaw when its thaw, Jean, I'm
2. Ye were aye leal and true, Jean, Your task's end-ed noo', Jean, And
3. Then dry that fu' e'e, Jean, My soul would be free, Jean, And

wear-ing a-wa', Jean, To the land o' the leal; There's
I'll wel-come you, Jean, To the land o' the leal; Our
an-gels wait me, Jean, To the land o' the leal; Now,

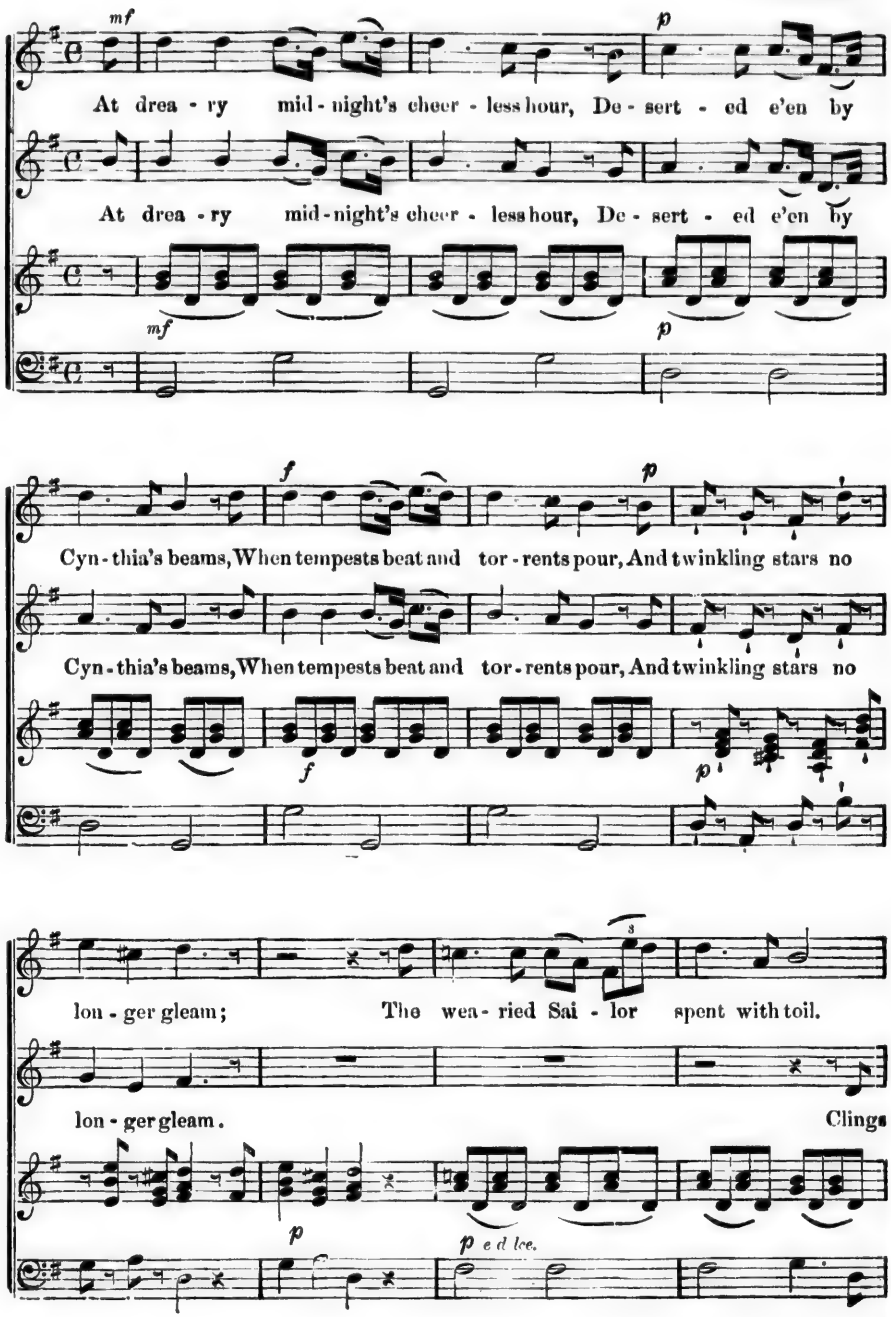
nae sor-row there, Jean, There's nae cauld not care, Jean, The
bon-nie bairn's there, Jean, She was baith gude an' fair, Jean, We
fare-weel, my ain Jean, This warld's care is vain, Jean, We'll

day is aye fair, Jean, In the land o' the leal.
grudg'd her right sair, Jean, To the land o' the leal.
meet and be fain, Jean, In the land o' the leal.


The lost we shall find, Jean, The dear an's sae kind, Jean, In days o' lang-
The lost we shall find, Jean, The dear an's sae kind, Jean, In days o' lang-
syne, Jean, In the land o' the leal; Then fare-weel, my ain Jean, This
syne, Jean, In the land o' the leal; Then fare-weel, my ain Jean, This
warld's care is vain, Jean, We'll meet and be fain, Jean, In the land o' the leal.
warld's care is vain, Jean, We'll meet and be fain, Jean, In the land o' the leal.

LARBOARD WATCH.

WILLIAMS.



And still the lengthen'd hour to guile,

firm-ly to the weather shrouds, And

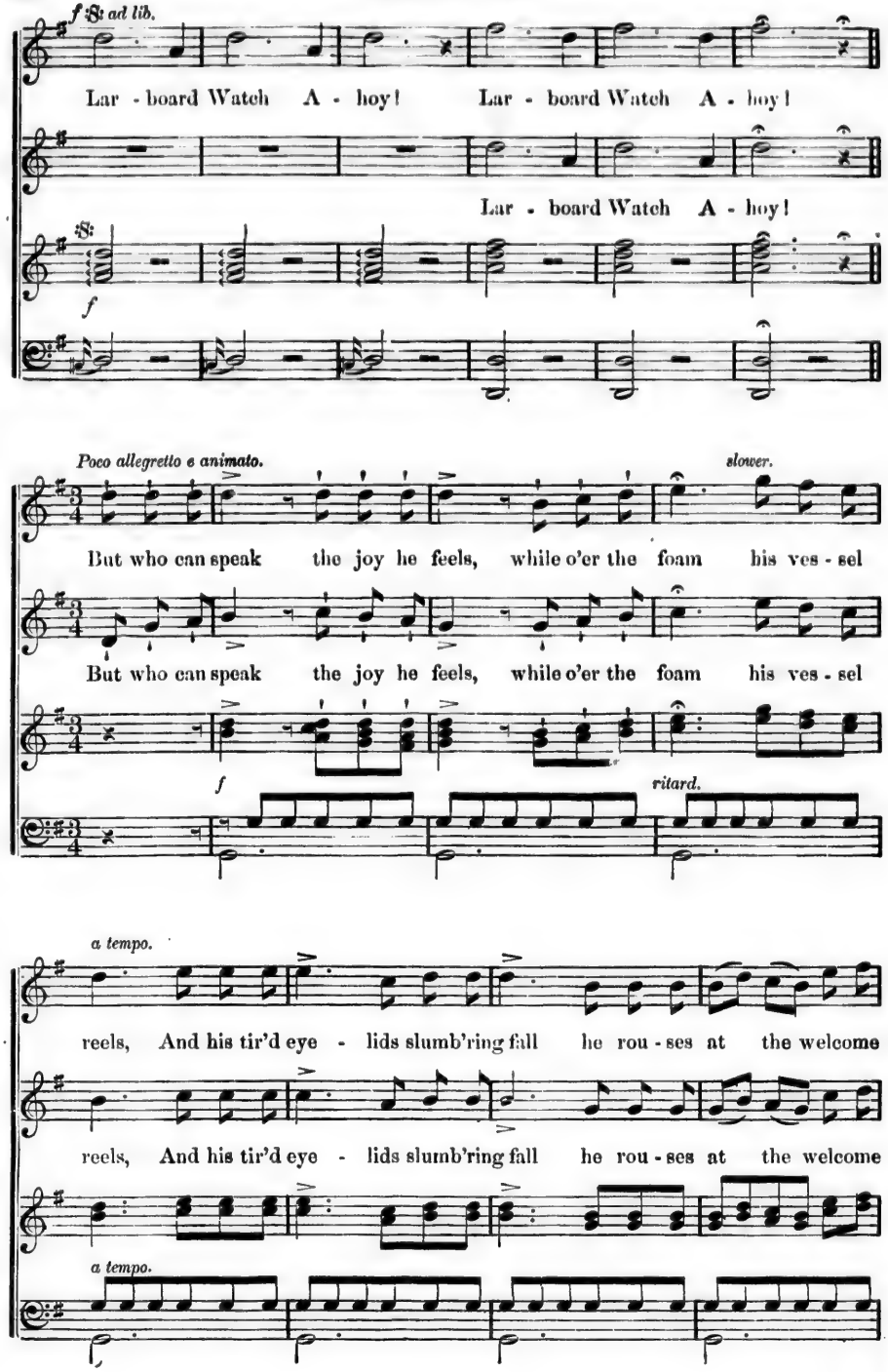
Sings as he views the gath-'ring

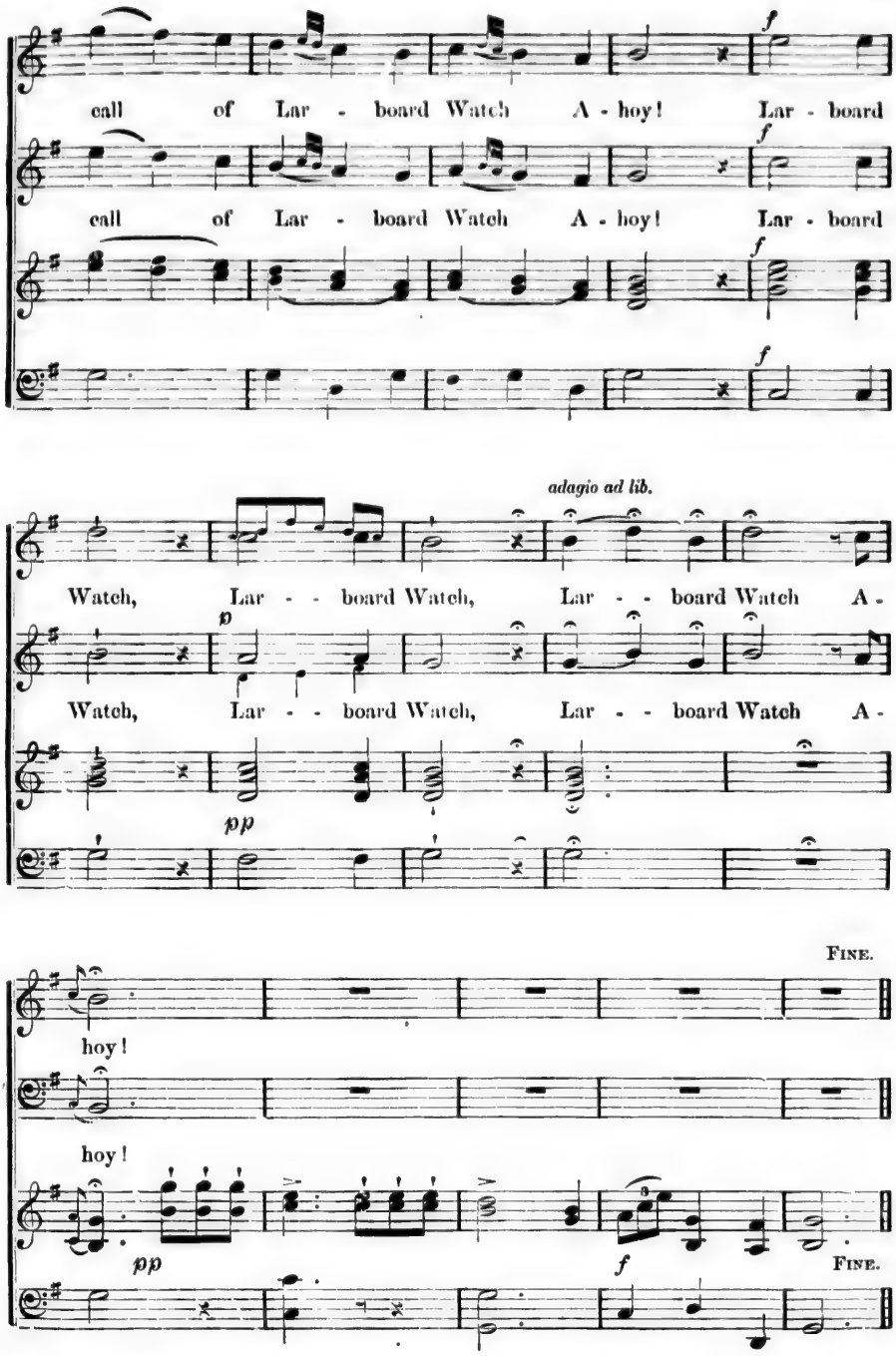
still the lengthen'd hour to guile,

dolce

clouds, Sings as he views the gath-'ring clouds,

Sings as he views the gath-'ring clouds,


f ad lib.
Lar - board Watch A - hoy! Lar - board Watch A - hoy!
Lar - board Watch A - hoy!
f
Poco allegretto e animato.
slower.
But who can speak the joy he feels, while o'er the foam his ves - sel
But who can speak the joy he feels, while o'er the foam his ves - sel
f
ritard.
a tempo.
reels, And his tir'd eye - lids slumb'ring fall he rou - ses at the welcome
reels, And his tir'd eye - lids slumb'ring fall he rou - ses at the welcome
a tempo.


f
call of Lar - board Watch A - hoy! Lar - board
f
call of Lar - board Watch A - hoy! Lar - board
f
f
adagio ad lib.
Watch, Lar - - board Watch, Lar - - board Watch A -
p
Watch, Lar - - board Watch, Lar - - board Watch A -
pp
FINE.
hoy!
hoy!
pp
f
FINE.

2D VERSE. *A little faster.*

mf *p*

With anx - ious care he eyes each wave, That swell-ing threatens

With anx - ious care he eyes each wave, That swell-ing threatens

mf *p*

f *p*

to o'erwhelm, And his storm-beaten bark to save, Di - rects with skill the

to o'erwhelm, And his storm-beaten bark to save, Di - rects with skill the

f

faith - ful helm. With joy he drinks the cheer - ing grog,

faith - ful helm. 'Mid

p

With joy he heaves the reel - ing log,

storms that bel - low loud and hoarse, With

Andantino.

And marks the lee - way and the

joy he heaves the reel - ing log,

course, Marks the lee - way and the course.

Marks the lee - way and the course.

A WARRIOR BOLD.

THOMAS. ADAMS.

Con Spirito.

1. In days of old when
2. So this brave knight, in

Knights were bold, And barons held their sway, A war - rior bold with spurs of gold, Sang
armour bright, Went gaily to the fray, He fought the fight, but ere the night, His

mer - ri - ly his lay, Sang mer - ri - ly his lay. My love is young and
soul had pass'd a - way, His soul had pass'd a - way. The plighted ring he

fair, My love hath gol - den hair, And eyes so blue, and heart so true, That
wore, Was crush'd and wet with gore, Yet ere he died, he bravely cried, I've

cres - - - cen - - do.

none with her compare. So what care I, tho' death be nigh, I'll live for love or
kept the vow I swore. So what care I, tho' death be nigh, I've fought for love and

colla voce. *f*

1st time.

die. So what care I, tho' death be nigh, I'll live for love or die.
die. So what care I, tho'

p *f*

2nd time. *ad lib.* *molto.*

death be nigh, I've fought for love, I've fought for love, . . I've fought for love, for

più lento. *cres.* *f* *f*

rallentando e dim.

love, for love I die.

p *a tempo.* *ff*

colla voce.

Ped.

*BONNIE CHARLIE.

GEMS OF SCOTLAND. DUNN.

1. Bon - nie Char - lie's now a - wa; Safe - ly ower the friend - ly main;
3. En - glish bribes were a' in vain, Tho' puir and puir - er we maun be;

Mon - y a heart will break in twa, Should he ne'er come back a - gain.
Sil - ler can - na buy the heart That beats aye for thine and thee.

Chorus. *a piacere.* *a tempo.* *cres.*

Will ye no come back a - gain? Will ye no come back a - gain? Bet-ter lo'ed ye

cres. *p* *mf*

can - na be, Will ye no come back a - gain?

p *p* *mf* *cres.* *f*

* "Jesus Lover of my Soul" may be used.

3. Ye trusted in your Hieland men,
They trusted you dear Charlie!
They kent your hiding in the glen,
Death or exile braving.

4. We watch'd thee in the gloaming hour,
We watch'd thee in the morning grey,
* Tho' thirty thousand pounds they gie,
Oh, there is nane that wad betray!

5. Sweet's the Laverock's note and lang,
Lilting wildly up the glen;
But aye to me he sings ae sang,
Will ye no come back again?

* A fact highly honorable to Highlanders.

JESUS LOVER OF MY SOUL.

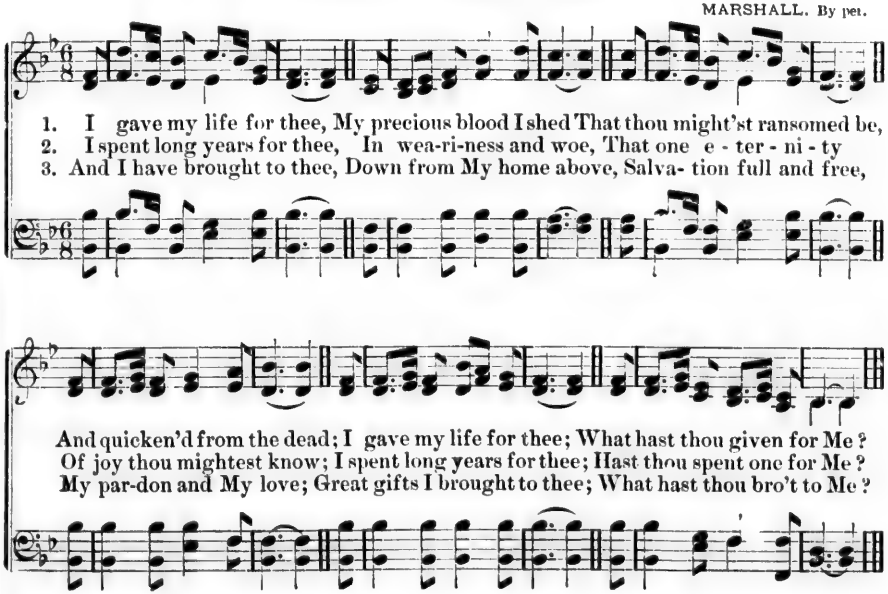
1. Jesus, Lover of my soul,
Let me to Thy bosom fly,
While the nearer waters roll,
While the tempest still is high!
Hide me, O my Saviour, hide,
Till the storm of life is past;
Safe into the haven guide,
O receive my soul at last.

2. Others refuge have I none;
Hangs my helpless soul on Thee:
Leave, O leave me not alone,
Still support and comfort me:
All my trust on Thee is stayed,
All my help from Thee I bring;
Cover my defenceless head
With the shadow of Thy wing!

3. Thou, O Christ, art all I want;
More than all in Thee I find;
Raise the fallen, cheer the faint,
Heal the sick, and lead the blind.
Just and holy is Thy name,
I am all unrighteousness:
False and full of sin I am,
Thou art full of truth and grace.

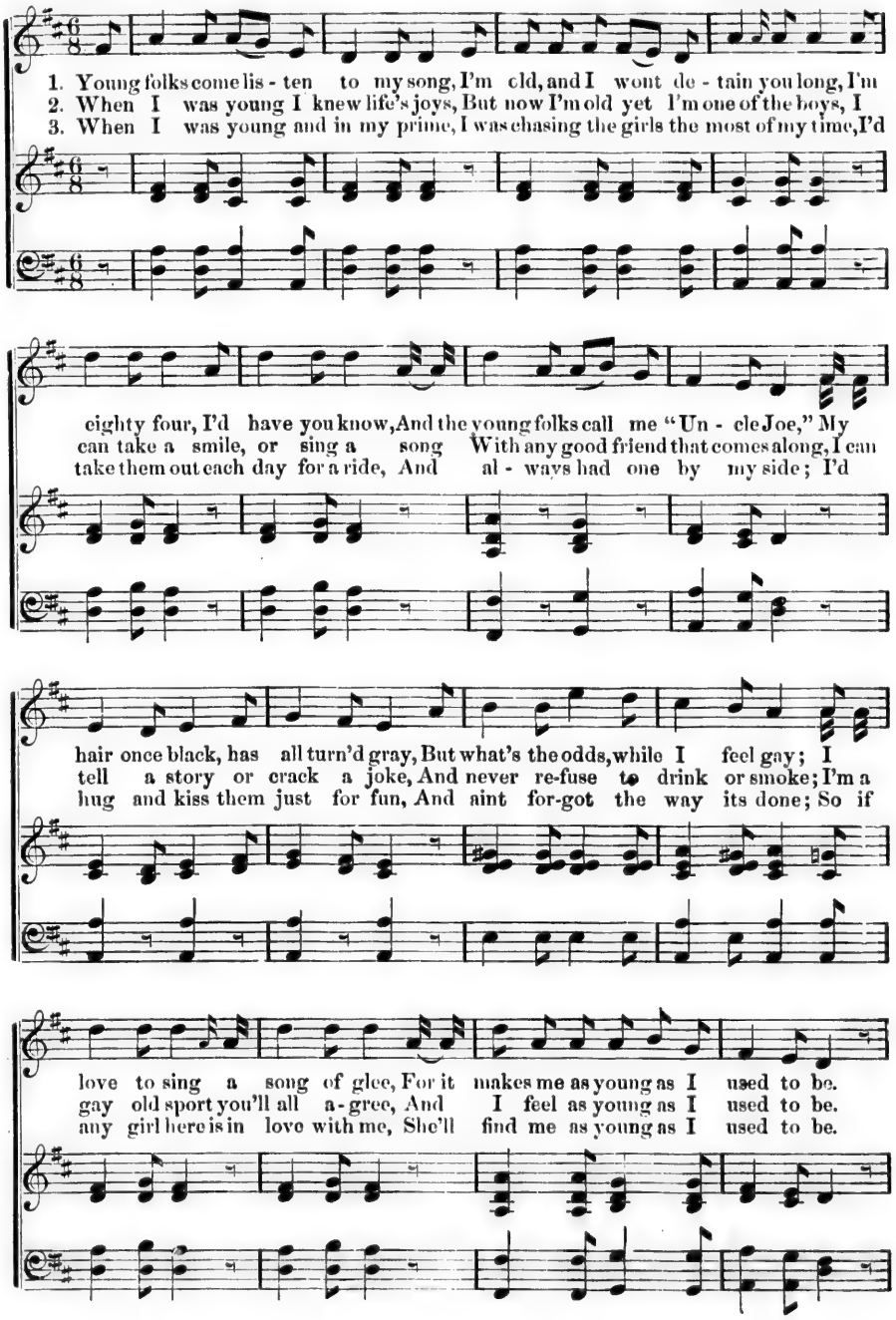
MY LIFE FOR THEE.

MARSHALL. By per.



UNCLE JOE.

W. H. V. GILBERT. By per.



Chorus.

Ti di id de hoop de do How I love to sing for you, How

I could sing with joy and glee If I was young as I used to be.

WAITING.

REYNOLDS.

Just as I am, with - out one plea, But that Thy blood was shed for me,
Just as I am, and wait-ing not To rid my soul of one dark blot.

And that Thou bid'st me come to Thee, O Lamb of God, I come.
To Thee, whose blood can cleanse each spot, O Lamb of God, I come.

3

Just as I am, though | tossed about
With many a conflict, | many a doubt,
With fears within, and | foes without,
O Lamb of | God, I came.

4

Just as I am—poor, | wretched, blind—
Sight, riches, healing | of the mind,
mf Yea, all I need, in | Thee to find,
O Lamb of | God, I come.

5

Just as I am, Thou | wilt receive,
Wilt welcome, pardon, | cleanse, relieve;
Because Thy promise | I believe,
O Lamb of | God, I come.

6

Just as I am, Thy | love unknown
Has broken every | barrier down;
Now to be Thine, yea, | Thine alone,
O Lamb of | God, I come.

WHEN YE GANG AWA, JAMIE.

DEMAR.

JEANIE. 1. When ye gang a - wa, Ja-mie Far a-cross the sea, lad-die,
2. I'll send ye a braw new gown, Jeanie, The brawest in the town, las-sie, And

JAMIE.

p

When ye gang to Ger - ma - nie, What will ye send to me, lad - die
it shall be o' silk and gowd, Wi' Valen-cien-nes set round, las - sie.

legg. *p*

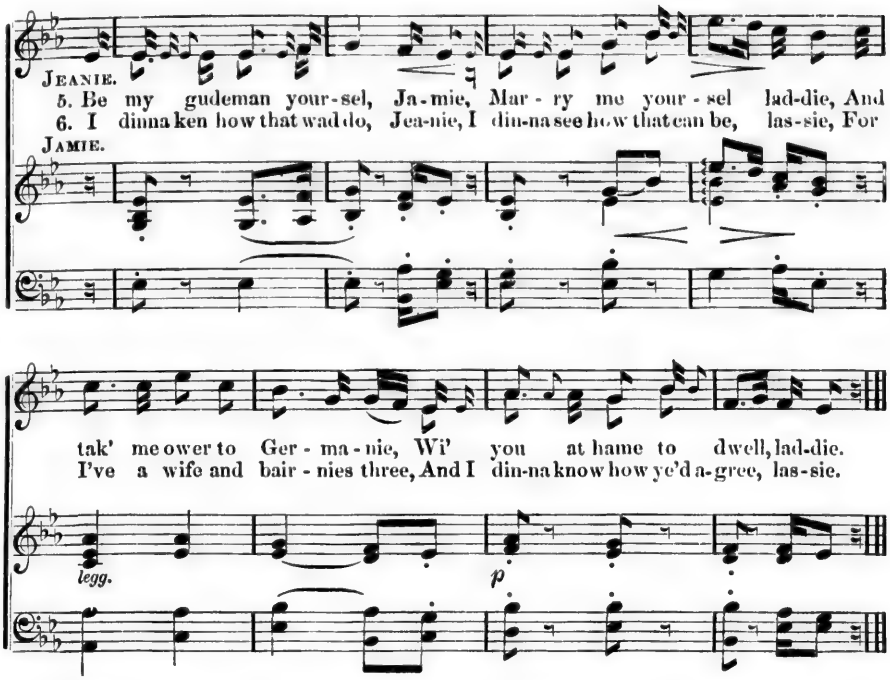
JEANIE. 3. That's nae gift a - va, Ja-mie, Silk and gowd and a' laddie, There's
4. When I come back a - gain, Jeanie, Frae a for-eign la d, las - sie, I'll

JAMIE.

p

ne'er a gown in a' the land I'd like, when ye're a - wa, laddie.
bring wi' me a Gal - lant gay, To be your ain gude - man, las-sie.

legg. *p*



JEANIE. 7.

Ye shou'd hae telt me that in time, Jamie,
Ye shou'd hae telt me that lang syne, laddie,
For had I kent o' your fause heart,
You ne'er had gotten mine laddie.

9.

Gae back to your wife and hame, Jamie,
Gae back to your bairnies three, laddie;
And I will pray they ne'er may thole
A broken heart like me, laddie.

11.

'Think weel for fear ye rue, Jamie,
Ye'll no get ane mair true, laddie,
But I have neither gowd nor lands,
To be a match for you, laddie.

JAMIE. 8.

Your een were like a spell, Jeanie,
Mair sweet than I could tell, lassie,
That ilka day bewitch'd me sae,
I could na help mysel, lassie.

10.

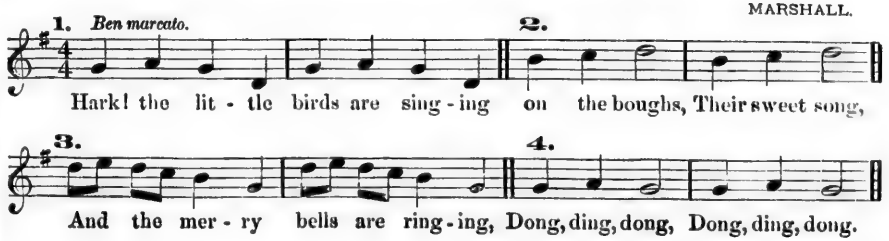
Dry that tearfu ee, Jeanie,
Grieve na mair for me, lassie,
I've neither wife, nor bairnies three,
And I'll wed nane but thee, lassie.

12.

Blair in Athol's mine, Jeanie,
Fair Dunkeld is mine, lassie, [tow'r;
Saint Johnstoun's bow'r and Hunting
And a' that's mine is thine, lassie.

ROUND FOR FOUR VOICES.

MARSHALL.



THE HEART BOW'D DOWN.

Larghetto Cantabile BALFE.

mf *p*

The heart, bow'd down by weight of woe, To weakest hopes will cling; To thought and im - pulse while they flow, That can no com - - fort bring, that can, That can no com - fort

The mind, will, in its worst despair, Still pon - der o'er the past, On mo - ments of de - light, that were Too beau - ti - ful . . . . to last, that were Too beautiful, too beautiful to

rallent.

bring. With those ex - cit - ing scenes will blend, O'er
last. To long de - part - ed years extend Its

pp.

pleas - ure's path - - way thrown; But mem' - ry is the
vis - ions with them flown, For mem' - ry is the

p

on - ly friend That grief can call its own, That

grief can call its own, . . . That grief can call its own.

f

THE DANUBE RIVER.

AIDE.

Tempo di Walts.

Do you recall that night in June, Up-on the Danube riv-er? We

a little slower.

listen'd to a Ländler tune, We watch'd the moonbeams quiver. I oft since then have

original time.

watch'd the moon, But never, love, oh, never, never Can I forget that

with expression.

night in June, Upon the Danube river, Can I forget that

night in June, Up - on the Dan - ube riv - er, Can I forget that

ben marc.

night in June, Upon the Dan - ube river, Can I forget that

night in June, Upon the Danube river.

somewhat quicker.

Our boat kept meas - ure with its oar, The

music rose in snatches From peasants dancing on the shore, With boist'rous songs and

slower, with sentiment.

catches. I know not why that Ländler rang Thro' all my soul, but never,

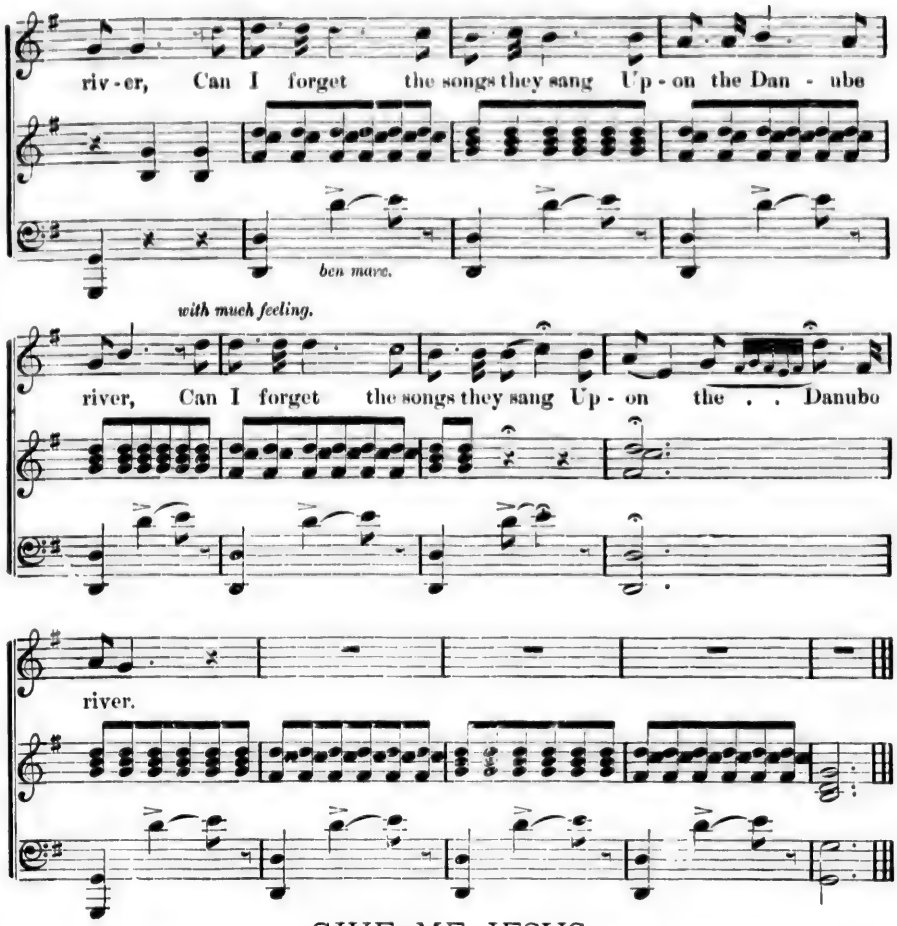
much slower.

nev - er, Can I forget the songs they sang Up - on the Danube

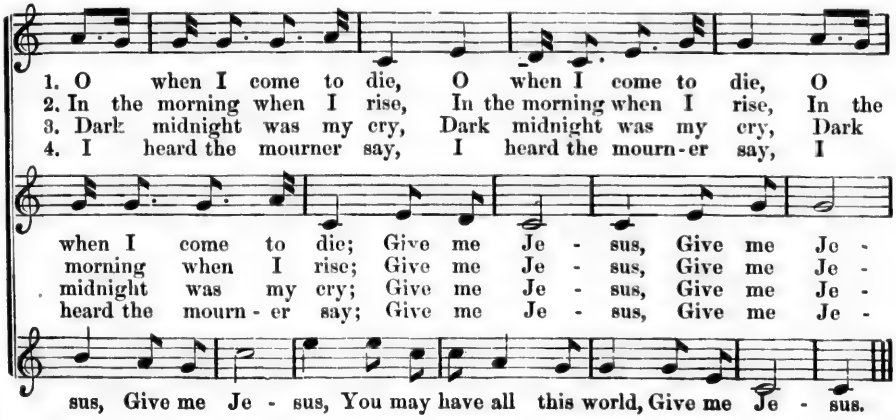
rall. e p.

ad lib.

river, Can I forget the songs they sang Upon the . . . . Danube



GIVE ME JESUS.



THE IVY GREEN.

"BOZ." RUSSELL.

ad lib. *a tempo.*

A dain - ty plant is the I - vy green, That creepeth o'er ru - ins old. Of

right choice food are his meals I ween, In his cell so lone and cold. The

fz

wall must be crumbled, the stones decay'd To pleasure his dain - ty whim, And the

Quasi. pp a colla voce.

ad lib.

mould'ring dust that years have made, Is a mer - ry meal for him. 8va.....

fz *p* *pp* *f* *pp dol.*

f

Creep-ing where no life is seen, A rare old plant is the I - vy green.

8va

pp

ad lib.

Creep - ing where no life is seen, A rare old plant is the I - vy green.

8va

8va

pp dolce.

Creep-ing, creep-ing, Creep-ing where no life is seen,

8va

Creep-ing, creep-ing, A rare old plant is the I - vy green.

8va

f

Fast he stealeth though he wears no wings, And a stanch old heart has he, How
Whole ages have fled and their works decay'd, And nations have scat-ter'd been; But the

closely he twineth, how closely he clings To his friend, the huge oak tree! . . How
stout old I - vy shall nev - er fade From its hale and heart-y green. . The

fz

sly - ly he traileth along the ground, And his leaves he gent-ly waves As he
brave old plant in its lonely days Shall fatten up - on the past, For the

Quasi. pp a colla voce.

joyous-ly hugs and crawl-eth round The mould of dead men's graves.
stateli-est building man can raise Is the I - vy's food at last.

8va...

fz *pp* *f* *pp dol.*

f

Creep-ing where grim death has been, A rare old plant is the I - vy green.
Creep-ing where no life is seen, A rare old plant is the I - vy green.

8va

ad lib.

Creep - ing where no life is seen, A rare old plant is the I - vy green.

8va 8va

pp dolce.

Creep-ing, creep-ing, Creep-ing where no life is seen,

8va

Creep-ing, creep-ing, A rare old plant is the I - vy green

8va

f

THE TEMPEST.

PERKINS. By per.

1. We were crowded in the cab - in, Not a soul would dare to
2. So we gathered there in silence, For the stout - est held his

mf

ad lib.

sleep; It was midnight on the waters, And a storm, . . . was on the
breath, While the angry waves were rolling And the break - ers talk'd of

colla voce.

a tempo.

deep. 'Tis a fear - ful thing in winter, To be shattered by the
death; And as thus we sat in darkness, Each one bus - y in his

cres. *ff*

blast, And to hear the rattling trumpet thunder "Cut away the mast," And to
prayers, "We are lost," the captain shouted, As he stagger'd down the stairs, "We are

cres. *ff*

hear the rat - tling trumpet thunder "Cut away . . . . the mast."
lost," the cap - tain shouted, As he stagger'd down . . . the stairs.

p

3. But his lit - tle daugh - ter whisper'd, As she took his i - cy

p

hand: "Is'nt God upon the ocean, Just the same as on the

mf

land?" Then we kiss'd the lit - tle maiden, And we spoke in bet - ter

mf

cheer, And we anchored safe in

cres.

har-bor, When the morn was shi - - ning

cres.

clear, And we anchored safe in

har - bor, When the morn was shi - ning clear.

THE STIRRUP CUP.

FARNIE. ARDITI.

f con spirito.

The last sa-raband has been dane'd in the hall,
I can - not ride off, I am heav - y with fears,

Allegretto ma non troppo.

mf ben marcato. *ff* *sf* *p*

The last pray-er breath'd by the mai - den ere sleep - ing,
No gay dis - re - gard from the flag - on I bor - row,

f

The light of the cres - set has died from the wall.
I pledge thee in wine but 'tis mingled with tears.

f *p*

rit. *a tempo.*

Yet still a love watch with my La - dy I'm keep - ing.
Twin type of the love that is shad - ed by sor - row;

rit. *a tempo.*

My char - ger is jang - ling his bri - dle and
Yet cour - age, mine own one, and if it be

sf *p*

chain, The mo - ment is near - ing, dear love! we must
will'd That back from the red field thy gal - lant come

dim. *dim*

p *sotto voce.*

sev - er; But pour out the wine, that thy lov - er may
nev - er; In death he'll re - mem - ber, that she who had

pp *marcato.* *leggeremente.*

cres.

drain A last stir-rup - cup to his true maid - en
fill'd His last stir-rup - cup was his true maid - en

cres. *a* *poco.*

ev - er! But pour out the wine, that thy lov - er may
ev - er! In death he'll re - mem - ber, that she who had

drain A last stir - rup - cup to his true maid - en
fill'd His last stir - rup - cup, was his true maid - en

stacc.

forza ed anima. *a piacere.*

ev-er! A last stir-rup-cup to his true maid- en ev-er!
ev-er! His last stir-rup-cup, was his true maid- en ev-er!

colla parte.

RESPONSE.

MARSHALL.

Not what we wish, but what we need, That grant us, we would ev - er pray.

KATHLEEN AROON.

CRAWFORD. ABT.

Andante.

p

1. Why should we part - ed be, Kath-leen A - roon! When thy fond
2. Give me thy gen - tle hand, Kathleen A - roon! Come to the
3. Why should we part - ed be, Kathleen A - roon! When thy fond

Molto legato.

p *cres.*

heart's with me? Kathleen A - roon! Come to those gold - en skies
hap - py land, Kathleen A - roon! Come o'er the waves with me,
heart's with me? Kathleen A - roon! Oh! leave these weep - ing skies

cres.

poco rit.

Bright days for us may rise, Oh! dry those tear - ful eyes,
These hands shall toil for thee, This heart will faith - ful be,
Where man a mar - tyr dies; Come dry those tear - ful eyes,

marcato. *poco rit.*

Kath-leen A - roon!

p *f* *pp dim.*

"Nearer my God to Thee" may be used by repeating the last line.

NO SIR!

SPANISH BALLAD. WAKEFIELD

Allegretto con spirito.

1. Tell me
3. If when

one thing, tell me tru - ly, Tell me why you scorn me so? Tell me
walking in the gar - den, Pluck-ing flow'rs all wet with dew, Tell me,

why, when ask'd a question, You will al-ways an-swer no?
will you be of - fen-ded, If I walk and talk with you?

piu mosso.

No sir! no sir! no sir! no sir!
No sir! no sir! no sir! no sir!

May be sung as a Duet: Gentleman singing first, second and third verses, omitting "No Sir!" after first and second verses.

No sir! no sir! no sir! no!
No sir! no sir! no sir! no!

2. My father
4. If when

was a Span-ish merchant, And be-fore he went to sea, He told me
walk-ing in the garden I should ask you to be mine, And should

to be sure and an-swer No! to all you said to me.
tell you that I love you, Would you then my heart de-cline?

doloroso.

No sir! no sir! no sir! no sir!
No sir! no sir! no sir! no sir!

No sir! no sir! no sir! no!
No sir! no sir! no sir! no!

ADMIRATION.

FROM HAYDN.

Andante.

1. Guide me, O thou great Je-ho-vah, Pil-grim thro' this bar-ren land:
   Bread of hea-ven, Bread of hea-ven, Feed me till I want no more.
2. O-pen now the crys-tal fountain, Whence the healing streams do flow.
   Strong De-liv-erer, Strong De-liv-erer, Be thou still my strength and shield.

Unison. *D.C.*

I am weak, but thou art mighty; Hold me with thy pow'rful hand:
Let the fie-ry, clou-dy pil-lar Lead me all my journey through:

YES SIR!

HADINGE WAKEFIELD.

mf

When the ship went o'er the wa - ters Ah! but then my heart was

p

rall.

sad; I was one of man-y daughters, And I lov'd a sai - lor

a tempo.

lad. Said my mother to me af - ter, If the squire his suit should

più mosso.

press, Dry your eyes and call up laugh - ter, And be sure to an-swer

f

ff *ritard.*

Yes! Dry your eyes and call up laugh-ter, And be sure to an-swer

ritard. *ff*

mf

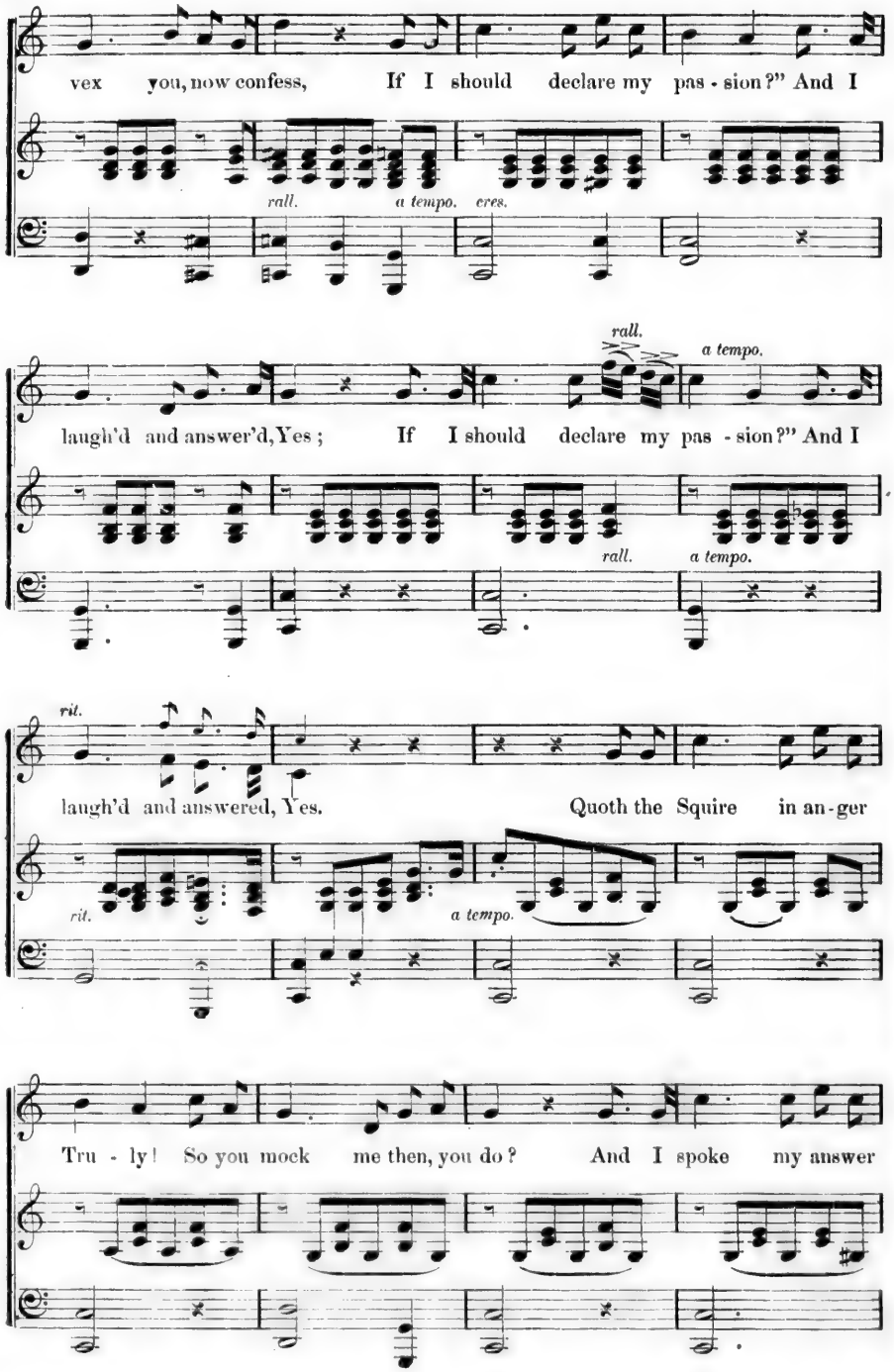
Yes!" Came the squire so shy and sur-ly, Came one

ff

rall.

morn-ing to the strand, And the birds sang blithe and ear-ly Sang o'er

sea, and sang o'er land Said the Squire in awkward fashion, "Would it


vex you, now confess, If I should declare my pas - sion?" And I
rall.
a tempo.
cres.
laugh'd and answer'd, Yes; If I should declare my pas - sion?" And I
rall.
a tempo.
rall.
a tempo.
rit.
laugh'd and answered, Yes. Quoth the Squire in an - ger
rit.
a tempo.
Tru - ly! So you mock me then, you do? And I spoke my answer

du - ly, Say - ing on - ly Yes sir, too. Would you dis - o - bey your

mother? Yes I said, nor laugh'd the less Tell me do you love an-

fz *ff*

oth - er? Yes sir, yes sir, yes sir, yes! Tell me do you love an-

ff rall. *p* *ad libitum lento.*

oth - er? Yes sir, yes sir, yes sir, Yes! And the birds sang leaf - y

rall. *pp* *pp*

a tempo.

hidden, Sang o'er field and morning sea, And I laugh'd the answer

cres - cen - - - - do.

rallen - tan - - do.

bid - den, And was true, sweet-heart to thee!

rallen - - tan - do. *ff*

HE'S THE LILY OF THE VALLEY.

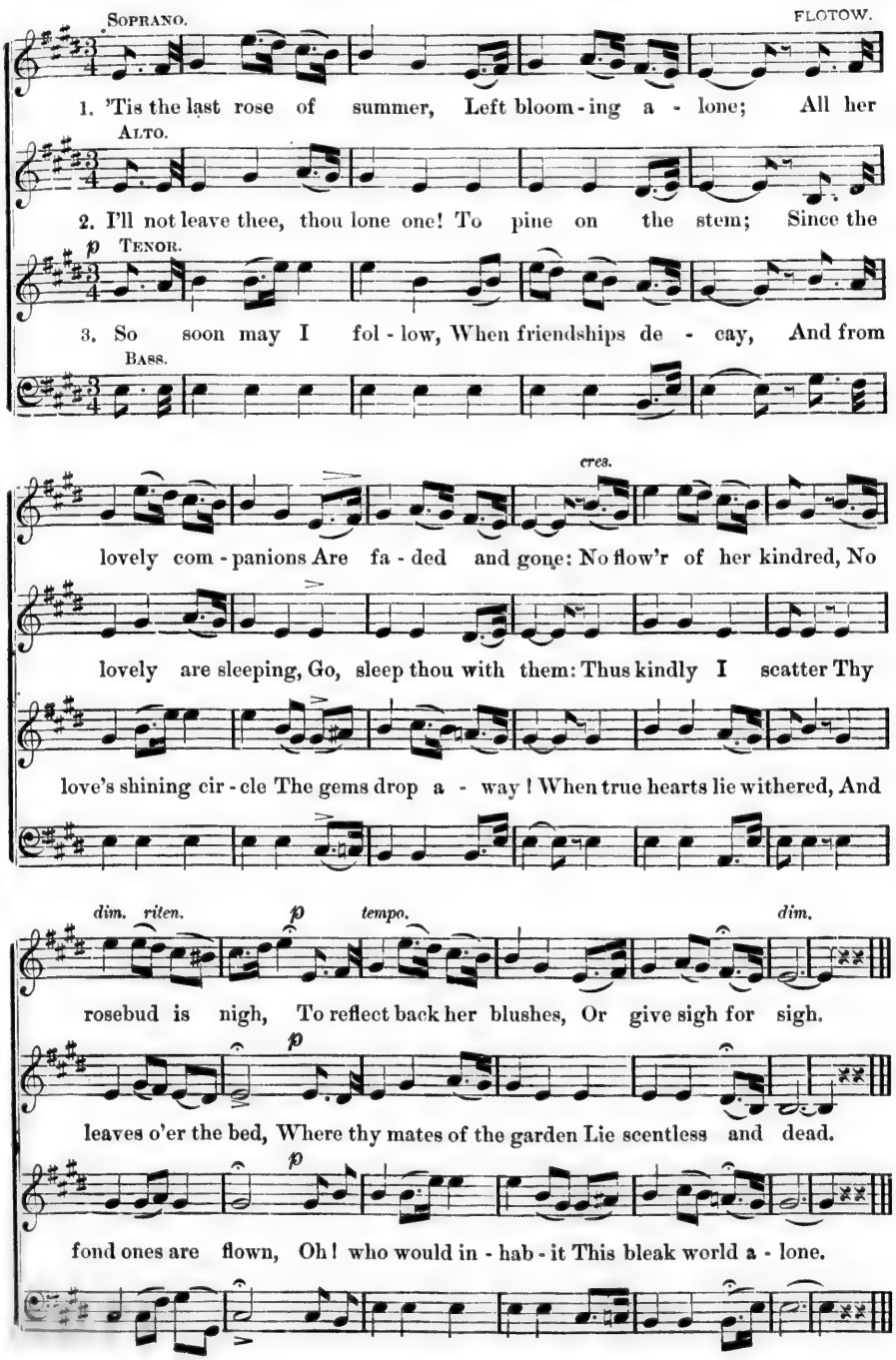
He's the lil - y of the val - ley, Oh! my Lord; He's the lil - y of the

val - ley, Oh! my Lord. { 1. King Je - sus in the char - iot rides,
2. What kind of shoes are those you wear,
3. These shoes I wear are gos - pel shoes,

D.C.

Oh! my Lord; With four white horses, side by side, Oh! my Lord.
Oh! my Lord; That you can ride up - on the air, Oh! my Lord.
Oh! my Lord; And you can wear them if you choose, Oh! my Lord.

'TIS THE LAST ROSE OF SUMMER.



THE ROYAL FOUNTAIN.

CLARK. KIRKPATRICK. By per.

1. See where the liv - ing wa - ters glide, From Da-vid's house they sweetly
2. It flows an ev - er run - ning stream, Pure as the fountain of his
3. Down through the a - ges flow - ing wide, I'ts vir - tue is to - day the

flow; Who wash - es in the cleans-ing tide, Is whit - er than the driv-en
grace, Who died that he might thus re - deem The fal - len sons of A-dam's
same, As when from out his pierc-ed side, The min - gled tide of be - ing

snow. Then come to the Roy - al foun - tain, Ev - er in its stream a-
race. Then come to the Roy - al foun - tain, Ev - er in its stream a-
came. Then come to the Roy - al foun - tain, Ev - er in its stream a-

bide; Come to the Roy - al foun - tain, Opened in the Saviour's side.

GETTING READY TO DIE.

Getting read - y to die, Getting read - y to die, Getting read - y to

die, O Zi - on, Zi - on, 1. When I set out, I was but young, *D.C.*

Zi - on, Zi - on, But - now my race is al-most run, Zi - on, Zi - on.

2. Religion's like a blooming rose, Zion, Zion,
And none but those that feel it knows, Zion, Zion.—*Chorus.*
3. The Lord is waiting to receive, Zion, Zion,
If sinners only would believe, Zion, Zion.—*Chorus.*
4. All those who walk in gospel shoes, Zion, Zion,
This faith in Christ they'll never lose, Zion, Zion.—*Chorus.*

THE BRIDGE OF SIGHS.

HOOD.

TENOR.

p One more un- for - tunate Weary of breath, *f* Rash-ly im - por-tunate, *p* Gone to her

ALTO.

One more un- for - tunate Weary of breath, Rash-ly im - por-tunate, Gone to her

SOPRANO.

p One more un- for - tunate Weary of breath, *f* Rash-ly im - por-tunate, *p* Gone to her

BASS.

death. Take her up ten- der - ly, Lift her with care; Fashion'd so slen- der-ly,

death. Take her up ten- der - ly, Lift her with care; Fashion'd so slen- der-ly,

death. Take her up ten- der - ly, Lift her with care; Fashion'd so slen- der-ly,

Young and so fair. Look at her garments, Clinging like cerements, Whilst the wave

Young and so fair. Look at her garments, Clinging like cerements, Whilst the wave

Young and so fair. Look at her garments, Clinging like cerements, Whilst the wave

constant-ly Drips from her clothing; Take her up in - stantly, Loving not loathing

constant-ly Drips from her clothing; Take her up in - stantly, Loving not loathing

constant-ly Drips from her clothing; Take her up in - stantly, Loving not loathing

Touch her not scournfully, Think of her mournful-ly, Gent - ly and hu - man-ly;

Touch her not scournfully, Think of her mournful-ly, Gent - ly and hu - man-ly;

Touch her not scournfully, Think of her mournful-ly, Gent - ly and hu - man-ly;

ad lib.

Not of the stains of her, All that re - mains of her, Now is pure wo - man-ly.

Not of the stains of her, All that re - mains of her, Now is pure wo - man-ly.

ad lib.

Not of the stains of her, All that re - mains of her, Now is pure wo - man-ly.

TREBLE SOLO.

a tempo.

Loop up her tresses, Escaped fróm the comb, Her fair auburn tresses, While

ad lib. TENOR SOLO.

wonderment guesses Where was her home? Who was her fa-ther?

ad lib. *a tempo.*

Who was her mother? Had she a sis-ter? Or had she a brother? Or

was there a dear-er one Still, and a near-er one yet than all other?

A - las! for the rar - i - ty Of christian char-i - ty Un - der the sun;

A - las! for the rar - i - ty Of christian char-i - ty Un - der the sun;

A - las! for the rar - i - ty Of christian char-i - ty Un - der the sun;

ad lib.

Oh! it was pit - i - ful, Near a whole cit - y full, Home she had none.

Oh! it was pit - i - ful, Near a whole cit - y full, Home she had none.

ad lib.

Oh! it was pit - i - ful, Near a whole cit - y full, Home she had none.

cres.

The bleak winds of March Made her tremble and shiv-er, But not the dark arch Or the

The bleak winds of March Made her tremble and shiv-er, But not the dark arch Or the

cres.

The bleak winds of March Made her tremble and shiv-er, But not the dark arch Or the

f

black flowing riv - er; Mad from life's his - to - ry, Glad to death's mys-ter - y,

black flowing riv - er; Mad from life's his - to - ry, Glad to death's mys-ter - y,

f

black flowing riv - er; Mad from life's his - to - ry, Glad to death's mys-ter - y,

cres.

p

Swift to be hurl'd An - y - where, an - y - where out of the world.

Swift to be hurl'd An - y - where, an - y - where out of the world.

cres.

p

Swift to be hurl'd An - y - where, an - y - where out of the world.

BASS SOLO.

f

In she plung'd boldly, No mat-ter how cold-ly The rough riv-er ran!

f

O - ver the brink of it, Pict-ure it, think of it, Dis-so-lute man.

Lave in it, drink of it, Then if you can. Lave in it, drink of it,

Lave in it, drink of it, Then if you can. Lave in it, drink of it,

Lave in it, drink of it, Then if you can. Lave in it, drink of it,

p

Then if you can. Take her up ten - der - ly, Lift her with care,

Then if you can. Take her up ten - der - ly, Lift her with care,

p

Then if you can. Take her up ten - der - ly, Lift her with care,

Fashion'd so slen - der-ly, Young and so fair. Own - ing her weakness, Her

Fashion'd so slen - der-ly, Young and so fair, Own - ing her weakness, Her

Fashion'd so slen - der-ly, Young and so fair, Own - ing her weakness, Her

ad lib.

e - vil be - haviour; And leav - ing with meekness, Her sins to her Sa - viour.

e - vil be - haviour; And leav ing with meekness, Her sins to her Sa - viour.

ad lib.

e - vil be - haviour; And leav - ing with meekness, Her sins to her Sa - viour.

FLAGG.

VON WEBER. By per.

Andantino.

1. Praise the Lord, when blushing morning Wakes the blos - soms fresh with dew,
2. Praise the Lord, when ear - ly breezes Come so fra - grant from the flow'rs,
3. Praise the Lord, and may his blessing Guide us in the way of truth,

Praise him when re - vived cre - a - tion Beams with beau - ties fair and new.
Praise, thou wil - low, by the brookside, Praise, ye birds, a - mong the bow'rs.
Keep our feet from paths of er - ror, Make us ho - ly in our youth.

THE OLD SEXTON.

BENJAMIN. RUSSELL.

1. Nigh to a grave that was new - ly made Lean'd a sex - ton old on his
2. I gath - er them in, for man and boy, Year af - ter year of
3. I gath - er them in, and their fi - nal rest Is here, down here in the

Staccato. *colla voce.*

earth worn spade; His work was done and he paused to wait, The
grief and joy; I've build - ed the houses that lie a - round In
earth's dark breast; And the sex - ton ceas'd for the fun - 'ral train Wound

fun' - ral train through the o - pen gate; A rel - ic of by - gone
ev - 'ry nook of this bu - rial ground; Mother and daugh - ter,
mute - ly o'er that sol - emn plain; And I said to my heart,

days was he, And his locks were white as the foam - y sea; And
father and son, Come to my sol - i - tude, one by one; But
when time is told, A mightier voice than that sex - ton's old; Will

these words came from the lips so thin: I gather them in, I
come they stran - gers or come they kin, I gather them in, I
sound o'er the last trump's dreadful din, I gather them in, I

gather them in, gather, gather,

8va

gather, I gather them in. . . . .

8va

8va

THE OWL.

CORNWALL. THOMAS. By per.

1. In the hol - low tree, in the
2. And the owl hath a bride who is

old grey tow'r, The spec - tral owl doth dwell, Dull, ha-ted, despis'd in the
fond and bold, And loveth the woods deep gloom, And with eyes like the shine of the

f

sun - shine hour, But at dusk he's a-broad and well. Not a
moon - stone cold, She a - wait - eth her ghast - ly groom! Not a

f

bird of the for - est ere mates with him, All mock him outright by day, But at
feather she moves, not a car - ol she sings, As she waits in her tree so still, But

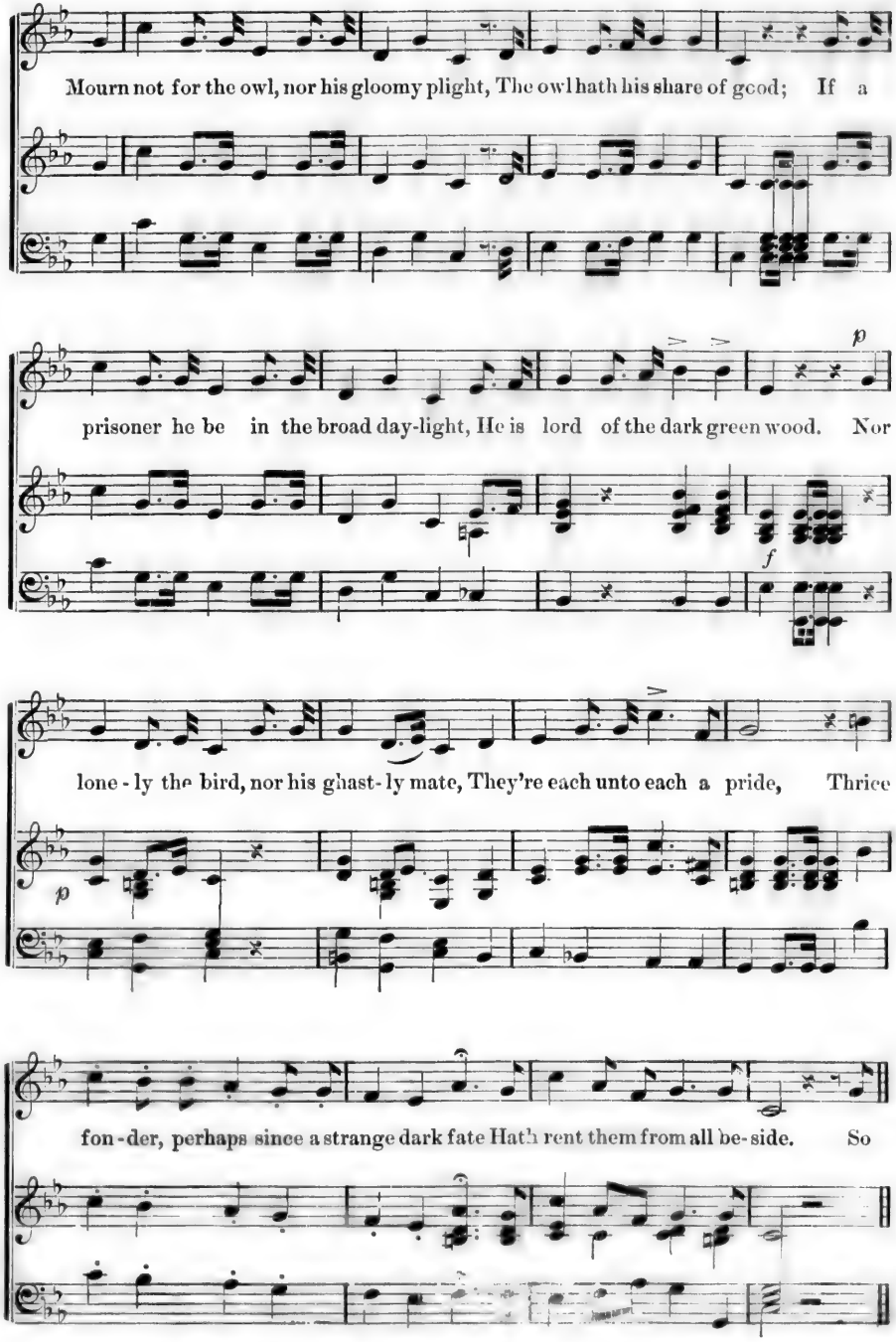
p *f* *p*

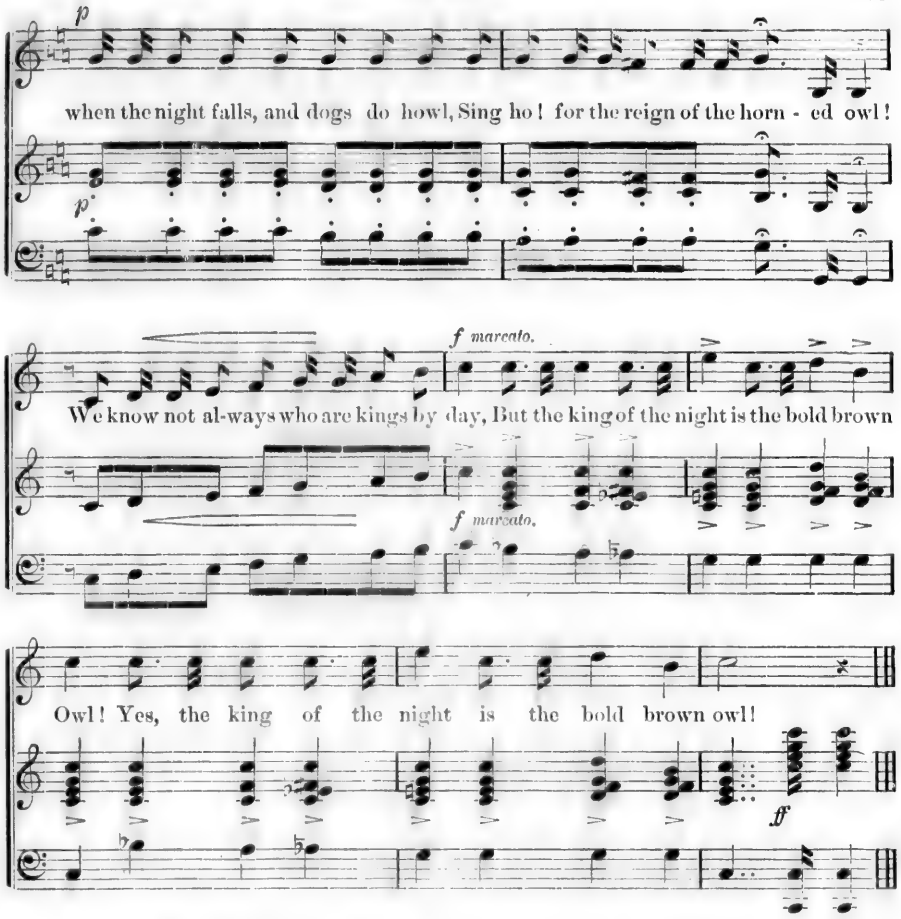
night when the woods grow still and dim, The bold-est will shrink a-way. Oh!
when her heart hear-eth his flap-ping wings, She hoots out her wel-come shrill. Oh!

when the night falls and roosts the fowl, Then, then is the reign of the horn-ed owl!
when the moon shines, and dogs do howl, Then, then is the joy of the horn-ed owl!

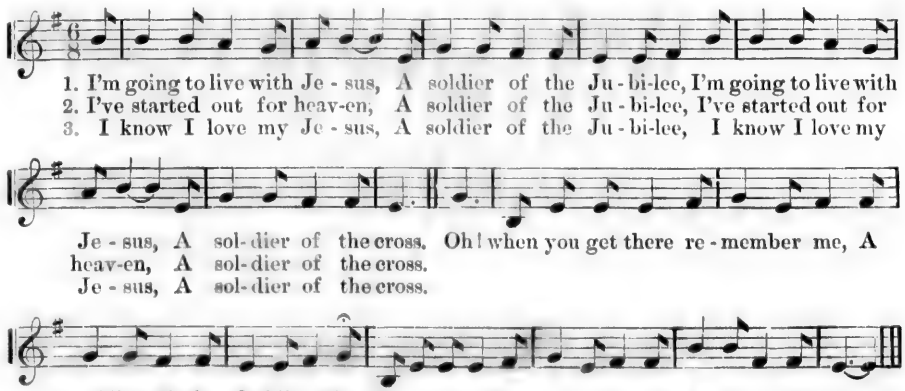
Then, then, then, then is the reign of the horned owl! Then, then, then, then is the
Then, then, then, then is the joy of the horned owl! Then, then, then, then is the

reign of the horn-ed owl.
joy of the horn-ed owl.


Mourn not for the owl, nor his gloomy plight, The owl hath his share of good; If a
prisoner he be in the broad day-light, He is lord of the dark green wood. Nor
p
f
lone - ly the bird, nor his ghast - ly mate, They're each unto each a pride, Thrice
p
fon - der, perhaps since a strange dark fate Hath rent them from all be - side. So



I'M GOING TO LIVE WITH JESUS.



Mary Mellish
Archibald
Memorial

I HEARD THE WEE BIRD SINGING.

LINLEY.

f *a tempo.*

1. I heard a wee bird singing, In my cham-ber as I lay, The
2. He heard the wee bird singing, For its notes were wond'rous clear, As if
3. We heard the wee bird singing, Aft - er man - y years had flown, The

p

rall.

case - ment o - pen swinging, As morn-ing woke the day, And the
wed - ding bells are ringing, Me - lo-dious to the ear, And
true bells had been ringing, And Wil - lie was my own, Oft

rall.

a tempo.

boughs a - round were twin - ing, The bright sun thro' them shin - ing, And
still it rang that wee bird's song, Just like the bells, ding dong, ding dong, While
strol - ling thro' the for - est glade, I mind him what the wee bird said That

a tempo.

rall.

I had long been pin - ing, For my Wil - lie, far a - way; When I
heart beat time so quick and strong I felt that he was near; Ah! he
morn when he no longer strayed, but flew to me a - lone; Oh! we

rall.

a tempo.

heard that wee bird singing, When I heard that wee bird sing-ing, That
heard that wee bird singing, Ah! he heard that wee bird sing-ing, That
love the wee bird singing, Oh! we love the wee bird sing-ing, That

a tempo.

piu lento. *a tempo.*

wee bird, that wee bird, When I heard that wee bird singing.
wee bird, that wee bird, Ah! he heard that wee bird singing.
wee bird, that wee bird, Oh! we love the wee bird singing.

piu lento *a tempo.* *rall.*

RESPONSE.

M.

While pray'ful sacri - fice we bring, Let our faith the off'rings wing, A - men!

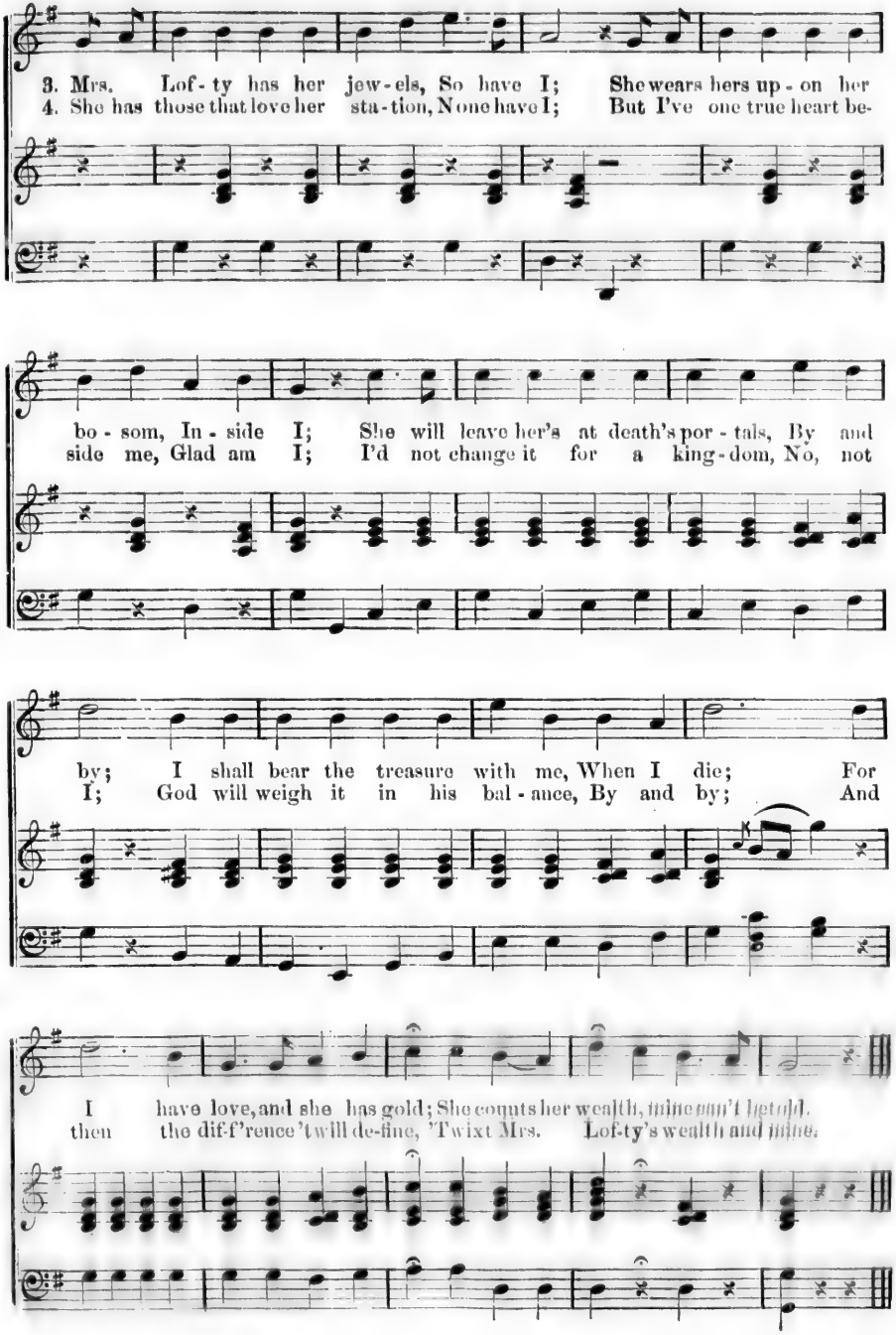
MRS. LOFTY AND I.

HUTCHINSON. By per

Moderato.

1. Mrs. Lof - ty keeps a car-riage, So do I; She has dap - ple grays to draw it, None have I; She's no prouder with her coachman, Than am I With my blue-eyed laughing ba - by, Trundling by; I hide his face, lest she should see the cher-ub boy, And en - vy me.

2. Her fine hus-band has white fin- gers, Mine has not; He could give his bride a pal - ace, Mine a cot; Her's comes home beneath the starlight, Ne'er cares she: Mine comes in the pur - ple twilight,—Kisses me, And prays that He who turns life's sands, Will hold his lov'd ones in his hands.


3. Mrs. Lof-ty has her jew-els, So have I; She wears hers up-on her
4. She has those that love her sta-tion, None have I; But I've one true heart be-
bo-som, In-side I; She will leave her's at death's por-tals, By and
side me, Glad am I; I'd not change it for a king-dom, No, not
by; I shall bear the treasure with me, When I die; For
I; God will weigh it in his bal-ance, By and by; And
I have love, and she has gold; She counts her wealth, mine can't be told.
then the dif-f'rence 't will de-fine, 'Twixt Mrs. Lof-ty's wealth and mine.

ROBIN RED-BREAST.

HUBBARD. By per.

1. Good-bye, good-bye to sum-mer, For summer's near-ly done. The gar-den smiling faint - ly, Cool breezes in the sun; The thrushes now are si - - lent, Our swallows flown away, But Rob-in's here in coat of brown, And scar-let breast-knot gay.

2. Bright yellow, red and or ange, The leaves come down in hosts, The trees are In-dian Prin - ces, But soon they'll turn to ghosts, The leathery pears and ap - ples Hang russet on the bough. It's Au-tumn, Au-tumn, Au-tumn late, 'Twill soon be win-ter now.

3. The fire-side for the crick-et, The wheat-stack, for the mouse, When trembling night-winds whistle And moan all round the house; The fros-ty ways like i - ron, The branches plum'd with snow, A - las! in win-ter dead and dark Where can poor rob - in go?

dolce.

Rob-in, Rob-in Red - breast, O Rob-in dear, The
Rob-in, Rob-in Red - breast, O Rob-in dear, And
Rob-in, Rob-in Red - breast, O Rob-in dear, A

p stac.

Rob-in sings so sweet-ly In the fall-ing of the year.
what will this poor Robin do? For pinching days are near.
crumb of bread for Rob-in, His lit-tle heart to cheer.

Robin, Robin Red - breast, O Robin dear, The
Robin, Robin Red - breast, O Robin dear, And
Robin, Robin Red - breast, O Robin dear, A

pp

cres.

rall.

Rob-in sings so sweet-ly In the fall-ing of the year.
what will this poor Rob-in do? For pinch-ing days are near.
crumb of bread for Rob - in, His lit-tle heart to cheer.

rall.

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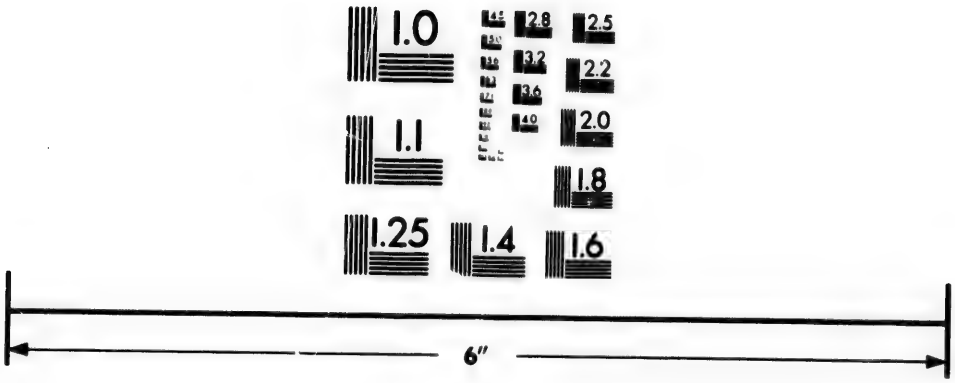

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THE MINIATURE.

MORRIS. KNIGHT.

Andante.

p *rall.* *p*

William was holding in his

hand The like - ness of his wife, Fresh, as if touch'd by fai - ry

wand, With beauty, grace and life. He almost thought it spoke: He

gaz'd up - on the treasure still, Absorb'd, delighted and a -

f

maz'd, To view the ar - tist's skill.

p

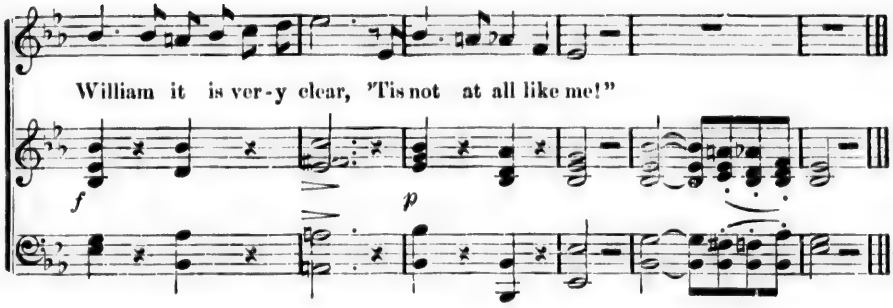
"This picture is yourself, dear Jane, 'Tis drawn to na - ture true. I've

p

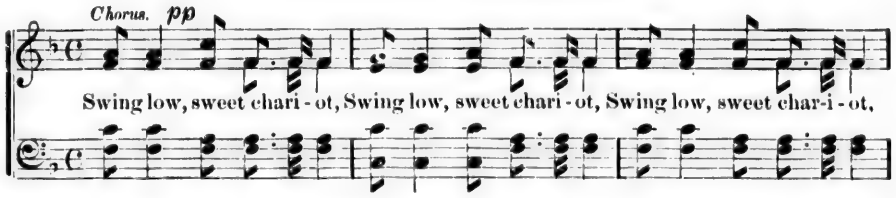
kiss'd it o'er and o'er a - gain, It is so much like you." "And

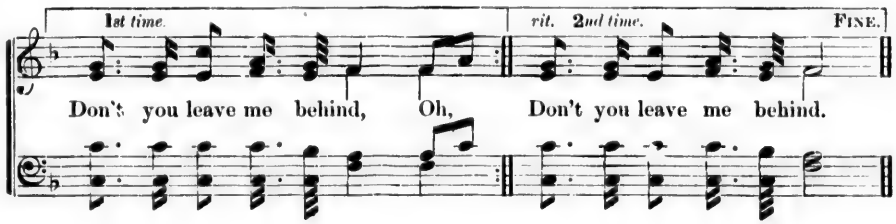
has it kiss'd you back, my dear?" "Why no, my love," said he, "Then

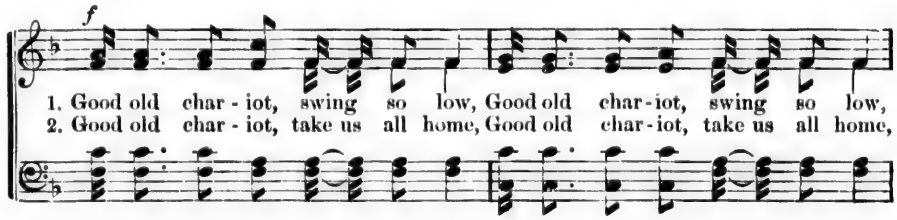
f

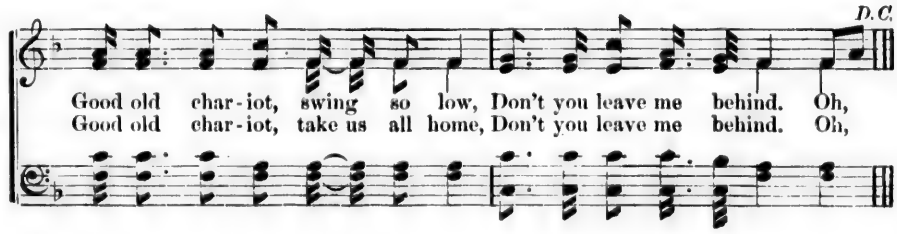


GOOD OLD CHARIOT.









REUBEN AND RACHEL.

WHITE. By per.

Allegro moderato

RACHEL.

1. Reuben, I have long been thinking, What a good world
2. Reuben, I'm a poor lone wo-man, No one seems to

(Till ready to sing.)

p

p

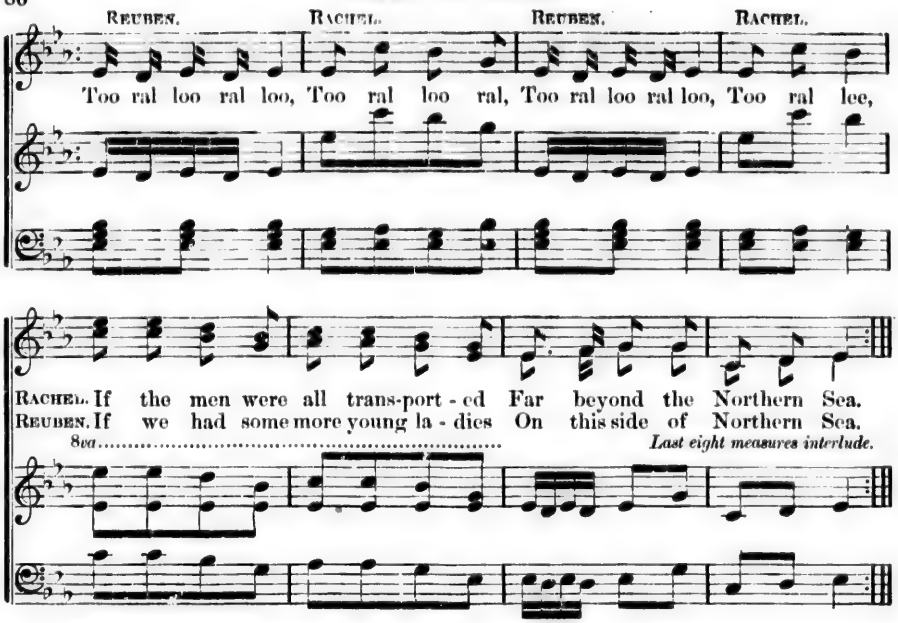
this might be, If the men were all transported Far beyond the Northern Sea.
care for me, I wish the men were all transported Far beyond the Northern Sea.

REUBEN.

Ra - chel, I have long been thinking, What a fine world this might be,
I'm a man with - out a vic - tim, Soon I think there's one will be,

p

If we had some more young la - dies On this side the Northern sea.
If the men are not trans-port - ed Far be-yond the Northern sea.



RACHEL.
3. Reuben, what's the use of fooling,
Why not come up like a man?
If you'd like to have a "lovyer"
I'm for life your "Sally Ann."

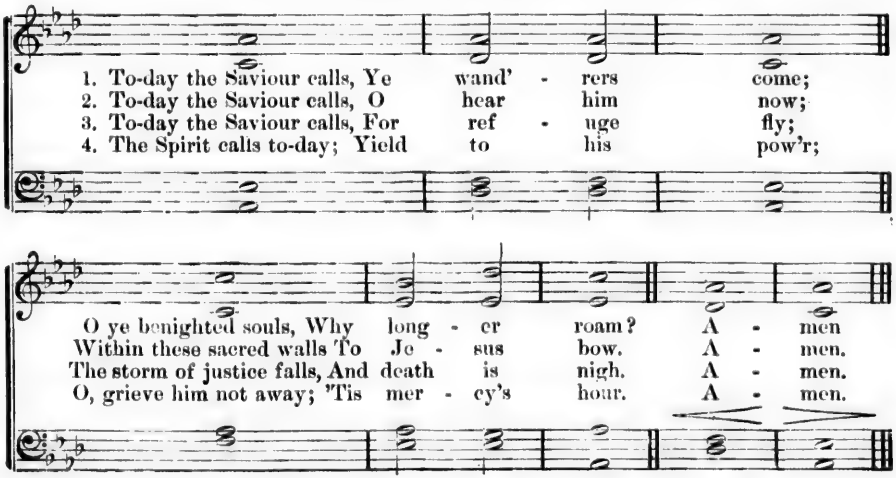
REUBEN.
Oh my goodness! oh my gracious!
What a queer world this would be,
If the men were all tranported
Far beyond the Northern Sea!

RACHEL.
4. Reuben, now do stop your teazing,
If you've any love for me;
I was only just a fooling,
As I thought of course you'd see.

REUBEN.
Rachel, I will not transport you,
But will take you for a wife,
We will live on "milk and honey,"
Better or worse, we're in for life.

TO-DAY THE SAVIOUR CALLS.

M.



THE SWORD OF BUNKER HILL.

WALLACE. COVERT. By per.

Allegretto.

1. He lay up - on his dy - ing bed, His eye was growing dim, When with a fee - ble voice he call'd His weeping son to him: "Weep not, my boy!" the vet'ran said, "I bow to Heav'n's high will, But quickly from yon antlers bring, The sword of Bunker

3. "'Twas on that dread, im - mor - tal day, I dar'd the Briton's band, A captain rais'd this blade on me, I tore it from his hand; And while the glo - rious battle raged, It light - ened freedom's will, For boy, the God of freedom, bless'd The sword of Bunker

Hill, But quickly from yon antlers bring, The sword of Bunker Hill.
Hill, For boy the God of freedom blest, The sword of Bunker Hill.

2. The sword was brought, the soldier's eye Lit with a sud-den
4. "O, keep the sword!" his accent broke, A smile, and he was

flame; And as he grasp'd the ancient blade, He murmur'd War - ren's
dead, But his wrinkled hand still grasp'd the blade, Up-on that dy - ing

name, Then said: "My boy, I leave you gold, But what is rich-er
bed. The son remains, the sword remains, Its glo - ry growing

still, I leave you, mark me mark me now, The sword of Bunker
still, And twenty mill - ions bless the sire, And sword of Bunker

Hill; I leave you, mark me, mark me now, The sword of Bunker Hill.
Hill; And twenty mill - ions, bless the sire, And sword of Bunker Hill.

ITALIAN.

GIARDINI. By per.

Allegretto.

1. Come, thou Al - might - y King, Help us thy name to sing; Help us to praise!
2. Come, thou all - gra - cious Lord! By heaven and earth adored; Our pray'r attend!
3. Nev - er from us depart, Rule thou in ev - ry heart; Hence, evermore!

Unison.

Father all glo - ri - ous, O'er all victorious, Come and reign over us, Ancient of days.
Come, and thy children bless, Give thy good word success, Make thine own holiness, On us [descend
Thy sovereign majesty, May we in glo - ry see, And to e - ter - ni - ty Love and adore.

THE FRIAR OF THE OLDEN TIME.

O'KEEFE. RUSSELL.

Allegro Spiritoso.

1. I am a fri - ar of
2. Af - ter sup - per of heav-

Volti.

or - ders grey, And down in the vallies I take my way, I pull not black-berry,
en, I dream, But that is fat pullets and clouted cream, Myself by de - nial I

haw or hip, Good store of ven'son does fill my scrip. My long bead roll, as I
mor - ti - fy, With a dainty bit of a war - den pie. I'm cloth - ed in sackcloth

mer - ri - ly chant, Where-ever I walk, no money I want, Where-ever I walk, no
for my sin, With old sack-wine I'm lined within, With old sack-wine I'm

money I want. And why I'm so plump the
lined with-in. A chirping cup is my

ad lib.

rea-son I'll tell, Who leads a good life is sure to live well; What
mat - in song, And the vesper bell is my bowl ding dong. What

ad lib.

bar-on or squire, or knight of the shire Lives half so well as a ho - ly friar.

half so well, half so well, half so well, as a ho - ly

friar, ... As a

ho . . . . . .

. . ly friar, As a ho . . . . . .

. . . . . ly. friar, As a ho . . ly friar.

ad lib.

WHAT WILL YOU DO, LOVE?

GENT. LOVE.

"What will you do, love, when I am go - ing, With white sail flowing, The seas be-

rall.

yond? What will you do, love, when waves divide us, And friend may chide us for being

rall.

LADY.

fond? "Tho' waves divide us and friends be chiding, In faith a - bid-ing I'll still be

true, And I'll pray for thee on the stormy o-cean, In deep devo-tion, That's what I'll do."

P

GENT.

What would you do, love, if dis-tant tid - ings Thy fond con-fid - ings Should un-der-

mine; And I a - biding 'neath sultry skies, Should think other eyes Were as bright as

rall.

rall.

LADY. *Appassionata.* *Espress.*

thine!" Oh, name it not! tho' guilt and shame Were on thy name I'd still be

true. But that heart of thine should another share it, I could not bear it, What would I do?

GENT.

What would you do, love, when home returning, With hopes high burning With wealth for

express.

you, If my bark which bounded o'er foreign foam, Should be lost near home, Ah! what would you

LADY. *con anima.* *con tenerezza.*

do? So thou wert spared, I'd bless the morrow, In want and sorrow, That left me

express.

you! And I'd welcome thee from the wasting billow, This heart thy pillow, That's what I'd do!

THE BASKET-MAKER'S CHILD.

THOMPSON.

1. Where the green willows sway'd by the brook, And the sweet waters danced and smiled, In a cot-tage nestled in a qui-et nook, Dwelt the bas-ket-mak-er's child. 'Twas the ho-ly sab-bath eve, The stars twinkled bright in the sky, The green willows wave by the brook, And the sweet waters played and smiled, We have

2. Oh, weep not for me she said, Tho' the death damp has dimm'd my eye, My Sa-viour's hand is be-neath my head, I do not fear to die. I go to my hap-py home, My earth work is al-most done, And I

3. Let me rest be-side the brook, Where the sweet waters flow as mild, And carve on the tree where I used to play, The bas-ket-mak-er's child. Where the

hills re - ech - oed the night bird's song, When they told me she must die.
hear my bless - ed Saviour's words, "Let lit - tle chil - dren come,"
la'd her to rest and carv'd on the oak, The bas - ket mak - er's child.

Chorus.

The green willows wav'd by the brook, The stars glitter'd bright in the sky, The

The green willows wav'd by the brook, The stars glitter'd bright in the sky, The

very soft.

wind's low moan the dry leaves On that stilly night by that mur- When they told me she must
[shook, [m'ring brook, [die.

wind's low moan the dry leaves On that stilly night by that mur- When they told me she must
[shook, [m'ring brook, [die.

PULLING HARD AGAINST THE STREAM.

CLIFTON. HOBSON.

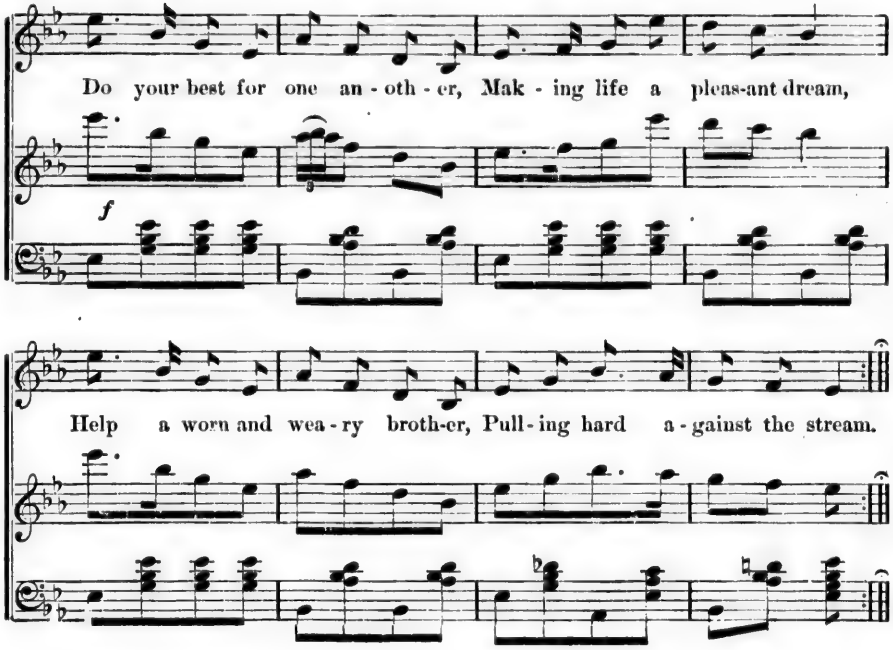
1. In the world I've gain'd my knowledge, And for it have had to pay,
2. Many a bright good heart-ed fel - low, Many a no - ble minded man,
3. If the wind is in your fa - vor, And you've weather'd ev - 'ry squall,
4. Don't give way to fool - ish sor - row, Let this keep you in good cheer—

Though I nev - er went to col - lege, Yet I've heard that po - ets say
Finds him-self in wa - ter shal - low, Then as - sist him if you can.
Think of those who luck-less la - bor, Nev - er get fair wind at all.
Bright-er days may come to - mor-row, If you try and per - se - vere,

Life is like a might-y riv - er, Roll - ing on from day to day,
Some suc - ceed at ev - 'ry turn - ing, For - tune fa - vors ev - 'ry scheme,
Work-ing hard, con-tent - ed, will - ing, Struggling thro' lifes o - cean wide,
Dark-est nights will have a morn - ing, Tho' the sky be o - ver-cast;

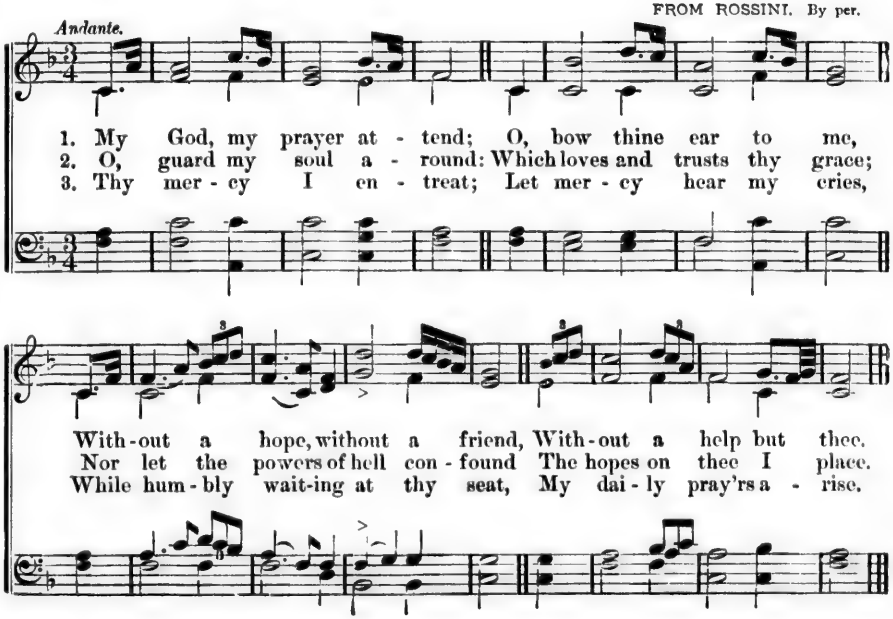
Men are vessels launch'd up-on it, Some times wreck'd and cast away. So then
Oth-ers too tho' more de-serv-ing, Have to pull a gainst the stream. So then
Not a friend and not a shil-ling, Pull- ing hard a-gainst the tide. So then
Longest lanes must have a turn-ing, And the tide will turn at last. So then

rall.



PETITION.

FROM ROSSINI. By per.



MATRIMONIAL SWEETS.

FREEMAN.

HE.

1. Do cease your clack, and hold your tongue, Your al-ways teazing, squalling, bawling,
2. You know you're al- ways gad-ding a - bout, Danc-ing, walk-ing, chat-ting, talking,
3. You'll own your tem- per is ver - y bad, Looks so flout - ing, al- ways pouting.

SHE. HE.

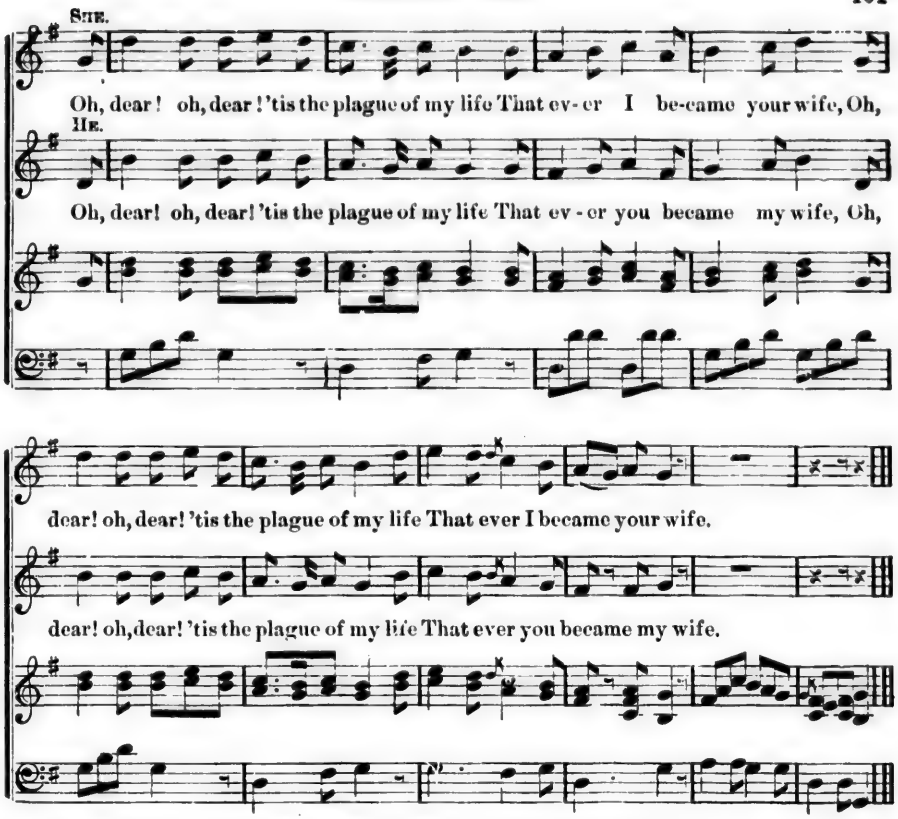
You're always quarrell-ing all day long, And ug - ly names are call - ing. You
You know from morn 'till night you're out With oth - er la - dies walk - ing. You
Yours is e-nough to drive one mad, Sus - pi - cious, jeal- ous, doubting. You

SHE. HE.

know you ne'er can be at peace. Now pray do let your passion cease. You're
know you're always af-ter fellows. 'Tis only you're so ver - y jealous. You'll
know my pas - sion don't re-main, But soon as off, be - gins a - gain. Oh,

SHE. HE.

nev - er qui- et. I de - ny it. Mad - am you'll my rage increase.
own you do it. You shall rue it. We're a happy pair so peo - ple say.
how vex - ing! How per-plexing! You'll put me in a rage a - gain.



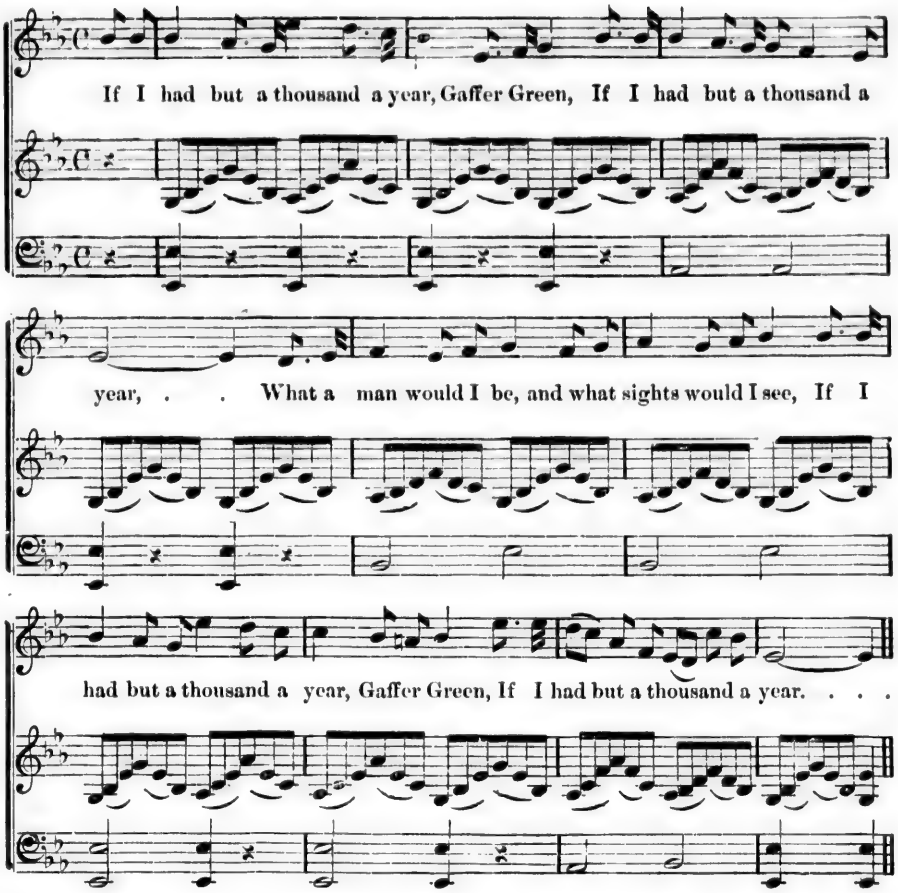
He. Madam, we had better part, Than by living constant din in.
She. Oh, I'll agree, with all my heart; Let's be the task beginning.
He. I hereby bid a last adieu!
She. And I now take a final view!
He. North!
She. South!
He. East!
She. West!
He. Take which corner you like best.
Both. { Oh, dear! oh, dear! I now for life Am rid of my tormenting wife.
{ Oh, dear! oh, dear! I now for life Forsake the office of a wife.

Well then, madam, as you are determined to go, good bye! Good bye, sir! You'll recollect, madam, 'tis all your own fault. I beg your pardon, sir, 'tis all your own fault. I say 'tis yours, sir. Zounds, madam, I say 'tis yours. You know I never was in a passion.

He. My dearest love dont leave me so; Without measure you're my pleasure.
She. You know my love I could not go, For you're my darling treasure.
He. Then for the future let's agree
She. And live in sweetest harmony.
He. Nor let to-morrow
She. Bring forth sorrow
He. To crush our sweet felicity.
Both. { Oh, dear! oh, dear! 'tis the joy of my life That ever I became your wife.
{ Oh, dear! oh, dear! 'tis the joy of my life That ever you became my wife.

ROBIN RUFF.

RUSSELL.



2.

The best wish you could have, take my word, [Robin Ruff,
Would scarce find you in bread or in beer;
But be honest and true, and say what would [you do
If you had but a thousand a year, Robin
If you had but a thousand a year? [Ruff?

3.

I'd do, I scarcely know what, Gaffer Green,
I'd go, faith I hardly know where,
I'd scatter the chink and leave others to [think,
If I had but a thousand a year, Gaffer Green?
If I had but a thousand a year?

4.

But when you are aged and grey, Robin Ruff,
And the day of your death it draws near,
Say what with your pains would you do with [your gains,
If you then had a thousand a year, Robin Ruff?
If you then had a thousand a year?

5.

I scarcely can tell what you mean, Gaffer [Green,
For your questions are always so queer;
But as other folks die, I suppose so must I,—
What, and give up your thousand a year, [Robin Ruff?
And give up your thousand a year?

6.

There's a place that is better than this, [Robin Ruff,
And I hope in my heart you'll go there,
Where the poor man's as great though he [hath no estate,
Aye, as if he'd a thousand a year, Robin
Aye, as if he'd a thousand a year? [Ruff?

A SUMMER SHOWER.

MARZIALS.

p

1. "Oh 'tis noth-ing but a show'r, but a quarter of an hour, Don't you
2. Now that lit- tle summer show'r, must have last- ed quite an hour, As I've
3. Now that lit- tle summer show'r, must have ceas'd for quite an hour, As I've

p

think you'd better shel-ter by the chestnut tree, For the wind is blowing sweet, and you've
heard a show-er can do in the North Countree, And she'd got a pret-ty shoe, she
heard a show-er can do in the North Countree, But if you're in the shade, with a

dai-sies for your feet, And should you care to dance I can pipe," said he, She was
lik'd to shew it too, But she could not dance for ev - er, tho' light was she, So she
ver - y pret-ty maid, It cannot matter much what the weather may be; And he

2nd and 3rd verse.

go- ing to the town in a fresh print gown, And a dain-ty col- or flies the
sat her down to rest, and the rose from her breast She gave it him so pret-ti-ly, and
must have said his say, for in his her fingers lay, As he took a thread of meadow grass and

Play five first measures for introduction.

dain-ti - er it be, And the pipers eyes are blue, and he looks her thro'and thro' And the
oh! so fair was she, That the piper blush'd and sigh'd, and he stutter'd when he tried To say
measur'd for the ring, And she look'd him thro'and thro' while he vow'd he'd lov'd her true
[Since the

pp

cres. *f*

parson's piping bullfinch cannot pipe as sweet and true, And there's not a bird in June knows
something about roses, and I don't know what beside, For she toss'd her dainty head, and
day he shar'd her book at church and heard her sweetly sing, And not any one that June, sang

cres. *f*

such a mer- ry tune, As "Mer- ry, mer-ry, mer-ry, in the North Countree, With a
start-ed up and said, "Mer- ry, mer-ry, mer-ry, in the North Countree, But it's
such a mer- ry tune, As "Mer- ry, mer-ry, mer-ry, in the North Countree, With a-

1 and 2 verses.

hey, my lad, and a play, my lad, And mer- ri - ly I'll dance to thee!"
nay, my lad, and its play, my lad, And mer- ri - ly I'll dance to thee!"
way, my lad, and a-

f *f* *f* *f*

Last verse.

stay my lad, And I'll live and I'll die for thee, for thee, I'll live and I'll die for thee."

Colla voce.

SAFE WITHIN THE VAIL.

EVANS. By per.

1. "Land a - head!" Its fruits are wav-ing O'er the hills of fade-less green;
2. Onward, bark! the cape I'm rounding, See the bless - ed wave their hands;
3. There, let go the an-chor, rid-ing On this calm and silv-'ry bay;
4. Now we're safe from all temp- ta- tion, All the storms of life are past;

And the liv - ing wa- ters lav- ing Shores where heav'nly forms are seen.
Hear the harps of God re-sounding From the bright im- mor- tal bands.
Sea-ward fast the tide is glid-ing, Shores in sun - light stretch a - way.
Praise the Rock of our Sal- va-tion, We are safe at home at last!

Rocks and storms I'll fear no more, When on that e - ter- nal shore.

Drop the an - chor! furl the sail! I am safe with-in the vail!

HE FOLDS THEM IN HIS BOSOM.

MURRAY.

Tenderly.

1. He folds them in His bo - som Thro' all the hap-py hours; He gathers to His
2. His voice so sweet and ten - der, So heavenly in its tone, That when He calls they

own dear home The well beloved of ours. For, oh, He loves them dear- ly, His
fol- low Him, And leave us here a - lone; Yet not a-lone, for - ev - er And

choicest gems are they; He guides them with a gentle hand along the heav'nly way.
ev - er by our side, In gen-tle of - fi - ces of love The lit- tle an-gels glide.

GO CHAIN THE LION DOWN.

Go chain the li - on down, Go chain the li - on down, Go

chain the li - on down, Be - fore the heav'n doors close. { 1. Do you / 2. Do you / 3. Do you

see that good old sis - ter, Come a wagging up the hill so slow? She
see the good old Christians, Come a wagging up the hill so slow? They
see the good old preachers, Come a wagging up the hill so slow? They

D.C.

wants to get to heav'n in due time, Be - fore the heav'n doors close.

CALL UNTO ME.

MARSHALL. By per.

Andantino. *Tutti.* *f*

Call un-to me, call un-to me, and I will answer thee, Call un-to me,

Soli.

Call un-to me, call un-to me, and I will answer thee, call un-to me,

Tutti.

Soli. *Tutti.* *cres.*

call un-to me, and I will answer thee, and I will answer thee, and show thee great and

call un-to me, and I will answer thee, and I will answer thee, and show thee great and

Soli. *Tutti.* *cres.*

Soli.

might-y things which thou knowest not, which thou knowest not, call un-to

might-y things which thou knowest not, which thou knowest not, call un-to

Soli.

p *Tutti.* *f*

me, call un-to me, and I will an-swer thee, and I will an-swer thee.

me, call un-to me, and I will an-swer thee, and I will an-swer thee.

Tutti. *f*

BY THE BLUE SEA.

ENOCH. SMART.

p

I stood where the summer tide flow - ing Home-ward the bark gayly

pp

bore, . . . But I saw the same o - cean was throw - ing

To - kens of wreck on the shore, While a voice 'mid the tide's song of

pp a tempo.

glad - ness Sighed thro' its sweetness to me . . . And it

poco rit.

colla voce.

fill'd all my heart with a sad - ness, By the blue . . .

pp

cres *pp poco rit.*

sea, . . . By the blue . . sea, . . . By the blue, . .

pp colla voce.

. . . the blue sea. . . .

pp *Ped.* * *Ped.* * *Ped.* *

sfz

poco animato

I thought of brave sails home-ward

poco rit. *dim.*

Ped. * *pp*

wing - ing, Tide waves of mem - 'ry bore . . . To the

heart, While its wa - ters were fling - ing To - kens of wreck to the

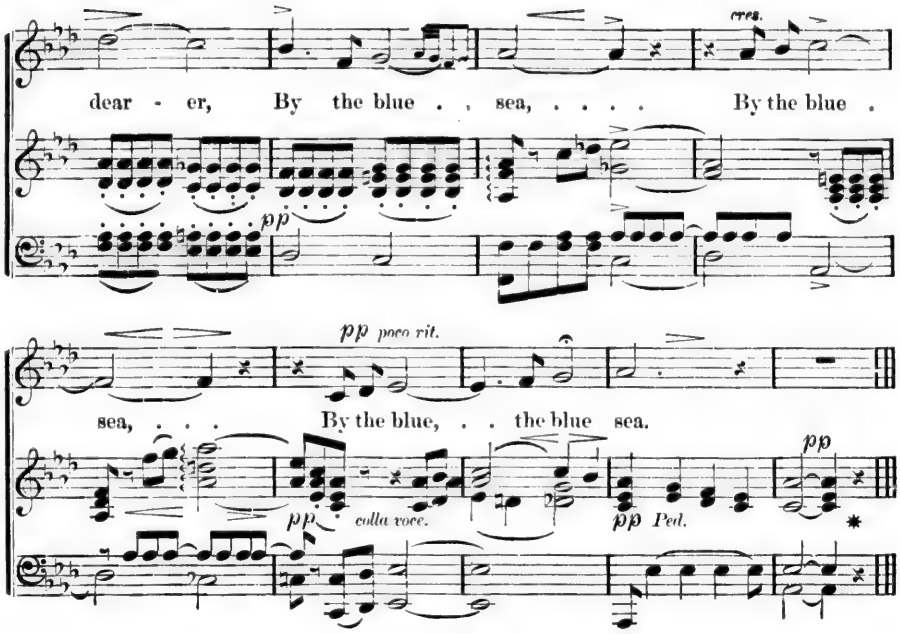
p

shore. And I felt, as o'er mem -'ry near - er Hopes

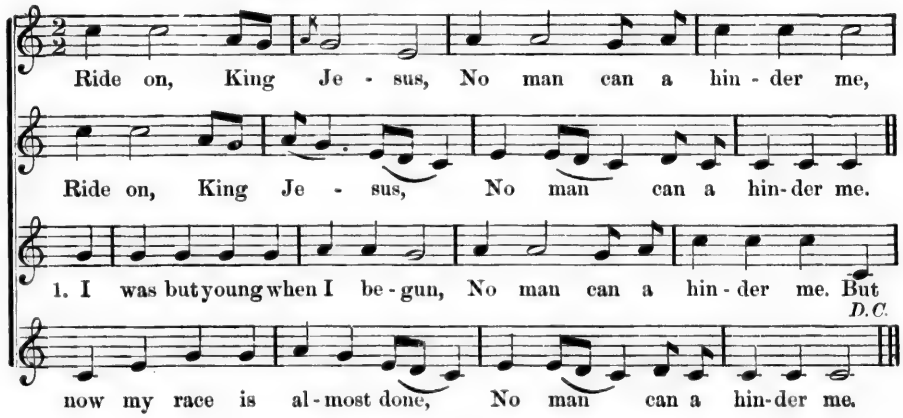
rit. *pp* *tempo primo.*

freight with joy came to me, ... Still the wreck'd and the broken were

colla voce.



RIDE ON, KING JESUS.



2. King Jesus rides on a milk-white horse,
No man can a hinder me;
The river of Jordan he did cross,
No man can a hinder me.
Ride on, &c.

3. If you want to find your way to God,
No man can a hinder me;
The gospel highway must be trod,
No man can a hinder me.
Ride on, &c.

CLOCHETTE.

MOLLOY.

Andante moderato.

p

Spinning was young Clo - chet - te; Came a fond youth to woo;

p

She was a sad co - quet - te, He was a lov - er true. Clo-

chet - te, Clo - chet - te, You drive me far from you, Clo - chet - te, Clo-

chet - te, I come to say a - dieu.

rall.

Silent was young Clo-chet - te, Griev'd in her heart was

a tempo.

p

she, For tho' a sad co-quet-te, None was so dear as he; Clo-

chet - te, Clo-chet - te, I go for love of you, Oh, speak then, dear Clo-

chet - te! She on - ly said a - dieu. . . . . .

rall.

ritardando, ma non troppo.

Let me, he said, Clo-chet - te, This lit - tle blos - som

a tempo.

lento.

take; Wept, then, this sad co-quet-te, As tho' her heart would break. Clo-

lento.

chet - te, Clo - chet - te, I know now you are true; Clo-

chet - te, Clo - chet - te, We'll nev - er say a - dieu.

TARRY WITH ME.

SHARPLESS. KIRKPATRICK. By per.

Gently.

1. Tar - ry with me, O, my Sa - viour, Thro' the noonday's burning heat,
2. When the dark - ness of mis - for - tune, Hides the heav - ens from my eye,

Smile, O, smile ap - prov - al on me, As I urge my wea - ry feet;
While the earth wears hues of sor - row, Let me feel that thou art nigh;

And as aye the shadows lengthen, While the night steals slow - ly on;
Then, oh, then, what - e'er be - falls me, Pray'rful - ly I strug - gle on;

Tar - ry with me, tar - ry with me, For I can - not walk a - lone.
Tar - ry with me, tar - ry with me, Leave, O, leave me not a - lone.

Chorus.

p *m*

Tar - ry with me, tar - ry with me, Thro' the darkness and the light;

f *p* *mf* *rit.*

Ev - er near me, stay to cheer me, Then my hours shall all be bright.

HARK! 'TIS THE TRUMPET SOUNDING.

BELLINI.

Allegro maestoso.

SOPRANO.

Hark! 'tis the trum-pet sound - ing, call - ing to vic - to - ry or

ALTO.

Hark! 'tis the trum-pet sound - ing, call - ing to vic - to - ry or

TENOR.

Hark! 'tis the trum-pet sound - ing, call - ing to vic - to - ry or

BASS.

ACCOMP.

p

death; . . . Let not the foe dis - may . . us, We'll

death; . . . Let not the foe dis - may . . us, We'll

death; . . . Let not the foe dis - may . . us, We'll

f

fight . . . till the last breath. Cour-age our bo - soms

fight . . . till the last breath. Cour-age our bo - soms

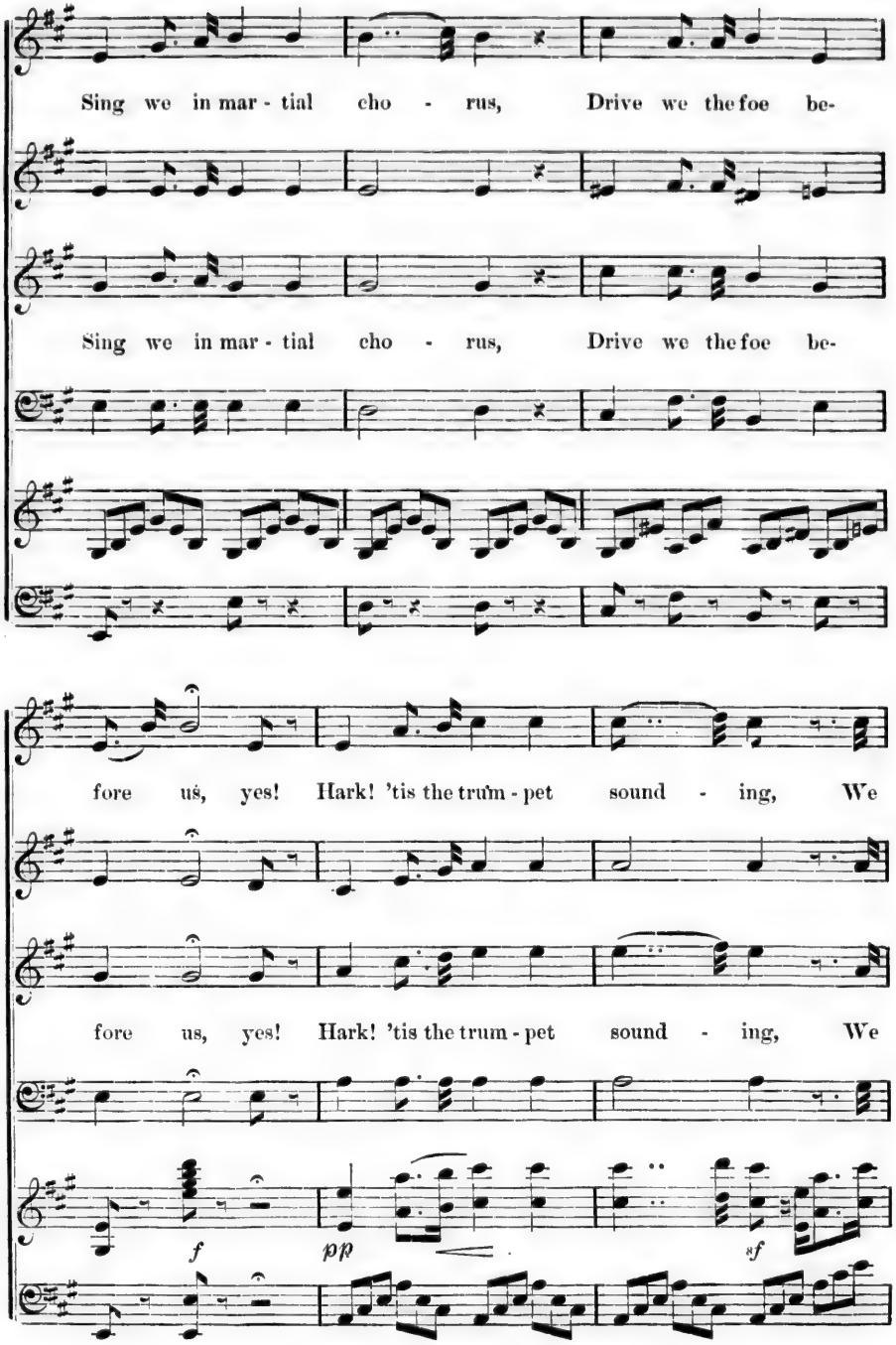
fight . . . till the last breath. Cour-age our bo - soms

p

fir - ing, Our country's cause in - spir - ing;

fir - ing, Our country's cause in - spir - ing;

fir - ing, Our country's cause in - spir - ing;


Sing we in mar - tial cho - rus, Drive we the foe be-
Sing we in mar - tial cho - rus, Drive we the foe be-
fore us, yes! Hark! 'tis the trum - pet sound - ing, We
fore us, yes! Hark! 'tis the trum - pet sound - ing, We
f
pp
sf

fight for li - ber - ty! Hark! still the trum - pet

fight for li - ber - ty! Hark! still the trum - pet

fight for li - ber - ty! Hark! still the trum - pet

sf

sound - ing, We'll nev - er to the ty - rant bow; . . .

sound - ing, We'll nev - er to the ty - rant bow; . . .

sound - ing, We'll nev - er to the ty - rant bow; . . .

Hands to your swords, brave com - rades, Bright lau - rels wait your

Hands to your swords, brave com - rades, Bright lau - rels wait your

Hands to your swords, brave com - rades, Bright lau - rels wait your

f

brow, Coun - try and com- rades greet . . you,

brow, Coun - try and com- rades greet . . you,

brow, Coun - try and com- rades greet . . you,

p

Let not thy foes de - feat you, sing we our mar - tial

Let not thy foes de - feat you, sing we our mar - tial

Let not thy foes de - feat you, sing we our mar - tial

cho - rus, See, now they fly be - fore us, yes!

cho - rus, See, now they fly be - fore us, yes!

cho - rus, See, now they fly be - fore us, yes!

sf

Hark! still the trum-pet's sound - ing, But 'tis for vic - to-

Hark! still the trum-pet's sound - ing, But 'tis for vic - to-

Hark! still the trum-pet's sound - ing, But 'tis for vic - to-

pp *sf*

ry! But 'tis for vic - to - ry; . . . .

ry! But 'tis for vic - to - ry; . . . .

ry! But 'tis for vic - to - ry; . . . .

ff

List! 'tis the trum - pet sound-ing, But 'tis for vic - to-

List! 'tis the trum - pet sound-ing, But 'tis for vic - to-

List! 'tis the trum - pet sound-ing, But 'tis for vic - to-

sf *sf* *sf* *sf* *sf* *sf* *sf*

ry, ... yes, 'tis for vic - to-ry!

ry, ... yes, 'tis for vic - to-ry!

ry, ... yes, 'tis for vic - to-ry!

sf

REFUGE.

ARR. FROM ABT.

Andantino.

1. Je - sus, ref - uge of my soul, Let me to thy bos - om fly, While the
2. Oth - er ref - uge have I none; Hangs my help - less soul on thee; Leave, ah,
3. Thou, O Christ, art all I want; All in all in thee I find; Raise the

p

rag - ing billows roll, While the tempest still is high; Hide me, O, my Saviour, hide,
leave me not alone; Still support and comfort me: All my trust on thee is stayed,
fallen, cheer the faint, Heal the sick, and lead the blind: Just and ho - ly is thy name;

Ten.

Till the storm of life is past; Safe in - to the ha - - ven guide;
All my help from thee I bring; Cov - er my de - fence - - less head
I am all unrighteousness; Vile and full of sin I am;

Ten.

O, re - ceive my soul at last, O, re - ceive my soul at last.
With the shad - ow of thy wing, With the shad - ow of thy wing.
Thou art full of truth and grace, Thou art full of truth and grace.

sf

The first four lines may be sung as a Solo by a Soprano Voice if desirable.

YE SHEPHERDS, TELL ME.

MAZZINGHI.

Larghetto grazioso con moto.

FIRST VOICE.

Ye shep - herds, tell me, tell me, have you

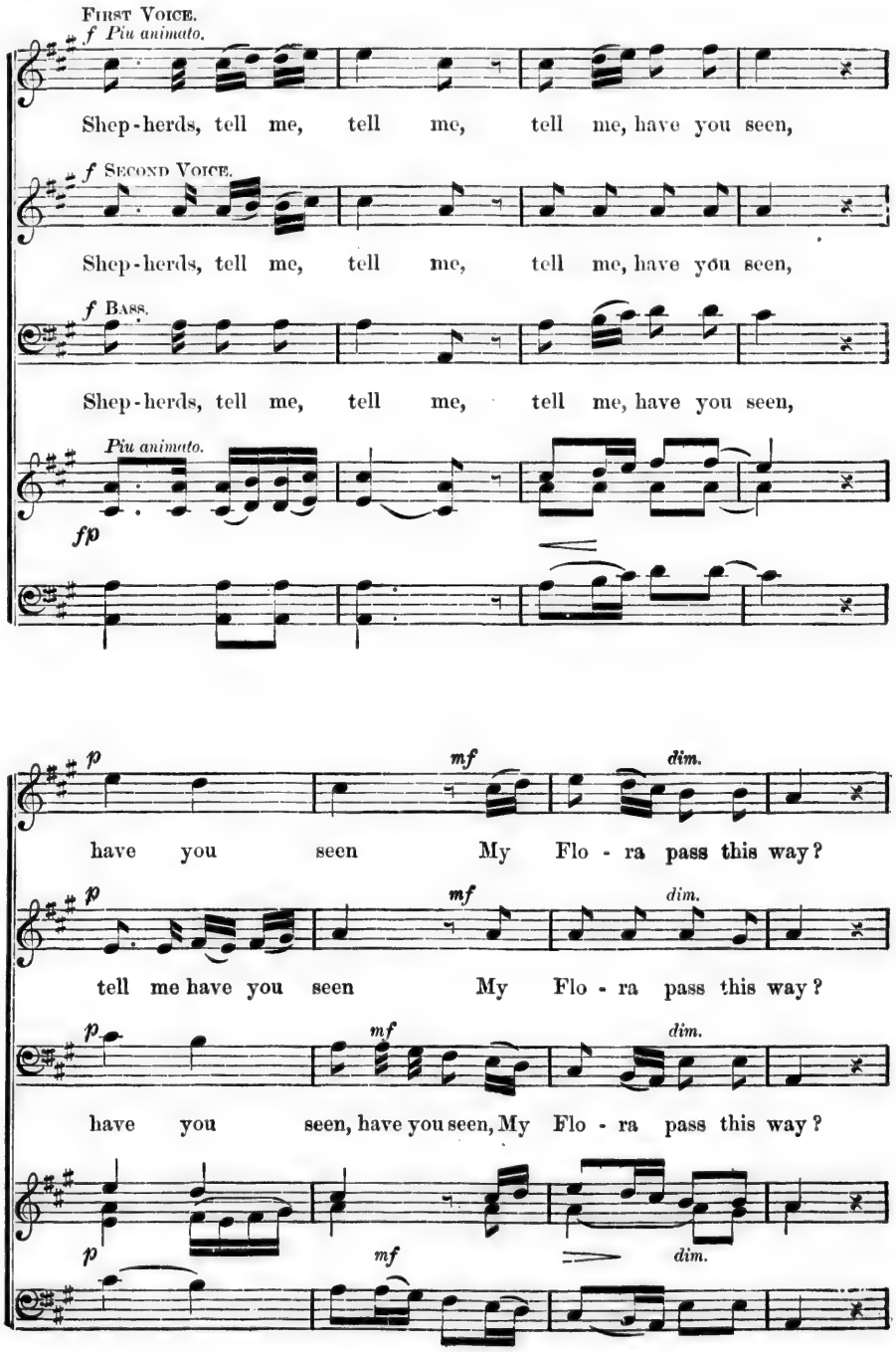
p *Un poco staccato.*

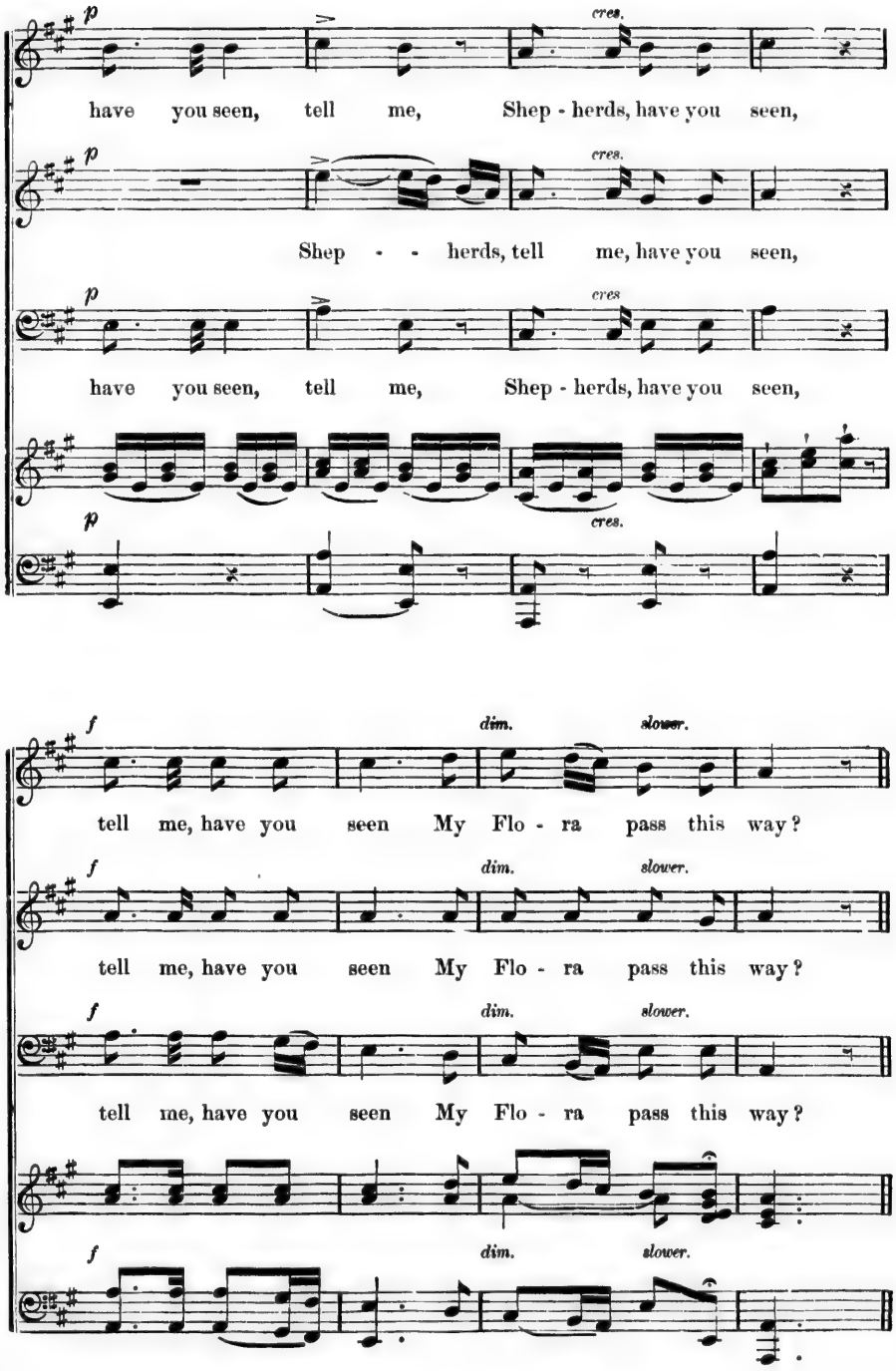
seen, have . . . you seen My Flo - ra pass this

way? In shape and feature beau - - - ty's

legato

queen, in pas-toral, in pasto-ral ar - ray?


First Voice.
f Piu animato.
Shep-herds, tell me, tell me, tell me, have you seen,
f Second Voice.
Shep-herds, tell me, tell me, tell me, have you seen,
f Bass.
Shep-herds, tell me, tell me, tell me, have you seen,
Piu animato.
fp
p
mf
dim.
have you seen My Flo - ra pass this way?
p
mf
dim.
tell me have you seen My Flo - ra pass this way?
p
mf
dim.
have you seen, have you seen, My Flo - ra pass this way?
p
mf
dim.


p
cres.
have you seen, tell me, Shep - herds, have you seen,
Shep - - herds, tell me, have you seen,
have you seen, tell me, Shep - herds, have you seen,
f
dim.
slower.
tell me, have you seen My Flo - ra pass this way?
tell me, have you seen My Flo - ra pass this way?
tell me, have you seen My Flo - ra pass this way?

SECOND VOICE.

A wreath a - round her head, around her head she

p *Un poco staccato.*

wore,— Car - na - - - tion, lil - y, lil - - - - - y,

rose,— And in her hand a crook . . . . she

legato

Repeat Trio.

bore, And sweets and sweets, her breath compose.

Bass Voice.

The beau - teous, the beau - teous wreath that decks her

p *Un poco staccato.*

head Forms her descrip - tion, her descrip - tion

true:— Hands lil - y white, lips crim - son

legato

red, And cheeks, and cheeks of ro - sy hue.

Repeat Trio.

SEEK YE THE LORD.

MARSHALL. By per.

Larghetto.

Seek ye the Lord while he may be found, Call ye up - on him while

Seek ye the Lord while he may be found, Call ye up - on him while

he is near, Seek ye the Lord while he may be found.

Solo. *Tutti.*

he is near, while he may be found.

while he is near,

Solo *Tutti.*

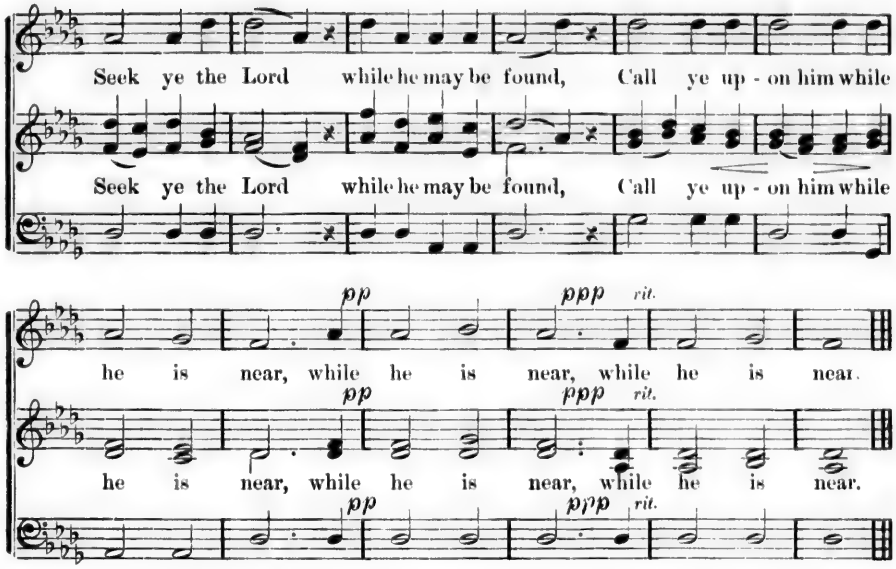
Call ye up - on him while he is near, Seek ye the Lord

Solo.

while he may be found, Call ye up - on him while he is near,

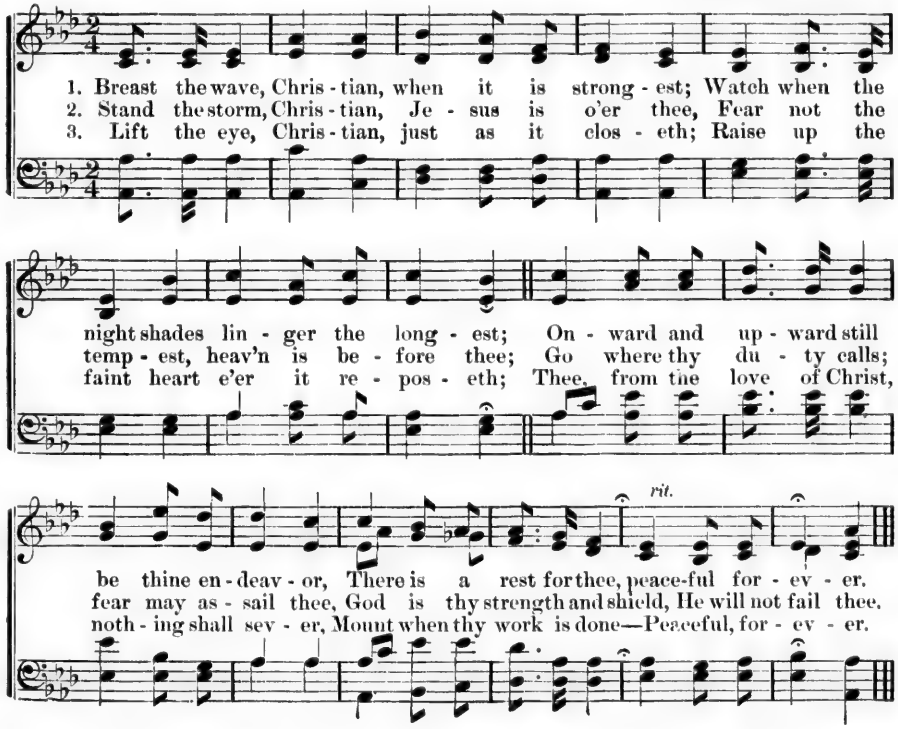
Soli. *Soli.* *Tutti.*

while he may be found, while he is near,



BREAST THE WAVE, CHRISTIAN

KIRKPATRICK. By per.



AND YE SHALL SEEK ME.

MARSHALL. By per.

Allegro Moderato.

And ye shall seek me, and find me, shall search for me with

And ye shall seek me, and find me, When ye shall search for me with

all your heart, Ye shall seek me, and find me, When ye shall

cres

all your heart, Ye shall seek me, and find me, When ye shall

search for me with all your heart, with all your heart,

Soli.

search for me with all your heart, with all your heart, Ye shall

seek me, and find me, ye shall seek me, and find me.

When ye shall search for me with all . . your heart,

Tutti.

When ye shall search for me with all . . your heart,

Tutti.

f

with all your heart, Saith the Lord.

Soli. *Tutti.* *p*

When ye shall search for me with all your heart, Saith the Lord.

Tutti. *p* *f*

FAREWELL, MY BROTHER.

Fare - well, my bro - ther,* fare - well for - ev - er, Fare you well, my

bro - ther, now, For I am go - ing home. Oh, good bye, good bye, For

D.C.

I am bound to leave you, Oh, good bye, good bye, for I am go-ing home.

After Da Capo sing this:

Shake hands, shake hands, for I am bound to leave you,
Oh, shake hands, &c.

* *Or sister.*

MARSEILLES HYMN.

QUARTETTE.

f SOPRANO.

1. Ye sons of freedom wake to glory, Hark! hark! what myriads bid you rise, Your children,

f ALTO.

f TENOR.

2. Oh, liberty! can man resign thee, Once having felt thy glorious flame? Can tyrants'

f BASS.

wives and grand-sires hoar - y, Behold their tears an ear their cries, Behold their

bolts and bars con - fine thee, And thus thy no - ble spir - it tame? And thus thy

tears and hear their cries, Shall lawless tyrants, mischief breeding, With hireling

no - ble spir - it tame? Too long our country wept, bewailing, The blood-stain'd

host, a ruf - fian band, Affright and des - o - late the land, While

sword our conquerors wield, But freedom is our sword and shield, And

peace and lib - er - ty lie bleeding. To arms, to arms, ye brave! The

all their arts are un - a - vail - ing. To arms, to arms, ye brave! The

pa - - triot sword unsheath! March on, march on,

pa - - triot sword unsheath! March on, march on,

all hearts resolved On lib - er - ty or death! March on, march

all hearts resolved On lib - er - ty or death! March on, march

on, all hearts resolved, On lib - - er - ty or

on, all hearts resolved, On lib - - er - ty or

death!

ff

death!

I LOVE TO TELL THE STORY.

HANKEY. FISCHER. By per.

1. I love to tell the sto - ry Of un-seen things a-bove, Of Je - sus and his glo - ry, Of Je - sus and his love! I love to tell the sto - ry! Be-cause I know its true; It sat - is-fies my longings as nothing else would do.
2. I love to tell the sto - ry! More wonderful it seems Than all the golden fan - cies Of all our gold-en dreams. I love to tell the sto - ry! It did so much for me! And that is just the rea - son I tell it now to thee.
3. I love to tell the sto - ry! 'Tis pleasant to re - peat What seems, each time I tell it, More won-der - ful - ly sweet. I love to tell the sto - ry! For some have nev-er heard The mes-sage of sal - va - tion From God's own Holy Word.
4. I love to tell the sto - ry! For those who know it best Seem hun-ger-ing and thirst-ing To hear it like the rest. And when, in scenes of glo - ry, I sing the new, new song, 'Twill be the old, old sto - ry That I have loved so long.

I love to tell the sto - ry, 'Twill be my theme in glo - ry,
To tell the old, old sto - ry, Of Je - sus and his love.

TEMPERANCE RALLYING SONG.

BUNGAY. KIRKPATRICK. By per.

1. Ral - ly round the temp'rance ban - ner, Wake the ech - o with your song,
2. Ral - ly round the temp'rance standard; In the war against this foe,
3. Ral - ly round the temp'rance ban - ner; On the hill - tops let it wave;

Shake the hills with your ho - san - na, Swell the cho - rus loud and long.
Who will lead the glorious vanguard, Who will deal the conq'ring blow?
Young and old with loud ho - san - na, Cheer the hearts ye toil to save.

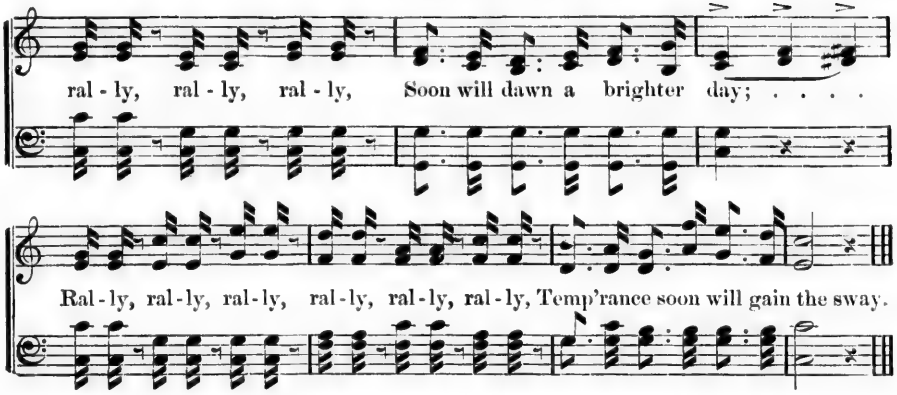
Onward still the cause is speed - ing, Soon will dawn a brighter
Strike now, in and out of sea - son; Dash a - side the poi - son
Wives and children join your prais - es, Fill the air with glad re -

On - ward still the cause is speed - ing,
Strike now, in and out of sea - - son;
Wives and chil - dren join your prais - es,

day; Where human - i - ty lies bleed - ing,
bowl; Save immor - tal man his rea - son,
frain, As the daf - fo - dils and dai - sies,

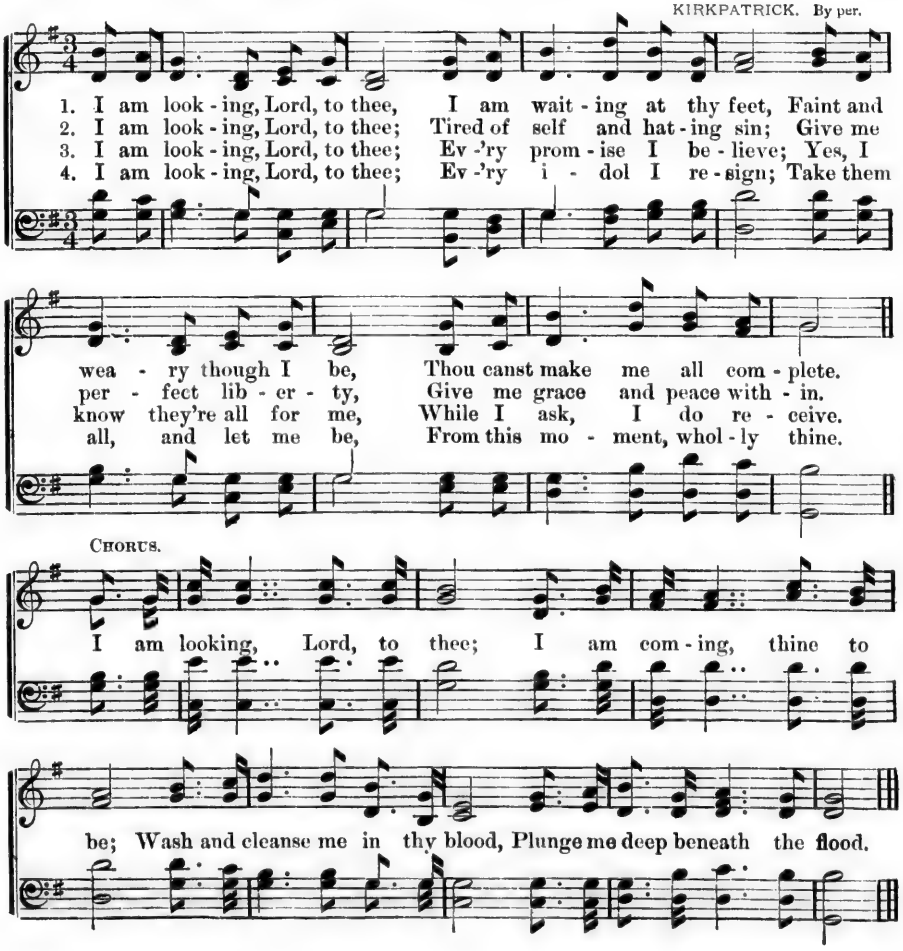
Soon will dawn a bright er day; Where hu - man - i - ty lies bleed - ing,
Dash a - side the poi - son bowl; Save im - mor - tal man his rea - son,
Fill the air with glad re - frain, As the daf - fo - dils and dai - sies

Temp'rance soon shall win the sway. O ral - ly, ral - ly, ral - ly,
Strike the fet - ters from his soul. O ral - ly, ral - ly, ral - ly,
Breathe their perfume af - ter rain. O ral - ly, ral - ly, ral - ly,



I AM LOOKING, LORD, TO THEE.

KIRKPATRICK. By per.



ONE SWEETLY SOLEMN THOUGHT.

CARY. PALMER. By per.

1. One sweetly solemn thought Comes to me o'er and o'er,
2. Nearer the bound of life, Where we lay our bur - dens down;
3. Father, perfect my trust, Strengthen the might of my faith,

I'm nearer my home to-day Than I ever have been be - fore;
Nearer leaving the cross; Near - er gaining the crown;
Let me feel as I would When I stand on the rock of the shore of death;

Nearer my Father's house, Where the ma - ny man - sions be;
But lying darkly between, Winging down . . through the night,
Feel as I would when my feet Are slip - ping o'er the brink,

Nearer the great white throne, Near - er the crys - tal sea.
Is the deep and unknown stream, That leads at last to the light.
For I may be nearer my home, Near - er now than I think.

To be sung only after the 3d stanza. In these last four measures Soprano should be light and Alto strong.

p *pp*

Home, home, sweet, sweet home; There's no place like home, There's no place like home.

ON TO THE FIELD OF GLORY.

DONIZETTI.

Allegro moderato.

f *p* *f* *p* *f* *p* *p*

On, to the field of glo - ry! Bravely the bat-tle wa - ging,

On, to the field of glo - ry! Bravely the bat-tle wa - ging,

cres.

There, where the fates are ra - ging, A-like the strife we'll dare!

There, where the fates are ra - ging, A-like the strife we'll dare!

cres.

A triumph, dear to Bar-die sto - ry,

A triumph, dear to Bar-die sto - ry,

f *p*

rall.

With thee I'll die or with thee share!

rall.

With thee I'll die or with thee share!

f *p*

rall.

a tempo.

War, with his falchion go - ry, Fame, with her wreaths vic-to - rious,

War, with his falchion go - ry, Fame, with her wreaths vic-to - rious,

a tempo.

Marshal the path be - fore us, Their mu - sic fills the air! Ah! a triumph

Marshal the path be - fore us, Their mu - sic fills the air! Ah! a triumph

dear to Bardic sto - ry, With thee I'll die or with thee share Ah! a triumph

dear to Bardic sto - ry, With thee I'll die or with thee share Ah! a triumph

cres.

dear to Bar-dic sto - ry, With thee . . . I'll glad-ly die or

dear to Bar-dic sto - ry, With thee . . . I'll glad-ly die or

share! No, No,

share! Nought the noble heart appall - ing, Free - dom

poco piu f

Freedom leading, Hon-or call - ing,

lead - ing,

f *f*

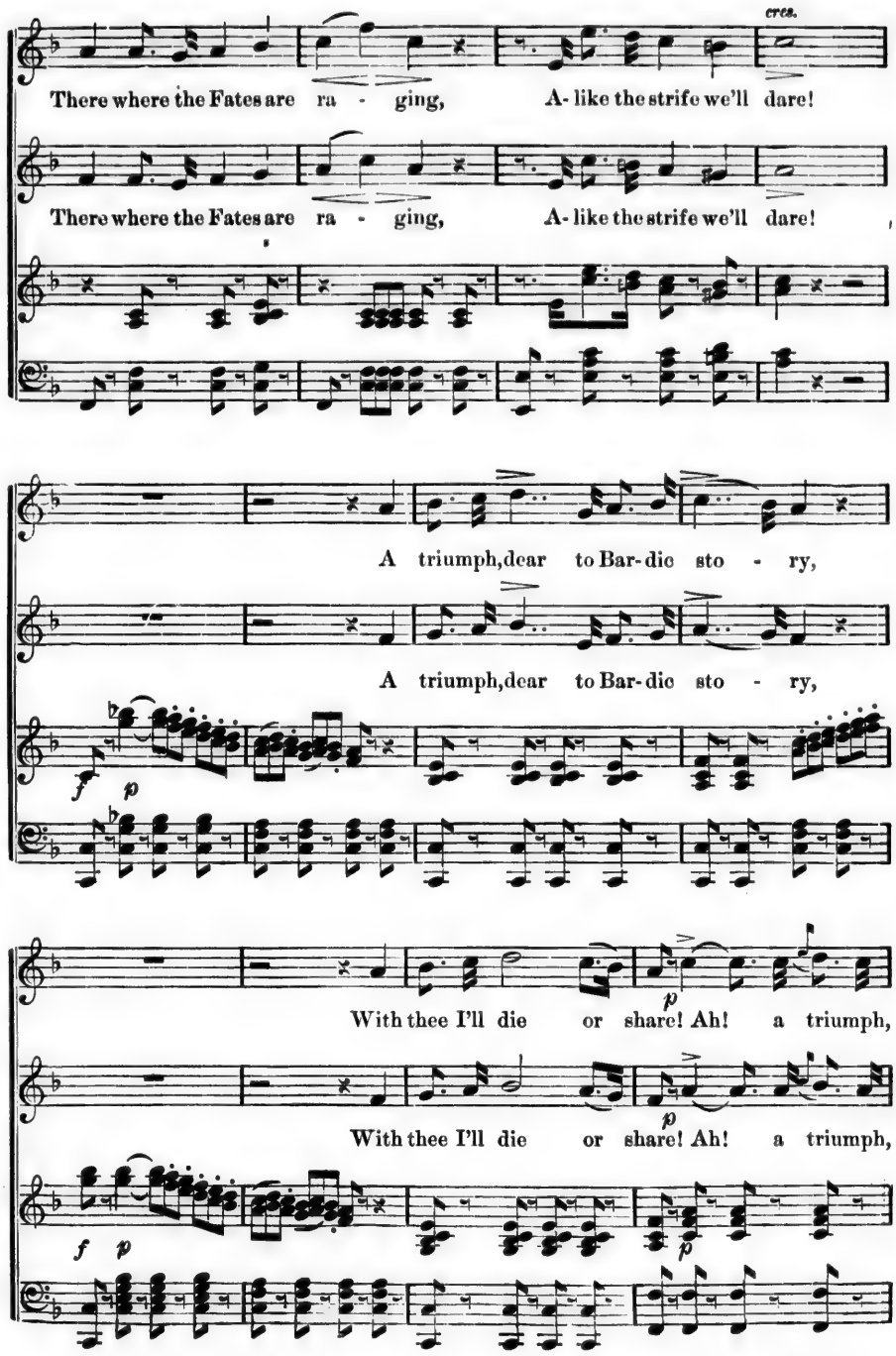
p

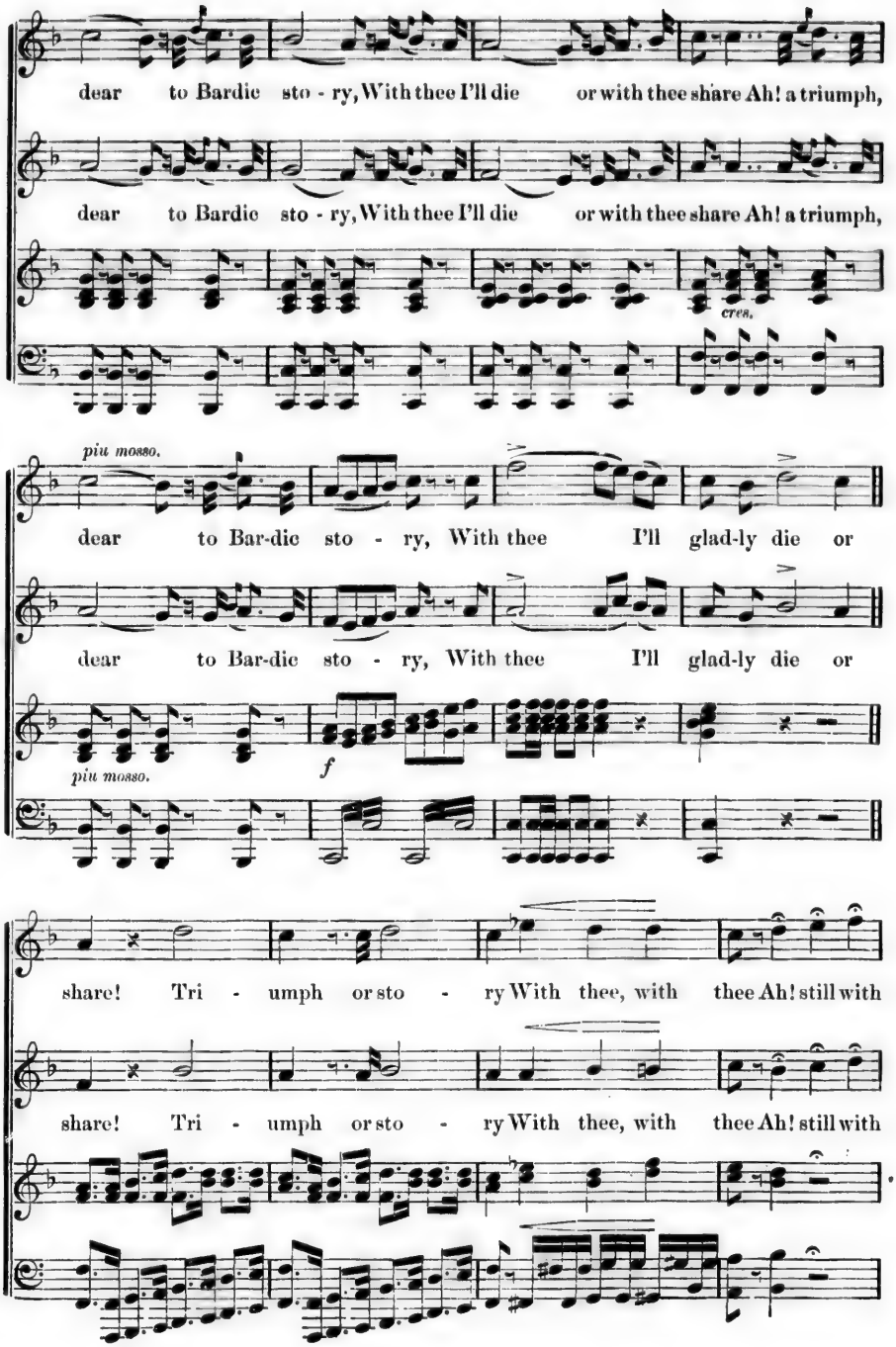
On, to the field of glo - ry! Bravely the bat-tle wa - ging

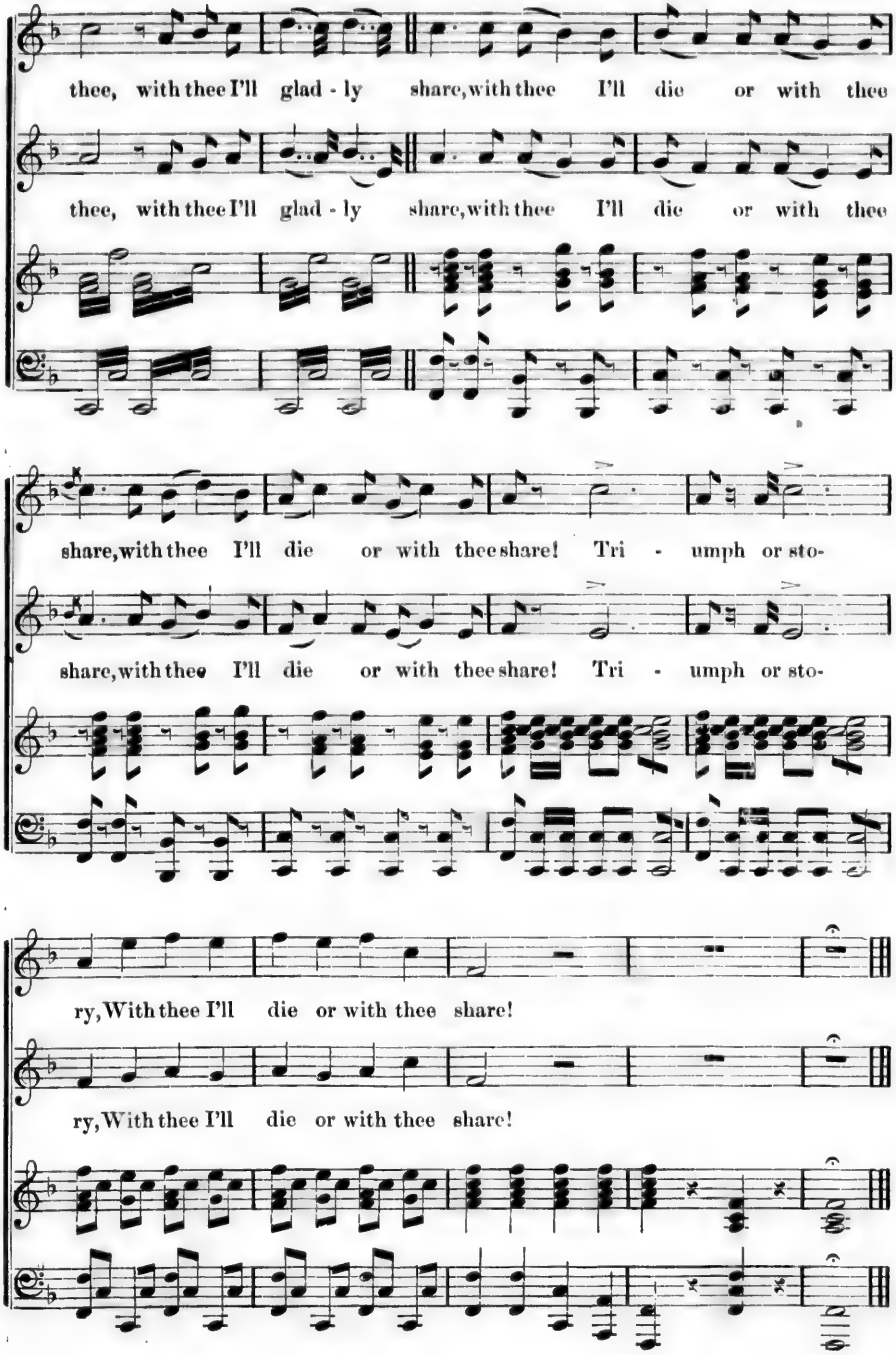
p

On, to the field of glo - ry! Bravely the bat-tle wa - ging

p


cres.
There where the Fates are ra - ging, A- like the strife we'll dare!
There where the Fates are ra - ging, A- like the strife we'll dare!
A triumph, dear to Bar-dic sto - ry,
A triumph, dear to Bar-dic sto - ry,
f p
With thee I'll die or share! Ah! a triumph,
p
With thee I'll die or share! Ah! a triumph,
p
f p
p


dear to Bardic sto - ry, With thee I'll die or with thee share Ah! a triumph,
dear to Bardic sto - ry, With thee I'll die or with thee share Ah! a triumph,
cres.
più mosso.
dear to Bar-dic sto - ry, With thee I'll glad-ly die or
dear to Bar-dic sto - ry, With thee I'll glad-ly die or
più mosso.
f
share! Tri - umph or sto - ry With thee, with thee Ah! still with
share! Tri - umph or sto - ry With thee, with thee Ah! still with


thee, with thee I'll glad - ly share, with thee I'll die or with thee
thee, with thee I'll glad - ly share, with thee I'll die or with thee
share, with thee I'll die or with thee share! Tri - umph or sto-
share, with thee I'll die or with thee share! Tri - umph or sto-
ry, With thee I'll die or with thee share!
ry, With thee I'll die or with thee share!

THE WANDERING SAVOYARDS.

Con spirito. TAYLOR.

mf SOPRANO.

1. Far from our na - tive land, Our sun - ny bright Sa - voy; We
2. These are our ve - ry best, And we can do no more; Then

mf ALTO.

mf TENOR.

1. Far from our na - tive land, Our sun - ny bright Sa - voy; We
2. These are our ve - ry best, And we can do no more; Then

mf BASS.

mf

sing to you our songs Of hap-pi-ness and joy. And play our sweetest tunes, Oh,
help us on our way, For we are ve - ry poor. These are our songs and tunes, Oh,

mf

mf

sing to you our songs Of hap-pi-ness and joy. And play our sweetest tunes, Oh,
help us on our way, For we are ve - ry poor. These are our songs and tunes, Oh,

mf

rall. *tempo. f*

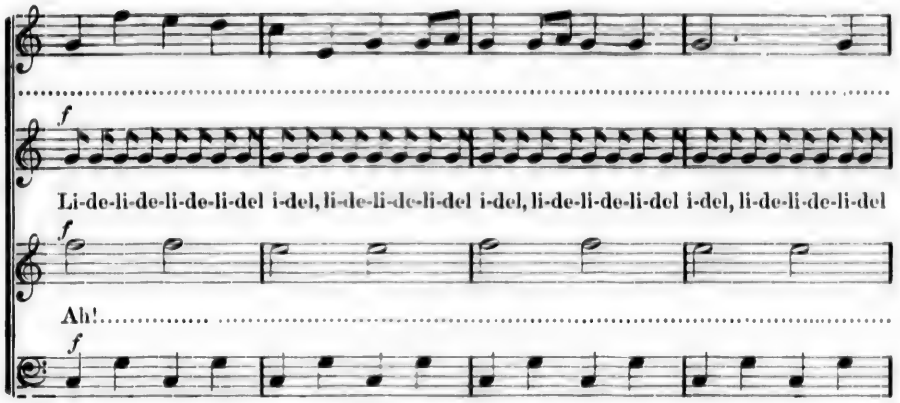
lis-ten to the strains That waft us back on fancy's wing To Savoy's sunny plains. Ah!

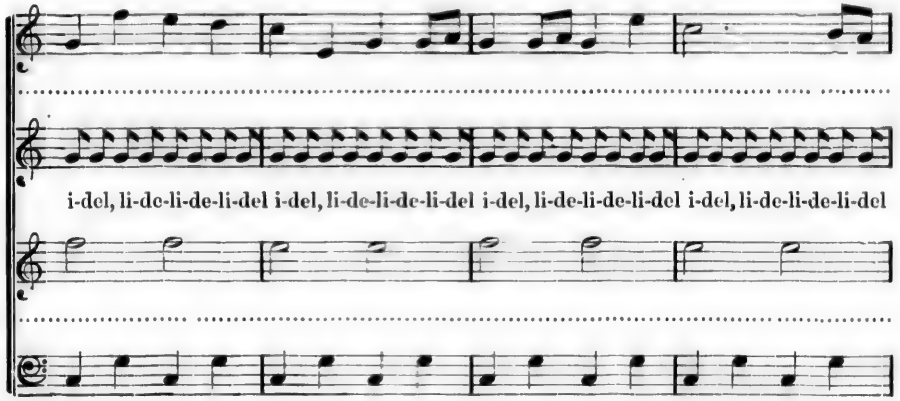
rall.

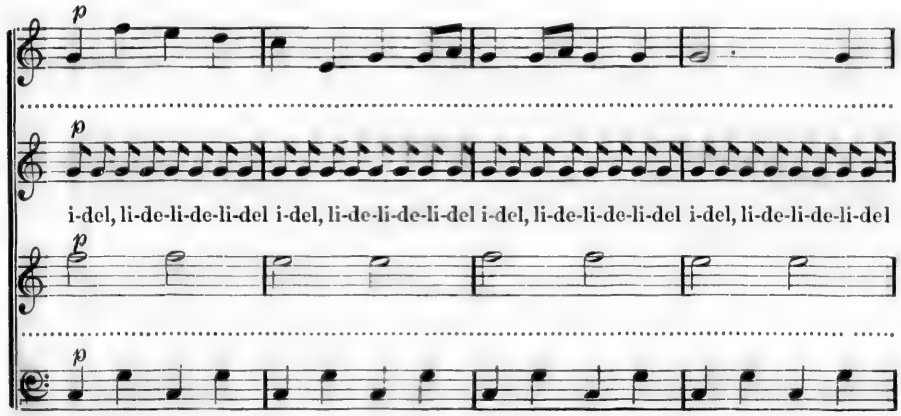
rall.

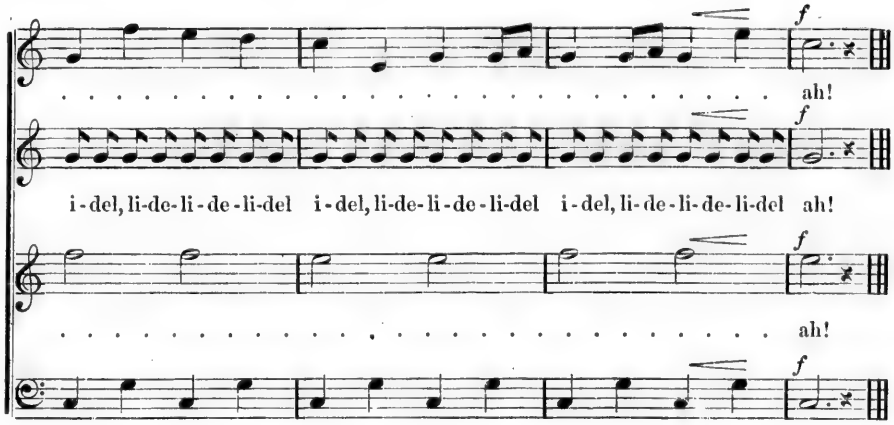
lis-ten to the strains That waft us back on fancy's wing To Savoy's sunny plains. Ah!

rall.

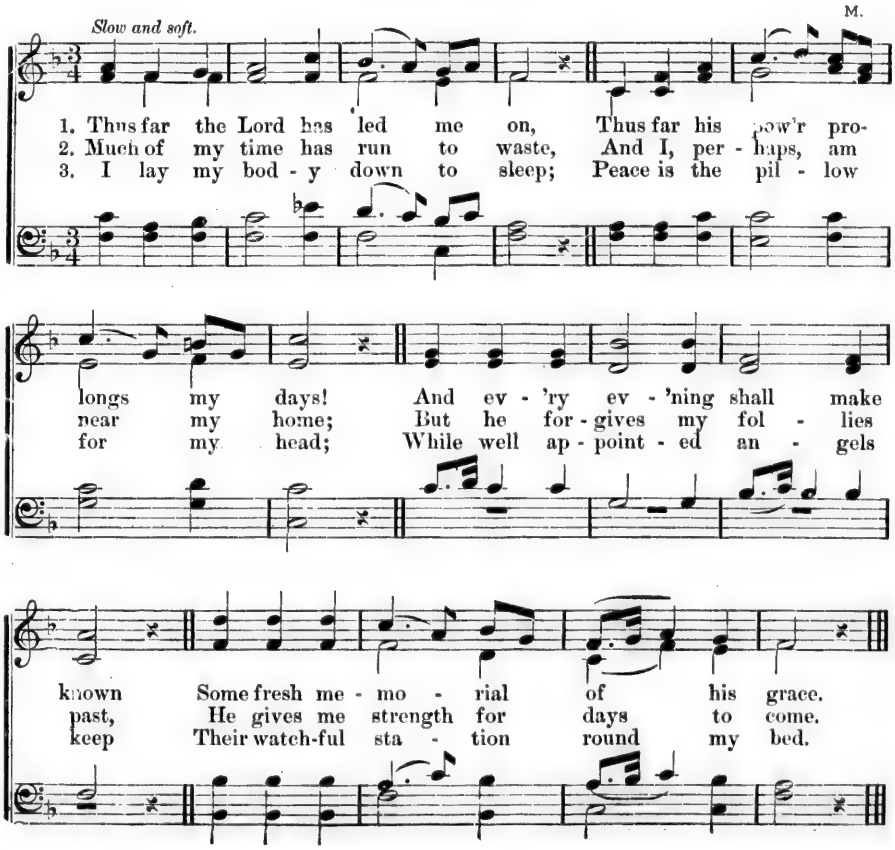

f
Li-de-li-de-li-de-li-del i-del, li-de-li-de-li-del i-del, li-de-li-de-li-del i-del, li-de-li-de-li-del
f
Ah!
f


i-del, li-de-li-de-li-del i-del, li-de-li-de-li-del i-del, li-de-li-de-li-del i-del, li-de-li-de-li-del


p
p
i-del, li-de-li-de-li-del i-del, li-de-li-de-li-del i-del, li-de-li-de-li-del i-del, li-de-li-de-li-del
p
p

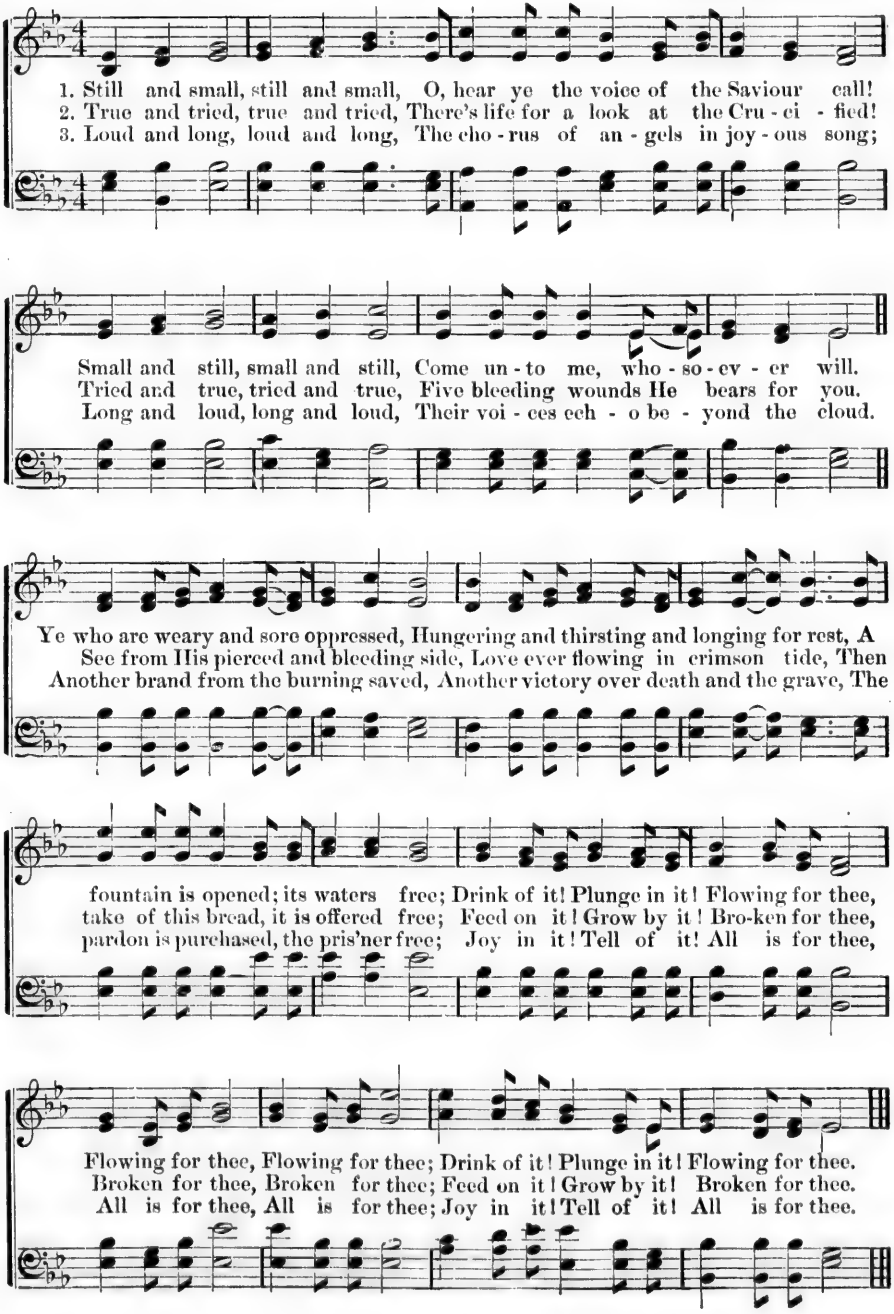

f
ah!
f
i-del, li-de-li-de-li-del i-del, li-de-li-de-li-del i-del, li-de-li-de-li-del ah!
f
ah!
f

LINWOOD.


Slow and soft.
M.
1. Thus far the Lord has led me on, Thus far his pow'r pro-
2. Much of my time has run to waste, And I, per - haps, am
3. I lay my bod - y down to sleep; Peace is the pil - low
longs my days! And ev - 'ry ev - 'ning shall make
near my home; But he for - gives my fol - lies
for my head; While well ap - point - ed an - gels
known Some fresh me - mo - rial of his grace.
past, He gives me strength for days to come.
keep Their watch-ful sta - tion round my bed.

THE VOICE OF JESUS.

F. G. B. KIRKPATRICK. By per.



"COME UNTO ME."

MARSHALL. By per.

Legato. *mp*

1. Come un - to me, un - to me, all ye that la - bor and are heav - y

mp

2. Come un - to me, un - to me, all ye that la - bor and are heav - y

mp

mp *ppp* *mp*

la - den, and I will give you rest, will give you rest; take my yoke up -

mp *ppp* *mp*

la - den, and I will give you rest, will give you rest; take my yoke up -

mp *ppp* *mp*

on you and learn of me, and learn of me, for I am

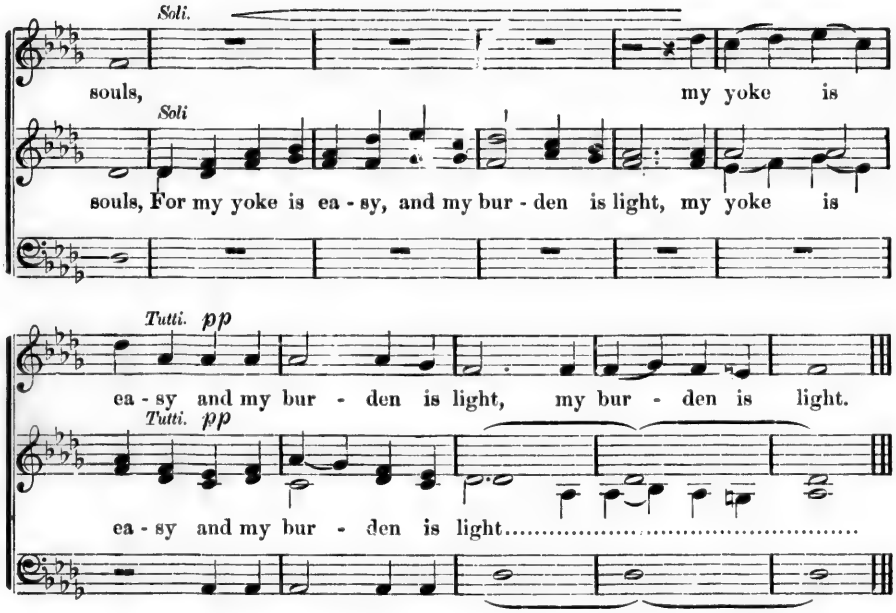
ppp *mp*

on you and learn of me, and learn of me, for I am

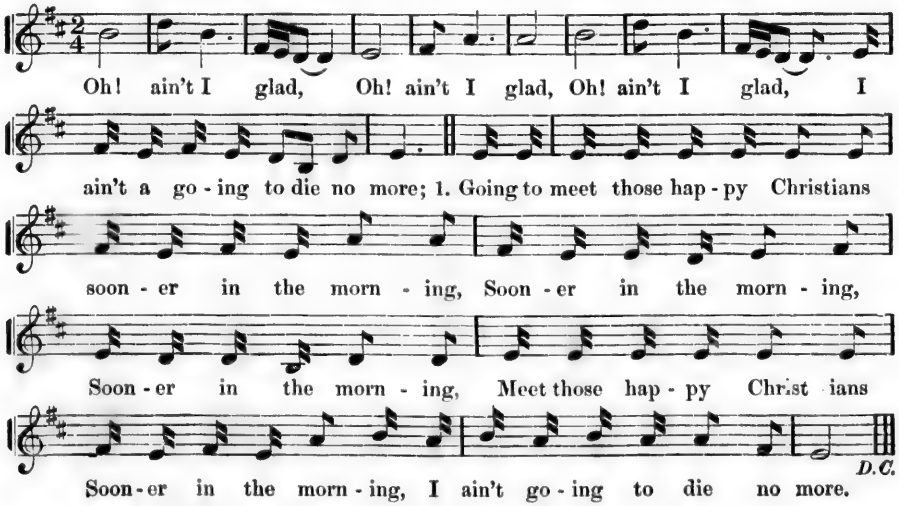
ppp *mp*

meek and low - ly of heart, and ye shall find rest un - to your

meek and low - ly of heart, and ye shall find rest un - to your



I AIN'T GOING TO DIE ANY MORE.



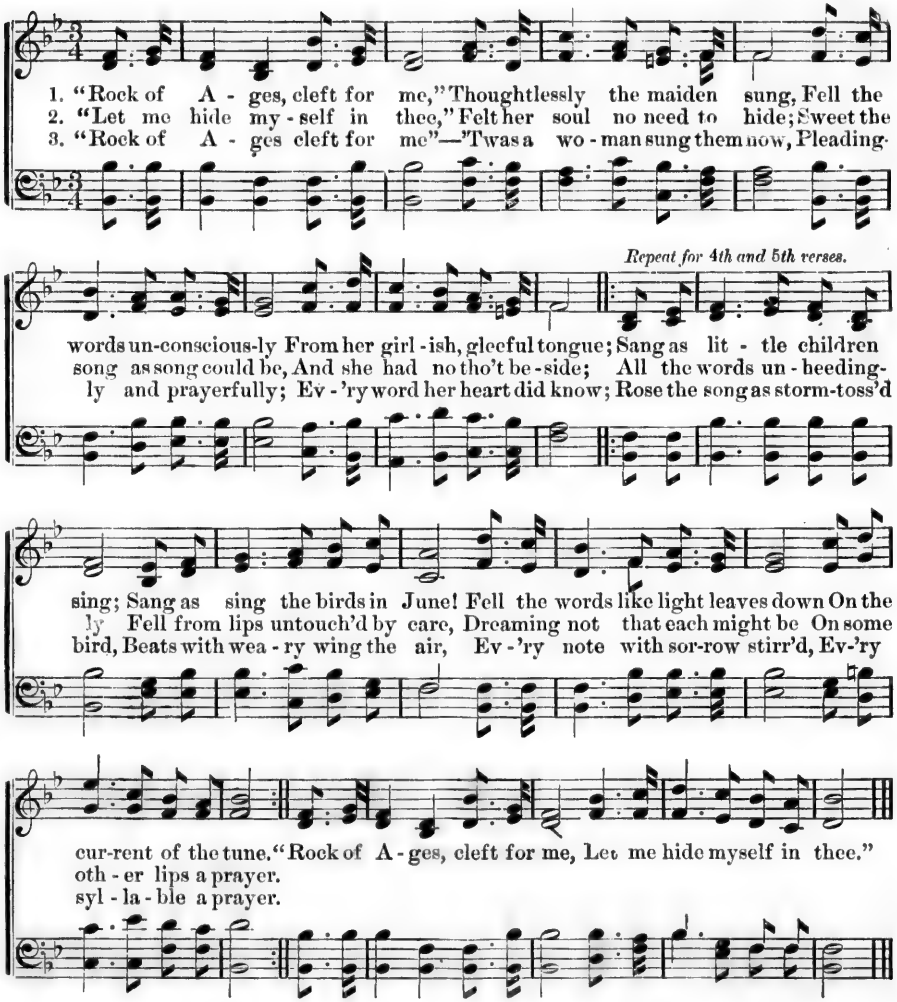
2. Going shouting home to glory sooner in the morning, &c.
Chorus.—Oh! ain't I glad, &c.

3. Going to wear a starry crown sooner in the morning, &c.
Chorus.—Oh! ain't I glad, &c.

4. We'll sing the troubles over sooner in the morning, &c.
Chorus.—Oh! ain't I glad, &c.

CLEFT FOR ME.

BRUCE. By per.



4.

"Rock of Ages, Cleft for me,"
  Lips grown aged sung the hymn
Trustingly and tenderly,
  Voice grown weak, and eyes grown dim.
"Let me hide myself in thee,"
  Trembling though the voice, and low,
Ran the sweet strain peacefully,
  Like a river in its flow.
Sung as only they can sing,
  Who life's thorny paths have pressed;
Sung as only they can sing,
  Who behold the promised rest—
"Rock of Ages, cleft for me,
  Let me hide myself in thee."

5.

"Rock of Ages, cleft for me,"
  Sung above the coffin-lid;
Underneath, all restfully,
  All life's joys and sorrows hid,
Nevermore, O storm tossed soul!
  Nevermore from wind or tide,
Nevermore from billow's roll,
  Wilt thou need thyself to hide.
Could the sightless, sunken eyes,
  Closed beneath the soft gray hair,
Could the mute and stiffened lips
  Move again in pleading prayer,
Still, aye, still the words would be,
  "Let me hide myself in thee."

THE "OCEAN GROVE" SONG.

STOKES. BRUCE. By per.

1. Hail, thou ev - er roll - ing o - cean, Hail, thou ev - er heaving sea;
2. Wi - der than the surging bil - lows, High - er than the silv'ry waves,
3. Tempests sweep a - cross the o - cean, Ru - in is the stern de - cree,
4. Gaze not sim - ply on this o - cean, Walk not on - ly on this shore;

Sun - light on thy bo - som gleam - eth Light and shade al - ter - nate - ly.
Roll the tid - ings of sal - va - tion Flows the precious blood that saves.
But "be still" in tones of sweet - ness, Sounds a - cross the Jas - per Sea.
Launch ye bold - ly on its bo - som, Trust your Pi - lot ev - er - more.

Far be - yond the roll - ing bil - lows Lies a cit - y bright and fair,

ritard.

Glo - ry to our skill - ful Pi - lot, Soon he'll bring our spir - its there.

RESPONSE.

M.

Hear us, O Father, while we pray, Lead us in the bet - ter way. A - men.

LET ME CLING TO THEE.

NEVIN. KIRKPATRICK. By per.

1. Oh, let me cling to thee, My Saviour, Let me cling to thee! When the winds are blowing, When the tears are flowing, Oh, let me cling to thee!
2. Oh, let me cling to thee, My Saviour, Let me cling to thee! When my friends are leaving, When my heart is grieving, Oh, let me cling to thee!
3. Oh, let me cling to thee, My Saviour, Let me cling to thee! When I'm weak and wea - ry, And my path is dreary, Oh, let me cling to thee!
4. Oh, let me cling to thee, My Saviour, Let me cling to thee! When I cross the riv - er, Which from earth doth sever, Oh, let me cling to thee!

Let me ev - er cling to thee, Let me ev - er cling to thee! Let me cling, My Saviour, Let me cling, Let me cling, O Saviour, let me cling to thee.

cling with faith in pray'r, And with hope amid despair. to thee.

RESPONSE.

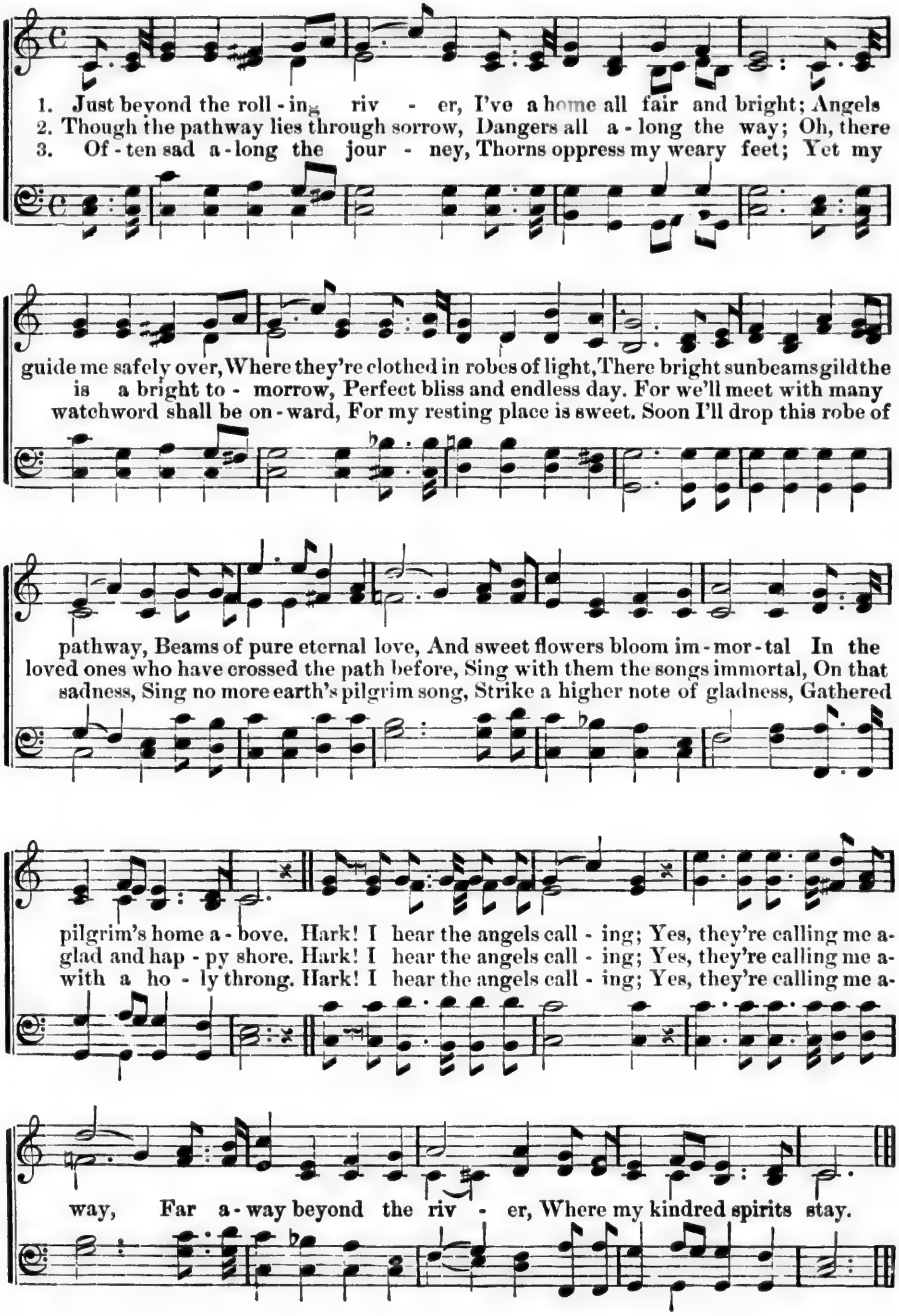
M.

Slow. *pp*

Father, hear and answer prayer, Prayer is the fragrant breath of Heaven, A - men.

HARK! I HEAR THE ANGELS CALLING.

MALONEY. GEIBEL. By per.



HOME SO BLEST.

MONTGOMERY. ABT.

1. The swal-low leaves the young with - in her nest To God's most ho - ly
2. The swal - low glad - ly wings her dis - tant way Far o'er the shin - ing

care, Still soar - ing high where golden sunbeams rest Far off 'mid re - gions
foam, And yet, and yet, me thinks, her heart must stray Back to her dis - tant

mf

fair! She nears that clime where an-gels blest Bend ev - er low in
home! To that fair land where sunbeams play, And soft and balmy

f *p*

praise and pray'r, Oh, home so blest, oh, shelter'd nest, Oh, land so
ze-phyrs roam, Oh, home so blest, oh, shelter'd nest, Far o'er the

p

f *p*

fair! When I must die, When I must die.
foam! When I must die, When I must die.

rit *p*

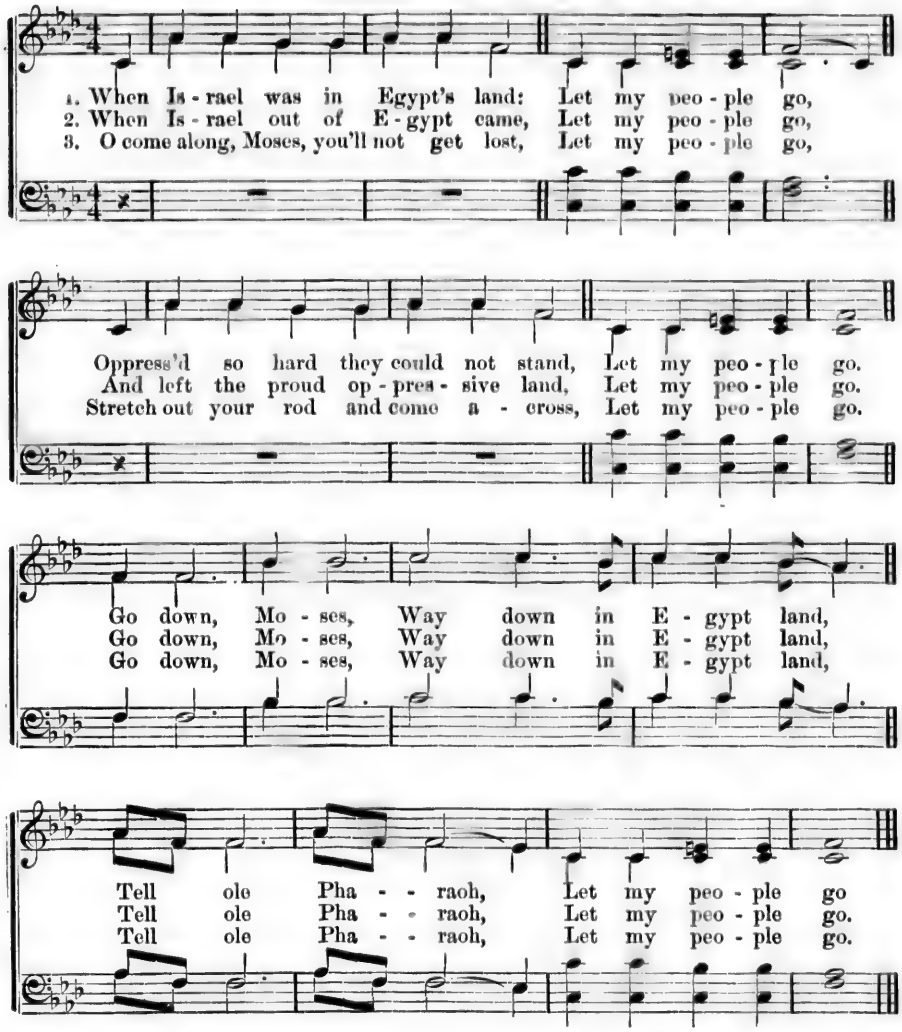
Let me the swal-low be! Soaring so high, Beyond the sky, My soul shall

p

then be free, My soul shall then be free.

mf *dim.* *p*

GO DOWN, MOSES.



4.
As Israel stood by the water side,
Let my people go,
At the command of God it did divide,
Let my people go.
Go down, Moses, &c.

5.
Pharaoh said he would go across,
Let my people go,
But Pharaoh and his host were lost,
Let my people go.
Go down, Moses, &c.

6.
O bretheren, bretheren, you had better be [engaged,
Let my people go,
For the devil he's out on a big rampage,
Let my people go.
Go down, Moses, &c.

7.
O take your shoes from off yer feet,
Let my people go,
And walk into the golden street,
Let my people go.
Go down, Moses, &c.

SILENT NIGHT.

BELL. BARNBY.

p TREBLE. *Larghetto.* *dim.*

Si - lent night! Peace - ful night! Now the stars are gleam-ing bright:

p ALTO. *dim.*

p TENOR. *dim.*

Si - lent night! Peace - ful night! Now the stars are gleam-ing bright

p BASS. *dim.*

pp *cres* - - - *cen* - - - - -

Si - lent night! Peace - ful night! Now the stars are gleaming bright,

pp *cres* - - - *cen* - - - - -

pp *cres*- - - *cen* - - -

Si - lent night! Peace - ful night! Now the stars are gleaming bright,

pp *cres* - - - *cen* - - - - -

- - - *do.* *mf* *mp*

Now the stars are gleam - ing bright: Moonbeams rest on crag and tow'r—

- - *do.* *mf* *mp*

- - *do.* *mf* *mp*

Now the stars are gleam - ing bright: Moonbeams rest on crag and tow'r—

- - *do.* *mf* *mp*

cres. *dim.* *p*

Silv'r - ing stream and mead and bow'r. Si - lent, peace-ful night!

cres. *dim.* *p*

cres. *dim.* *p*

Silv'r - ing stream and mead and bow'r. Si - lent, peace-ful night!

cres. *dim.* *p*

pp e rall. *p* 2nd VERSE. *Larghetto.*

Si - lent, Peace-ful night! Ho - ly Peace! Kind - ly Peace!

pp e rall. *p*

pp e rall. *p*

Si - lent, Peace-ful night! Ho - ly Peace! Kind - ly Peace!

pp e rall. *p*

dim. *pp*

Wea - ry hands from toil re-lease: Ho - ly peace! Kind - ly Peace!

dim. *pp*

dim. *pp*

Wea - ry hands from toil re-lease: Ho - ly peace! Kind - ly Peace!

dim. *pp*

cres - - cen - - - - - - do. mf

Wea - ry hands from toil re - lease, Wea - ry hands from toil re - lease:

cres - - cen - - - - - - do. mf

cres - - cen - - - - - - do. mf

Wea - ry hands from toil re - lease, Wea - ry hands from toil re - lease:

cres - - cen - - - - - - do. mf

mp cres.

Wea - ry eyes now close in sleep: Com - fort give to them that weep,

mp cres.

mp cres.

Wea - ry eyes now close in sleep: Com - fort give to them that weep,

cres.

p pp e rall.

Com - fort, rest, and peace! Com - fort, rest, and peace!

dim. p pp e rall.

dim. p pp e rall.

Com - fort, rest, and peace! Com - fort, rest, and peace!

dim. p pp e rall.

MARY AND MARTHA.

1. Ma - ry and a Martha's just gone 'long, Ma - ry and a Martha's just gone 'long,
2. The preacher and the elder's just gone 'long, The preacher and the elder's just gone 'long,
3. M father and mother's just gone 'long, My father and mother's just gone 'long,
4. The Methodist and Baptist's just gone 'long, The Methodist and Baptist's just gone 'long,

Ma - ry and a Martha's just gone 'long, To ring those charming bells.
The preacher and the elder's just gone 'long, To ring those charming bells.
My fa - ther and moth - er's just gone 'long, To ring those charming bells.
The Methodist and Baptist's just gone 'long, To ring those charming bells.

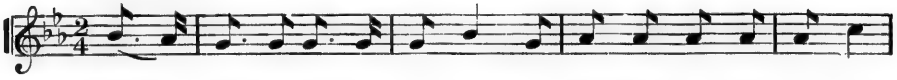
Crying free grace and dy - ing love Free grace and dy - ing love, Free grace and

dy - ing love, To ring those charming bells. Oh! way o - ver Jordan, Lord,

Way o - ver Jordan, Lord, Way o - ver Jordan, Lord, To ring those charming bells.

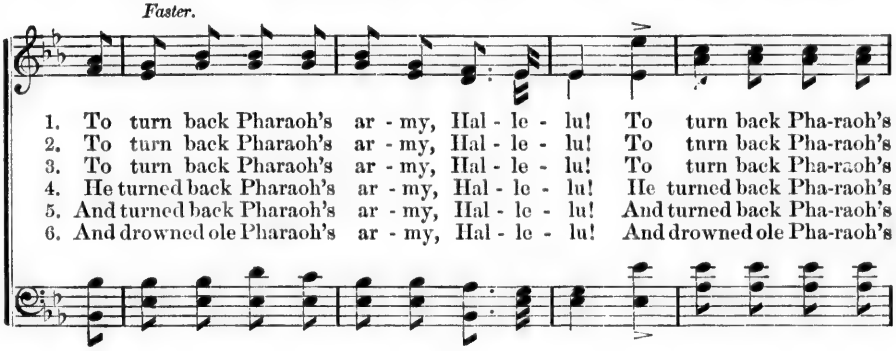
TURN BACK PHARAOH'S ARMY.

SOLO. *Moderato.*

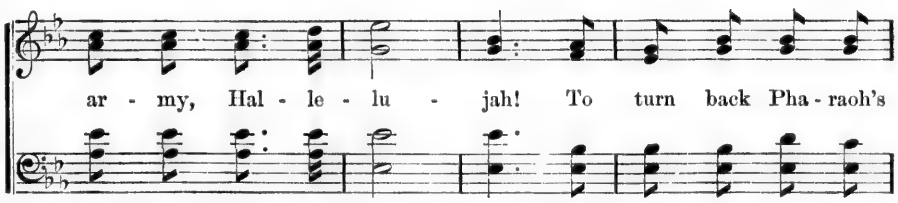


1. Gwine to write to Mas - sa Je - sus, To send some val - iant sol - dier,
2. If you want your souls con - ver - ted, You'd bet - ter be a pray - ing,
3. You say you are a sol - dier, Fight - ing for your Sa - viour,
4. When the chil - dren were in bondage, They cried un - to the Lord,
5. When Mo - ses smote the wa - ter, The chil - dren all passed o - ver,
6. When Pharaoh crossed the wa - ter, The wa - ters came to - geth - er,

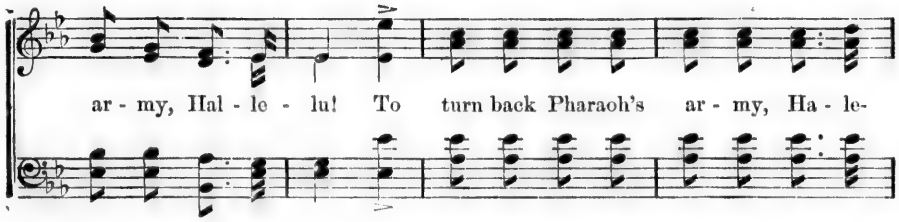
Faster.



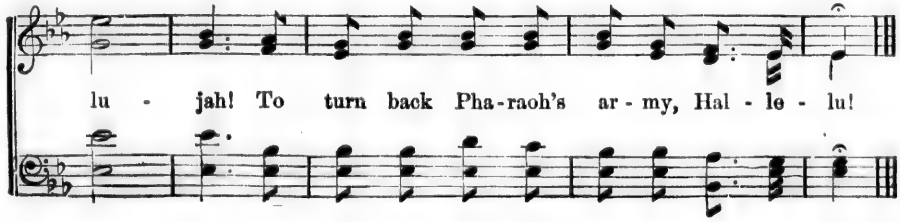
1. To turn back Pharaoh's ar - my, Hal - le - lu! To turn back Pha-raoh's
2. To turn back Pharaoh's ar - my, Hal - le - lu! To turn back Pha-raoh's
3. To turn back Pharaoh's ar - my, Hal - le - lu! To turn back Pha-raoh's
4. He turned back Pharaoh's ar - my, Hal - le - lu! He turned back Pha-raoh's
5. And turned back Pharaoh's ar - my, Hal - le - lu! And turned back Pha-raoh's
6. And drowned ole Pharaoh's ar - my, Hal - le - lu! And drowned ole Pha-raoh's



ar - my, Hal - le - lu - jah! To turn back Pha - raoh's



ar - my, Hal - le - lu! To turn back Pharaoh's ar - my, Ha - le-



lu - jah! To turn back Pha-raoh's ar - my, Hal - le - lu!

RESTING AT THE CROSS.

KIRKPATRICK. By per.

1. To the cross of Christ, my Sa - viour, I had brought my wea-ry soul,
2. At the cross, while meekly bow - ing, Je - sus, smil-ing, bade me live;
3. At the cross I'm calm-ly trust - ing, Ev - 'ry mo-ment now is sweet;

Bur-den'd, faint, and broken heart - ed, Pray-ing, "Je-sus make me whole"
I have died for your transgres - sions, And I free-ly all for - give."
I am tast-ing of his glo - ry, I am rest-ing at his feet.

Glo - ry, glo - ry be to Je - sus, I am counting all but dross,

I have found a full sal - va - tion, I am rest-ing at the cross;

I'm resting, I'm resting.

I'm rest-ing at the cross, I'm resting at the cross, I'm rest-ing at the cross.

SWING LOW SWEET CHARIOT.

Swing low, sweet char - i - ot, Coming for to car - ry me home,

FINE.

Swing low, sweet char - i - ot, Coming for to car - ry me home.

1. I looked o - - ver Jor - dan, and what did I see,
2. If you get there be - - fore I do,
3. The bright - est day that ev - - er I saw,
4. I'm some - - times up and some - times down,

Coming for to car - ry me home? A band of an - gels
Coming for to car - ry me home, Tell all my friends I'm
Coming for to car - ry me home, When Je - sus wash'd my
Coming for to car - ry me home, But still my soul feels

D.C.

com - ing af - ter me, Com - ing for to car - ry me home.
com - - ing too, Com - ing for to car - ry me home.
sins a - - way, Com - ing for to car - ry me home.
heav - en - ly bound, Com - ing for to car - ry me home.

BEHOLD, HOW GOOD AND JOYFUL.

WHYTFELD.

Moderato.

Be - hold, how good and joy - ful a thing it is, Bre-

Be - hold, how good and joy - ful a thing it is, Bre-

Be - hold, how good and joy - ful a thing it is,

- - - thren, to dwell to - geth - er in u - ni - ty,

CAN.

- - - thren, to dwell to - geth - er in u - ni - ty, Brethren, to dwell to-

Brethren, to dwell to - geth - er in u - ni - ty, Brethren, to dwell to-

Brethren, to dwell to - geth - er in u - ni - ty.

geth - er in u - ni - ty, Brethren, to dwell to - geth - er in u - ni - ty.

geth - er in u - ni - ty, Brethren, to dwell to - geth - er in u - ni - ty.

Andante.

It is like the precious oint - ment up - on the head that ran

Andante. *unis.*

down un - to the beard, ev'n un - to Aaron's beard, ev'n un - to

Aaron's beard, and went down to the skirts, to the skirts of his clothing.

It is like the dew of Her - mon, It is like the dew of

It is like the dew of

Her-mon, which fell up-on the hill of Si - on, which fell up-on the hill of

Her-mon, which fell up-on the hill of Si - on, which fell up-on the hill of

cal.

Si - on, It is like the dew of Hermon, which fell up-on the hill of Si-on.

val.

Si - on, It is like the dew of Hermon, which fell up-on the hill of Si-on.

cal.

Vivace Moderato.

For there the Lord prom - ised his bless - ing and life for - ev - er-

For there the Lord prom - ised his bless - ing and life for - ev - er-

For there the Lord prom - ised his bless - ing, and life for - ev - er-

For there the Lord pro - mised his bless - ing.

more, for ev - er - more, For there the Lord . . . . .

more, for ev - er - more For there the Lord . . . .

more, and life for ev - er - more, For there the Lord . . . .

and life for ev - er - more, For there the Lord . . . . .

prom - is - ed his bless - ing,

prom - is - ed his blessing,

prom - is - ed his bless - ing, and life for ev - er

prom - is - ed his bless - ing, and life for ev - er - more, And

And life for ev - er - more, for - ev - er, ev - er-

and life for ev - er - more, and life for ev - er-

more, and life for ev - er - more, and life for ev - er

life for ev - er - more, And life for ev - er - more, for ev - er -

more, For there the Lord prom-is-ed his bless-ing, and

more, For there the Lord prom-is-ed his bless-ing,

more, For there the Lord prom-is-ed his bless-ing,

more, For there the Lord prom-is-ed his bless-ing,

life for ev-er-more, and life for ev-er-more, and life for

for ev-er, for ev-er-more, and life for

for ev-er, for ev-er, and life for

and life for ev-er-more, and life for ev-er-more, for

Adagio.

ev-er, for ev-er-more. A-men.

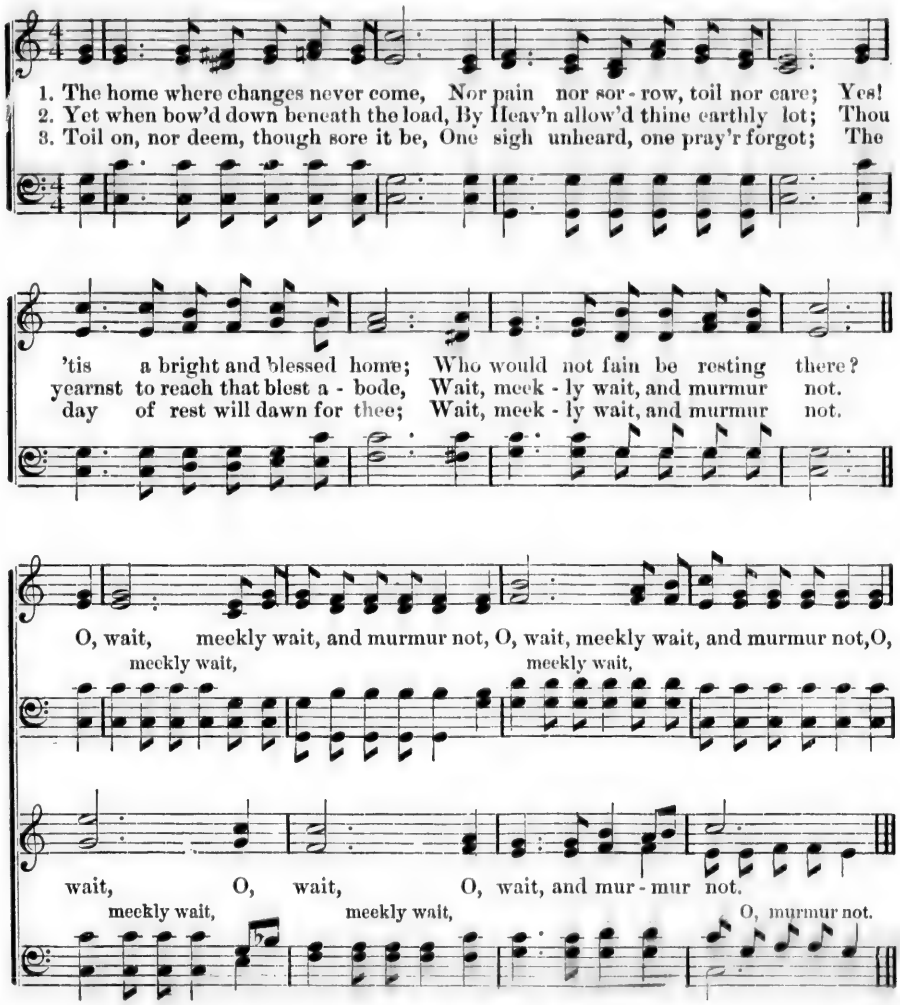
ev-er, for ev-er-more. A-men.

ev-er, for ev-er-more. A-men.

ev-er, for ev-er-more. A-men.

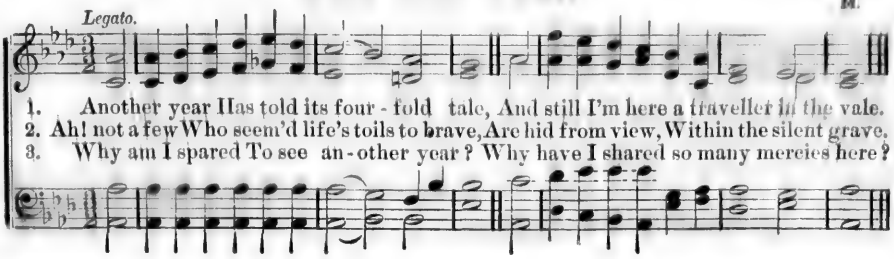
WAIT, AND MURMUR NOT.

KIRKPATRICK. By per.



THE OLD YEAR.

M.



THE OLD ARM CHAIR.

COOKE. RUSSELL. By per.

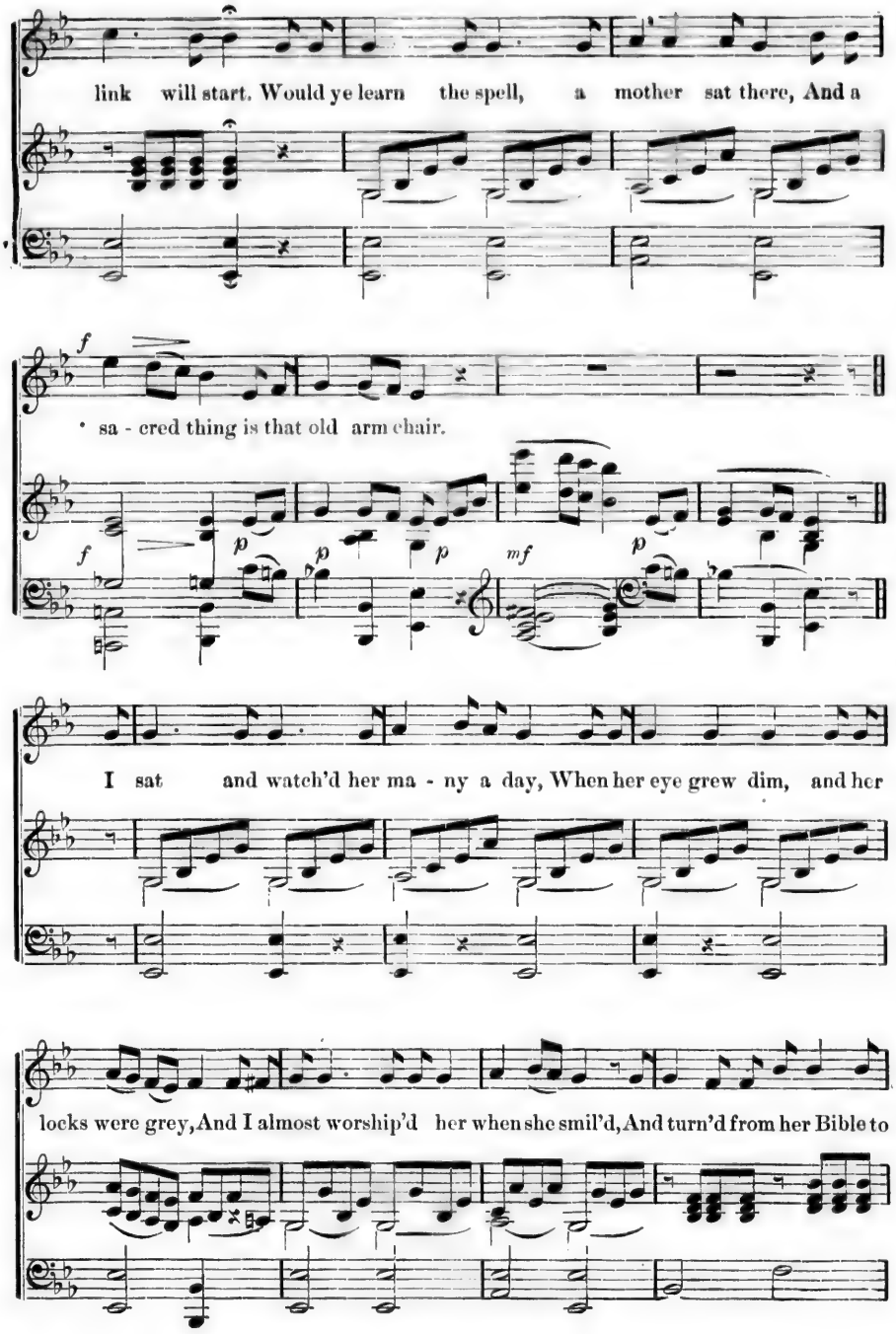
Andante con espressione.

I love it, I love it, and who shall dare To

chide me for loving that old arm chair; I've treasured it long as a

ho - ly prize, I've be - dew'd it with tears, and embalm'd it with sighs; 'Tis

bound by a thou - sand bands to my heart, Not a tie will break, not a


link will start. Would ye learn the spell, a mother sat there, And a
f
sa - cred thing is that old arm chair.
f
p
p
p
mf
p
I sat and watch'd her ma - ny a day, When her eye grew dim, and her
locks were grey, And I almost worship'd her when she smil'd, And turn'd from her Bible to

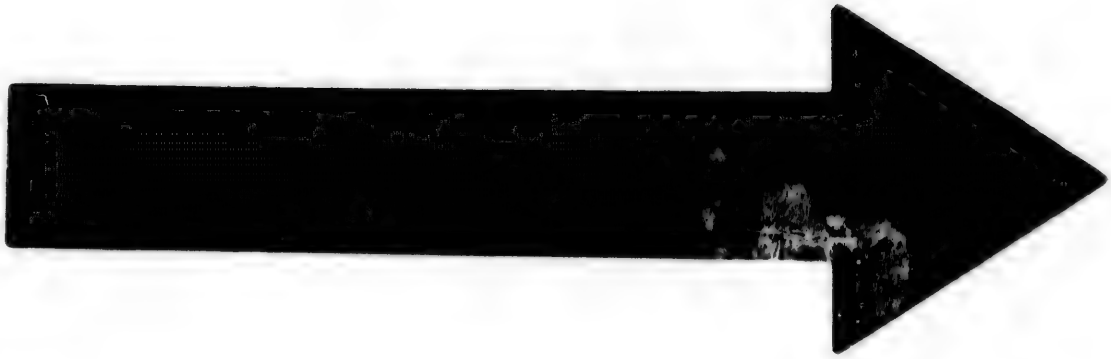
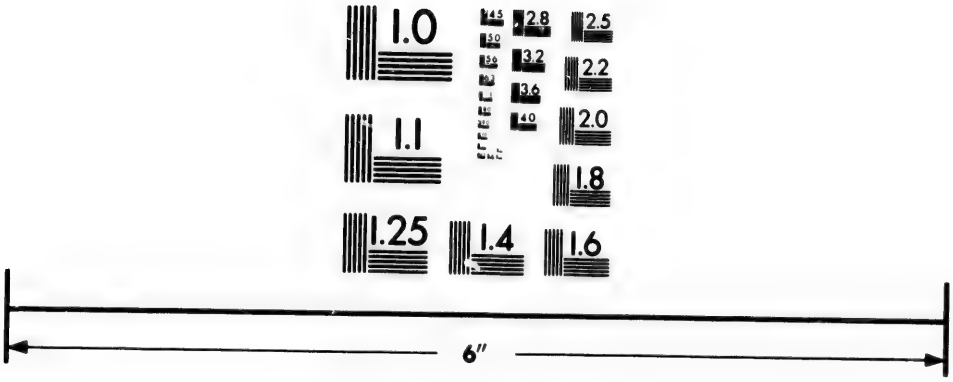


IMAGE EVALUATION
TEST TARGET (MT-3)



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2.8
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3.2
2.2
3.6
2.0
4.0
1.8
1.0

bless her child. Years roil'd on, but the last one sped, My i-dol was shatter'd, my

earth-star fled; I learnt how much the heart can bear, When I saw her die in that

f *p*

old arm chair. 'Tis past! 'tis past! but I

mf *p*

gaze on it now With quivering breath, and throbbing brow, 'Twas there she nurs'd me, 'twas

there she died; And mem - 'ry flows with la - va tide.

Say it is fol - ly, and deem me weak, While the scald - ing drops start

down my cheek; But I love it, I love it, and can - not tear My

f

soul from a mother's old arm chair.

f *p* *p* *p* *mf* *p*

OUT IN THE MOONLIGHT.

VICKERS. DOUGHERTY. By per.

1. 'Twas out in the moon-light to - geth - er, . . . We stood by the
2. We stood in the moon-light to - geth - er, . . . The sea - son was
3. A - gain in the moon-light I wan - der, . . . But heed not the

beau - ti - ful sea, ... And soft - ly we whisper'd sweet
wan - ing once more, ... And some-how I sigh'd for the
mu - sic nor glee, ... For sad - ly I'm long - ing and

non - sense . . As hap - py as mortals could be. . . . . The
non - sense . . We'd whisper'd a short year before. . . . We
wait - ing . . One form 'mid the gay throng to see. . . . My

Ped. *

spray from the break - ers lay gleam - ing . . . . Like gems on the
went o'er the nov - els and mu - sic, ... And who the next
love said we ne'er could be wed - ded . . . . Be - cause 'twas so

moss-cov-er'd shore; . . . . Then think it not strang that we
com-ers would be; . . . . . But, ah, not a word was there
nice to be free; . . . . . Oh, how can I ev-er en-

rit.

prom-ised, . . That night, that we'd part nev-er-more. . . .
spo-ken, . . Of what had been prom-ised to me. . . . .
dure it, . . For-ev-er thus sin-gle to be. . . . .

SOPRANO.

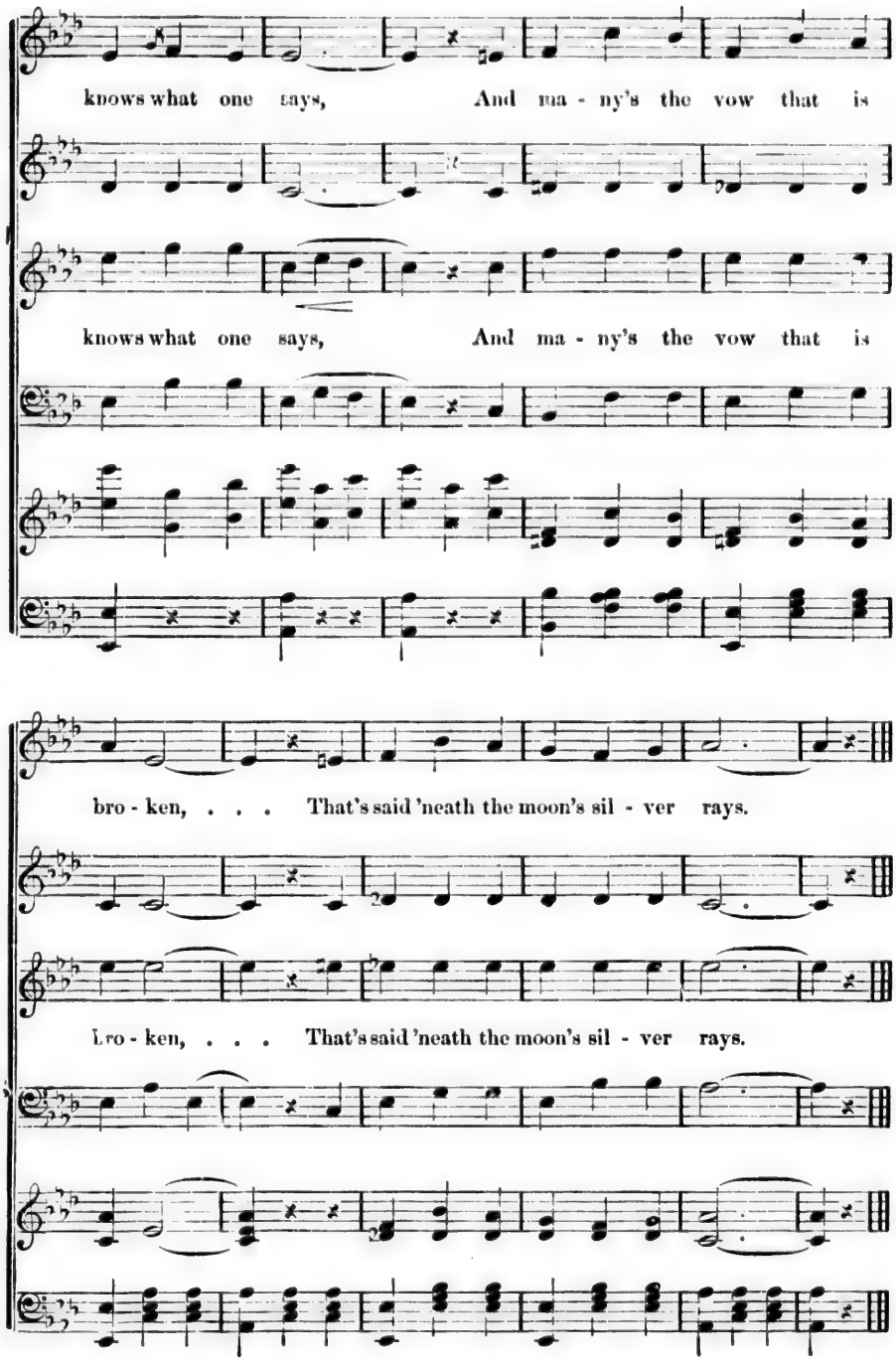
But then it was said in the moon-light, . . . When one hard-ly

ALTO.

TENOR.

But then it was said in the moon-light, . . . When one hard-ly

BASS.


knows what one says, And ma - ny's the vow that is
knows what one says, And ma - ny's the vow that is
bro - ken, . . . That's said 'neath the moon's sil - ver rays.
bro - ken, . . . That's said 'neath the moon's sil - ver rays.

KISS ME, AS I FALL ASLEEP.

BIRDSEYE. DOUGHERTY. By per.

Andante.

1. Ma - ma, you are tired I know, . . . Watch - ing by me night and day; . . .
2. Ma - ma, I re - mem - ber now, ... Broth - er Char - lie lay just so, ...
3. You will miss your lit - tle boy, ... And I'd rath - er stay with you; . . .

Soon you'll rest, for I must go—. . . I must die, I heard them say. . . . That means go - ing to the skies; . . .
And you kiss'd him, lips and brow, . . When he said that he must go. . . . Soon, dear Ma - ma, we shall meet, . . .
Think, dear Ma - ma, of the joy . . . When we meet where all is day. . . . You have told me of the land . . .

Ma - ma, does that make you weep? . . Dim - mer grow my wea - ry
Be a - gain as brothers are, . . . Play - ing thro' the hap - py
Where the skies are ev - er fair; . . . I am go - ing, take my

eyes; . . . Kiss me, as I fall a - sleep. . . .
street . . . Of that sun - ny land a - far. . . . .
hand, . . . We shall be to - geth - er there! . . .

SOPRANO.

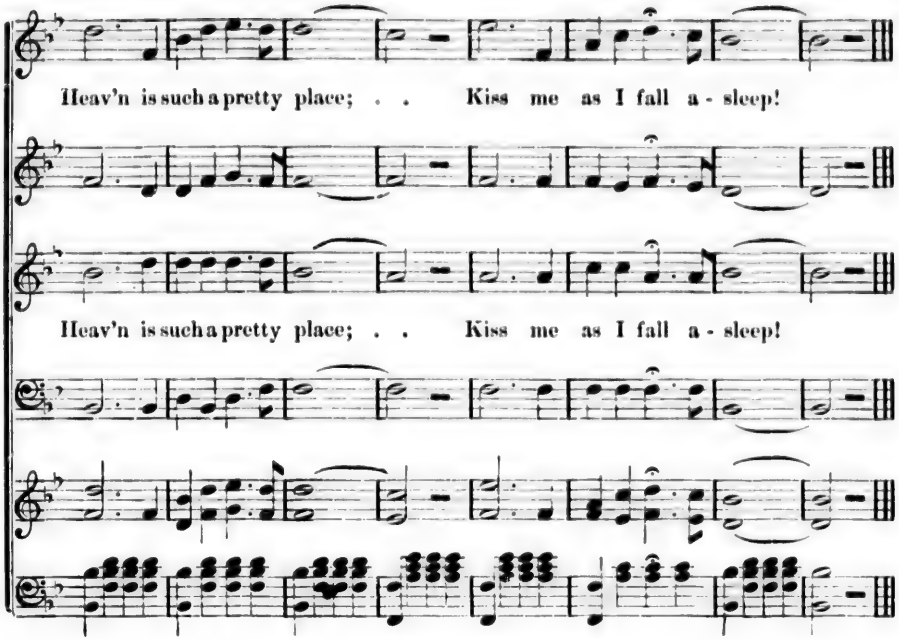
O, your tears fall on my face; . . Ma - ma, mama, do not weep! . .

ALTO.

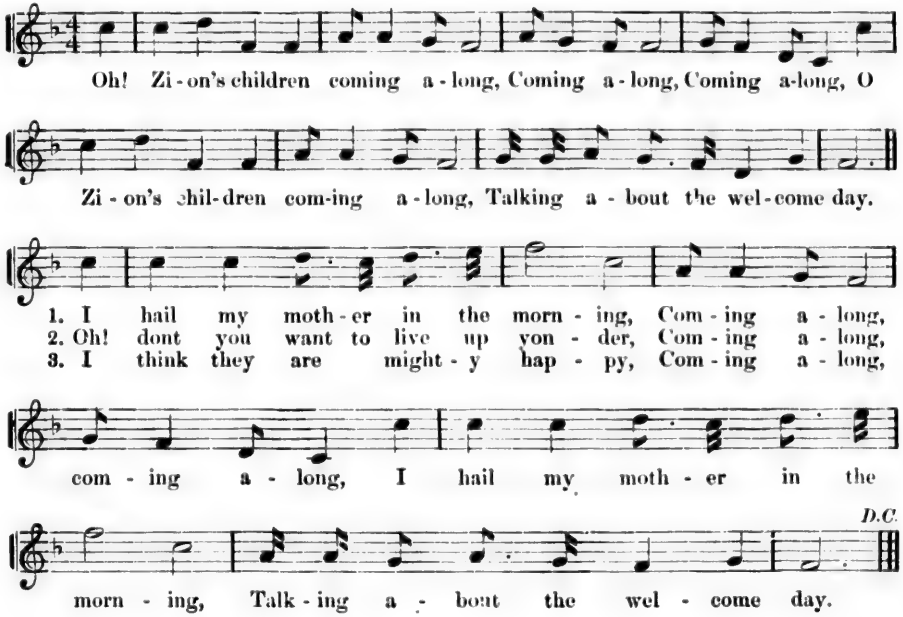
TENOR.

O, your tears fall on my face; . . Ma - ma, mama, do not weep! . .

BASS.

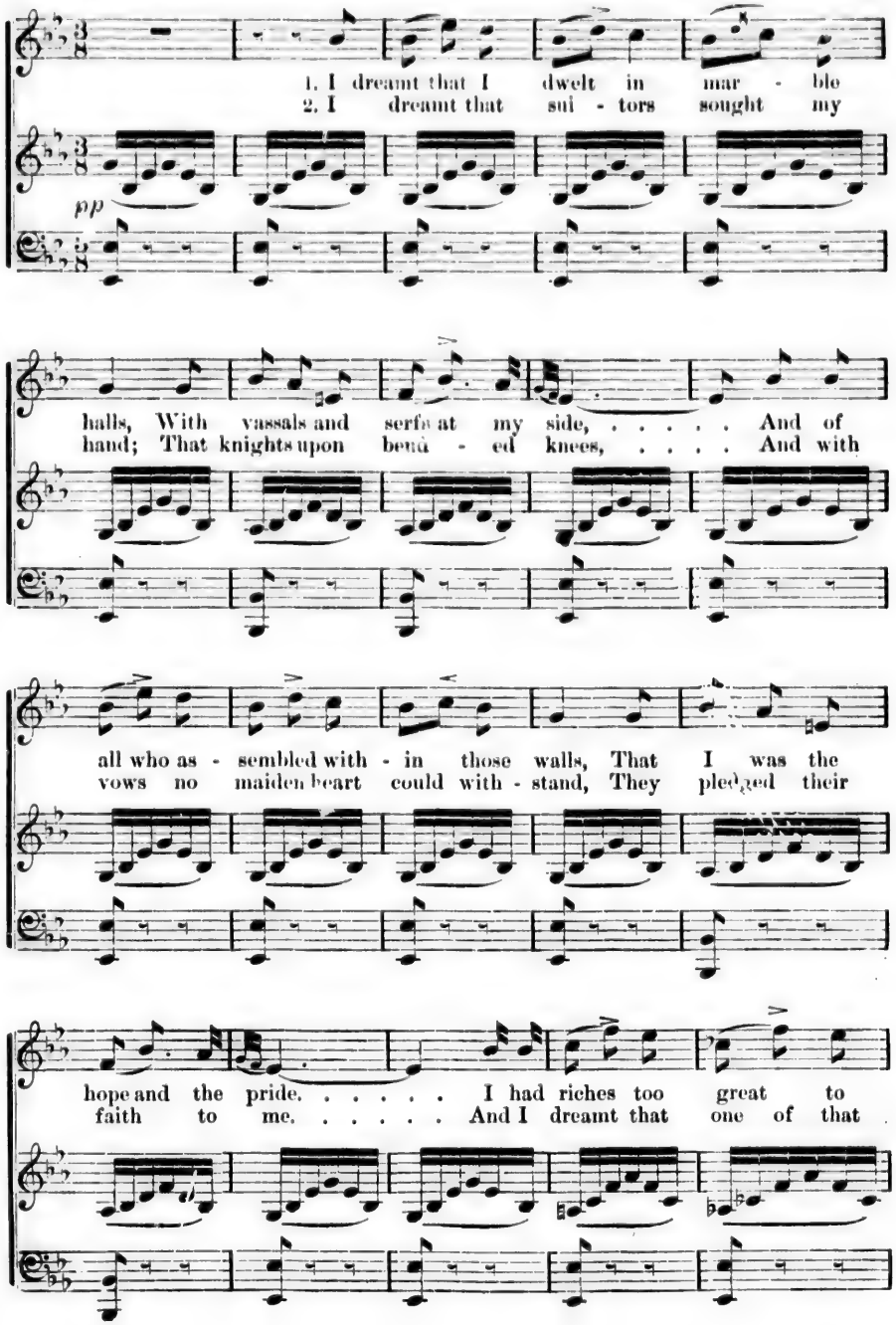


ZION'S CHILDREN.



I DREAMT THAT I DWELT IN MARBLE HALLS.

"BOHEMIAN GIRL." BALFE.



count, could boast of a high an - ces - tral name. . . .
no - ble host, came forth my hand to claim. . . .

pp

. . . But I al - so dreamt, which pleased me most, That you
. . . But I al - so dreamt, which charm'd me most, That you

pp

loved me still the same, that you loved me, you loved me

cres.

still the same, that you loved me, you loved me still the same.

THEN YOU'LL REMEMBER ME.

"BOHEMIAN GIRL." BALFE.

1. When oth-er lips and oth - er hearts, Their tales of love shall
2. When coldness or de - ceit shall slight The beau-ty now they

a tempo.

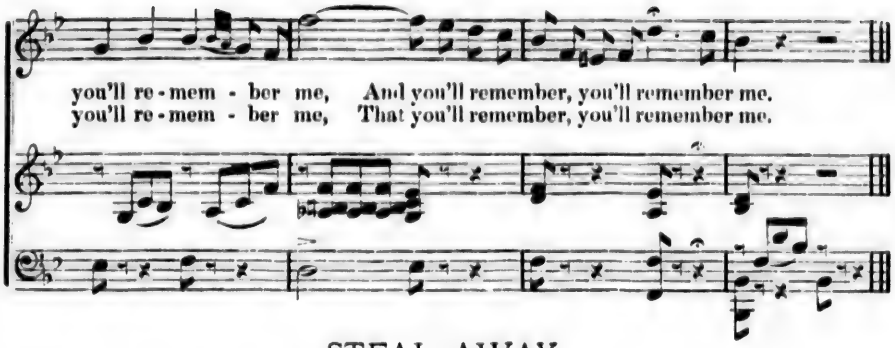
pp

tell, In language whose ex - cess im - parts The pow'r they feel so
prize. And deem it but a fad - ed light Which beams within your

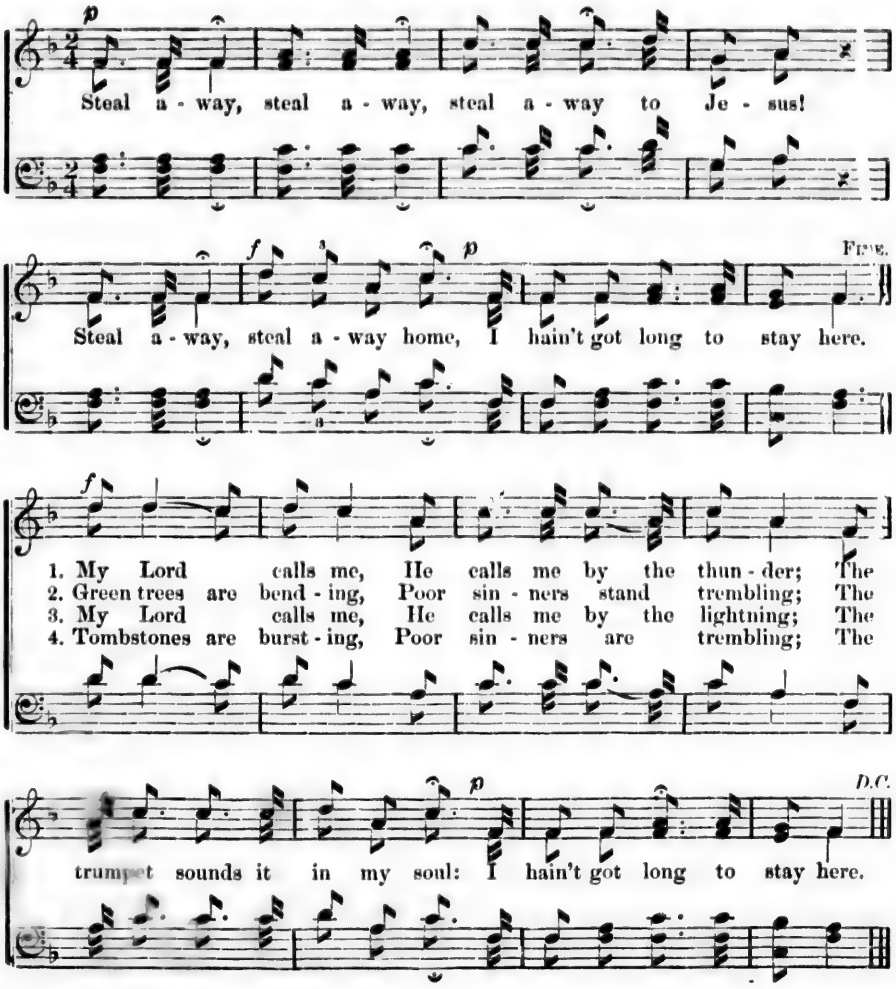
well; There may per - haps in such a scene Some
eyes; When hol - low hearts shall wear a mask 'Twill

rec - ol - lec - tion be, Of days that have as hap - py been, And
break your own to see, In such a moment I but ask, That

f *f* *pp*


you'll re - mem - ber me, And you'll remember, you'll remember me.
you'll re - mem - ber me, That you'll remember, you'll remember me.

STEAL AWAY.


p
Steal a - way, steal a - way, steal a - way to Je - sus!
f
p
FINE.
Steal a - way, steal a - way home, I hain't got long to stay here.
f
1. My Lord calls me, He calls me by the thun - der; The
2. Green trees are bend - ing, Poor sin - ners stand trembling; The
3. My Lord calls me, He calls me by the lightning; The
4. Tombstones are burst - ing, Poor sin - ners are trembling; The
p
D.C.
trumpet sounds it in my soul: I hain't got long to stay here.

DON'T LEAVE THE FARM, BOYS.

W. W. P. By per.

1. Come boys, I have something to tell you, Come near, I would whisper it low, You are think-ing of leaving the homestead, Don't be in a hur-ry to go; The ci - ty has man - y at - tractions, But think of the vi - ces and sins, When once in the vortex of fashion, How soon the course downward begins.

2. You talk of the mines of Aus-tra - lia, They're wealth-y in gold without doubt, But there sure-ly is gold on the farm, boys, If on - ly you'll shovel it out. The mer - cantile trade is a hazard, The goods are first high and then low, 'Tis bet-ter to risk farming longer, Don't be in a hur-ry to go.

3. The great bus-y West has in - duce-ments, And so has the bus - i - est mart, But large wealth is not made in a day, boys, Don't be in a hur-ry to start! The bank - ers and brok-ers are wealthy; They take in their thousands or so, Ah! think of the frauds and deceptions, Don't be in a hur-ry to go.

4. The farm is the saf - est and sur - est, The or - chards are load-ed to-day, You're as free as the air in the mountains, And monarch of all you sur-vey; Then stay on the farm a while lon-ger Tho' pro - fits come in rather slow, Remember, you've nothing to risk, boys, Don't be in a hur-ry to go.

SOPRANO.

Now boys, don't you be in a hur - ry to go, Pause a

ALTO.

TENOR

Now boys, don't you be in a hur - ry to go, Pause a

BASS.

while on the beau - ti - ful farm, look once more; There's nothing so sure as it,

while on the beau - ti - ful farm, look once more; There's nothing so sure as it,

wealth to be-stow, It has health, it has hap - pi - ness for you in store.

wealth to be-stow, It has health, it has hap - pi - ness for you in store.

SUMMER ROSES IN THE HEART.

COOPER. THOMAS. By per.

1. When the merry birds are fly - ing Far beyond the wintry wave,
2. When the days are dark and dreary, When the hopes of youth decay,

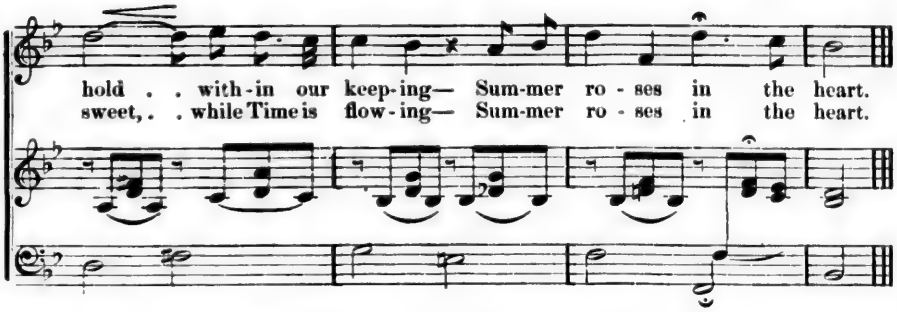
poco riten.

When the purple leaves are dy - ing, And the flow'rs are in the grave,
Shall we linger sad and wea - ry, Sighing for the gen-tle May?

colla voce

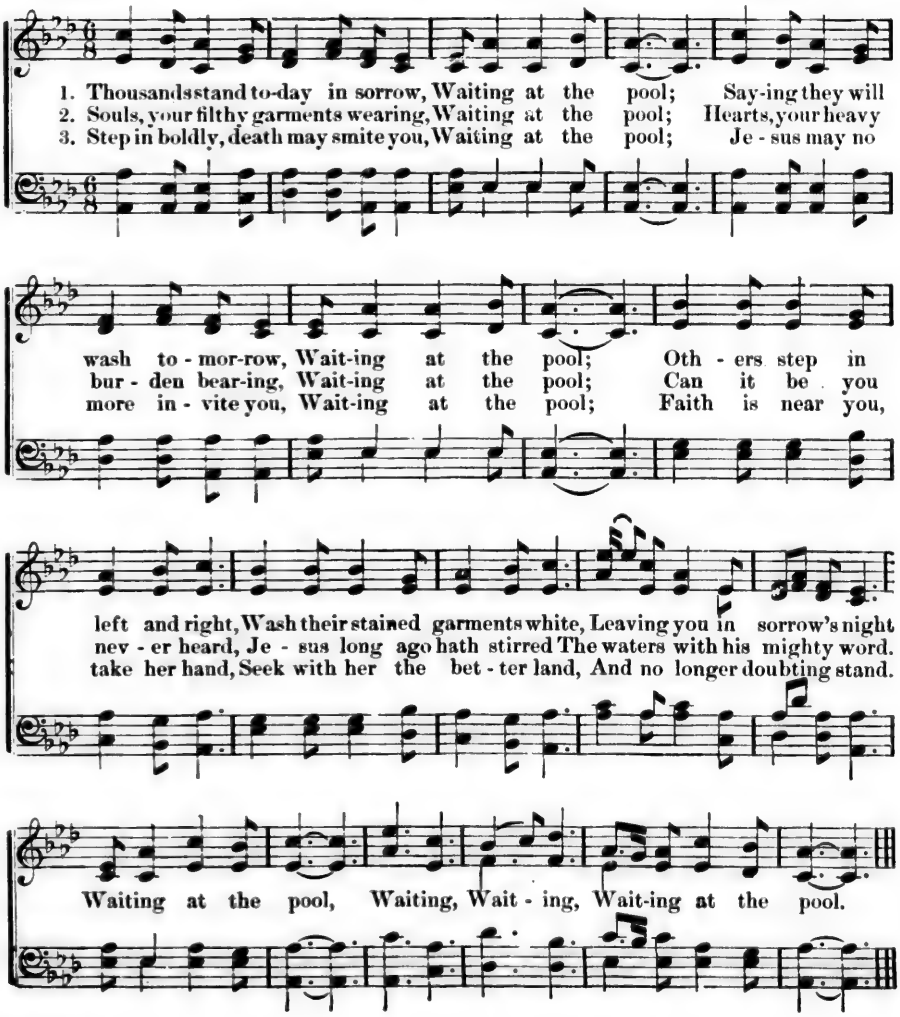
Shall we sigh while earth is sleep - ing? Shall we mourn that Joys depart?
Though the wintry winds are blow - ing, Yet we know they soon depart:

Let us hold within our keeping— Summer ros-es in the heart! Let us
Sweet, O, sweet while time is flowing— Summer ros-es in the heart! Sweet, O,

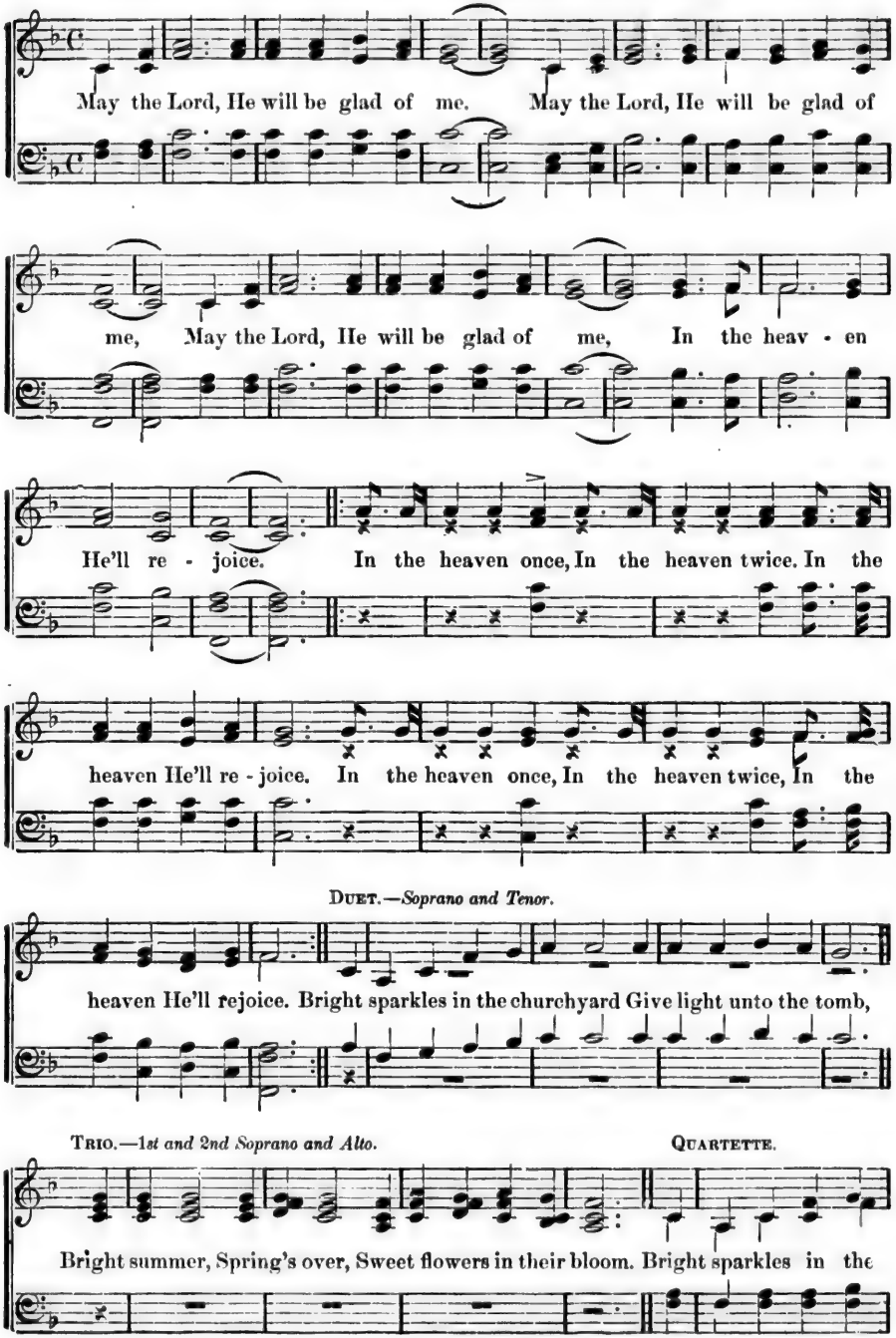


WAITING AT THE POOL.

HOUGH. FISCHER. By per.



BRIGHT SPARKLES IN THE CHURCHYARD.



churchyard Give light unto the tomb, Bright summer, Spring's over, Sweet flowers in their [bloom

My mother once, my mother twice, my mother, she'll rejoice; In the heaven, once, in the

1st time. 2nd time.

heaven, twice, In the heaven she'll re - joice, In the heaven she'll re - joice.

p

Mother, rock me in the cradle all the day, . . . Mother, rock me in the all the day,

cra - dle all the day, . . . Mother, rock me in the cradle all the day, ... all the

QUARTETTE.

. . Mother, rock me in the cra - dle all the day All the day, . . . all the day,

. . . all the day, ... Oh, rock me in the cra - dle all the day, . . .
day, all the day,

all the day, all the day, all the day, Oh, rock me in the
all the day,

cra - dle all the day. Oh, mother, don't you love your darling child.

1st time. 2nd time.

. . . Oh, rock me in the cra - dle all the day. . . . day.

ff

Mother, rock me in the cra - dle, Mother, rock me in the cra - dle, Mother,

1st time. 2nd time.

rock me in the cra - dle all the day, ... Mother, day, . . .

QUARTETTE.

All the day, ... all the day, ... Oh, rock me in the
All the day, all the day,

cra - dle, all the day, ... all the day, all the
all the day, ... all the day, . . .

day, Oh, rock me in the cra - dle all the day. You may
p

lay me down to sleep, my moth - er dear, Oh, rock me in the cradle all the

day, ... You may lay me down to sleep, my moth - er dear,

dim - in - u - en - do.

Oh, rock me in the cra - dle all the day. . . . . .
all - the day.

THE BLUE ALSATIAN MOUNTAINS.

CLARIBEL. ADAMS.

Moderato.

f

1. By the blue Al - sa - tian moun - tains Dwelt a maid - en young and fair, . .
2. By the blue Al - sa - tian moun - tains Came a stran - ger in the Spring, . .

. . Like the care - less flow - ing foun - tains Were the rip - ples of her hair, .
. . And he lin - ger'd by the foun - tains Just to hear the maid-en sing, .

. . Were the rip - ples of her hair; An - gel mild her eyes so
. . Just to hear the maid - en sing; Just to whis - per in the

win - - ning, An - gel bright her hap - py smile, When be - neath the
moon - light Words, the sweet - est she had known; Just to charm a -

mf

fount - ains spin - ning You could hear her song the while. . . . A -
way the hours . . . . Till her heart was all his own. . . . A -

dé, A - dé, A - dé, ... Such songs will pass a - way, . .
dé, A - dé, A - dé, ... Such dreams may pass a - way, . .

p

. . . Tho' the blue Al - sa - tian mount - ains Seem to watch and wait al -
. . . But the blue Al - sa - tian mount - ains Seem to watch and wait al -

f

colla voce.

way. . . . .
way. . . . .

ff

3. By the

mf *p*

blue Al - sa - tian mount - ains Ma - ny Spring-times bloom'd and pass'd, . .

. . . And the maid - en by the fount - ains Saw she'd lost her hopes at

mf

Meno.

last, . . . She lost her hopes at last. And she with - er'd

rall. *pp*

like a flow'r . . That is wait - ing for the rain. . . . She will

rall.

nev - er see the stran - - ger, Where the fountains fall, a - gain. . .

rall.

. . . A - dé, A - dé, A - dé, ... The years have pass'd a -

pp

way, . . . But the blue Al - sa - tian mount - ains Ev - er watch and

wait al - way, ... A - dé, A - dé, A - dé, ... The

cres. *f*

years have pass'd a - way, . . . But the blue Al - sa - tian mount -

tains Seem to watch and wait al - way.

colla voce.

BE THOU FAITHFUL UNTO DEATH.

FROM ST. PAUL. MENDELSSOHN.

Adagio.

Be thou faithful un-to death, and

I will give to thee a crown of life; Be thou faithful un - to death, . . .

and I will give to thee a crown, a crown of life, and I will give to

thee, to thee a crown of life.

Be not afraid, be not a-fraid; my help is nigh. Be not afraid, be not a-

fraid; my help is nigh. Be not a-fraid: my help is nigh, be not afraid.

Be thou faithful un-to death, and I will give to thee, give to

f *p*

thee a crown of life. Be not a- fraid; My help is nigh, my . . .

. . . . help is nigh. Be not a-fraid; my

help is nigh. Be thou

faith - ful un - to death.

IN THE STARLIGHT.

CARPENTER. GLOVER.

In the star-light, in the star-light, let us wan - der gay and free, For there's

In the star-light, in the star-light, let us wan - der gay and free, For there's

p *decres.*

nothing in the day-light half so dear to you and me; . . . Like the

nothing in the day-light half so dear to you and me; . . . Like the

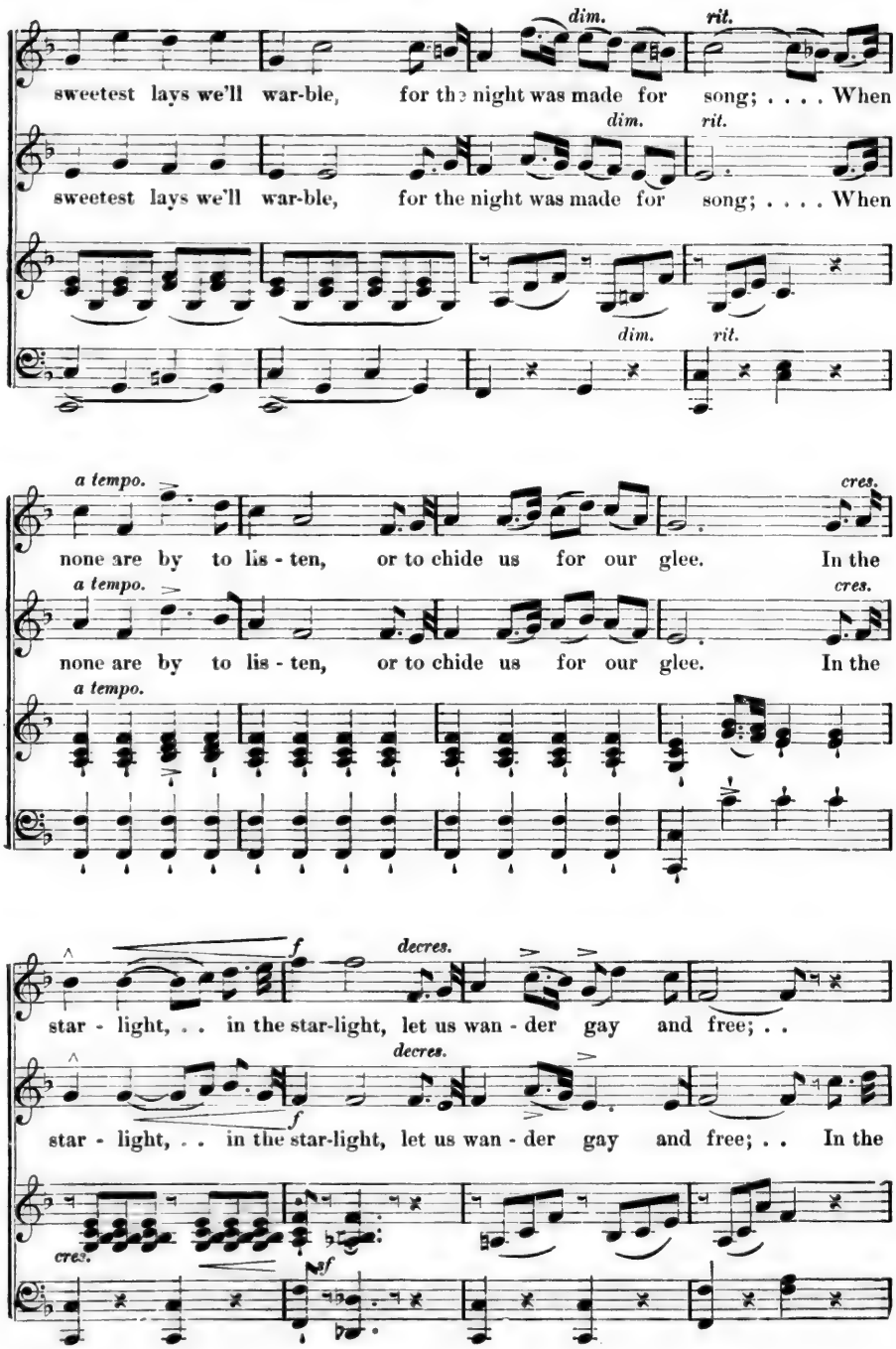
dolce.

fai - ries, in the shad - ow of the woods we'll steal a - long; . . . And our

dolce.

fai - ries, in the shad - ow of the woods we'll steal a - long; . . . And our

p


dim.
rit.
sweetest lays we'll war-ble, for the night was made for song; . . . . When
dim.
rit.
sweetest lays we'll war-ble, for the night was made for song; . . . . When
dim.
rit.
a tempo.
cres.
none are by to lis - ten, or to chide us for our glee. In the
a tempo.
cres.
none are by to lis - ten, or to chide us for our glee. In the
a tempo.
f
decres.
star - light, . . in the star-light, let us wan - der gay and free; . .
decres.
f
star - light, . . in the star-light, let us wan - der gay and free; . . In the
cres.
sf

In the starlight— let us wander— In the

cres.

starlight— let us wander— In the

cres.

star - light, . . . in the star- light, let us wan-der gay and free. . . .

a tempo.

star - light, . . . in the star- light, let us wan-der gay and free. . . .

a tempo.

cres.

a tempo.

In the star-light, in the star-light, at the day-light's dewy close, When the

In the star-light, in the star-light, at the day-light's dewy close, When the

p

decres.

night- in- gale is sing- ing his last love - song to the rose; . . . In the

night- in- gale is sing- ing his last love - song to the rose; . . . In the

dolce.

calm, clear night of sum-mer, when the breez - es soft- ly play, . . . From the

dolce.

calm, clear night of sum-mer, when the breez - es soft- ly play, . . . From the

p

dim. *rit.*

glit - ter of our dwelling, we will gen- tly steal a - way; . . Where the

dim. *rit.*

glit - ter of our dwelling, we will gen- tly steal a - way; . . Where the

dim. *rit.*

a tempo. *cres.*

sil- v'ry wa - ters murmur by the mar - gin of the sea, In the

a tempo. *res.*

sil- v'ry wa - ters murmur by the mar - gin of the sea, In the

a tempo.

decres.

star - light, . . in the star-light, let us wan - der gay and free; . .

decres.

star - light, . . in the star-light, let us wan - der gay and free; . . In the

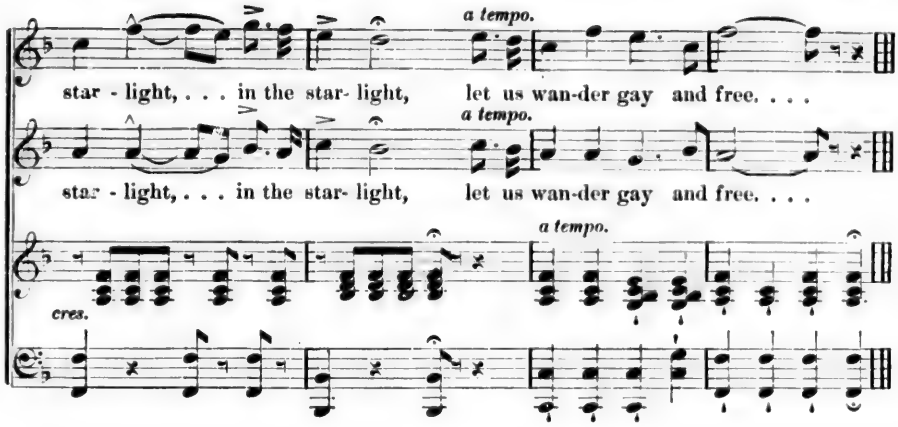
cres. *sf*

cres.

In the starlight— we will wander— In the

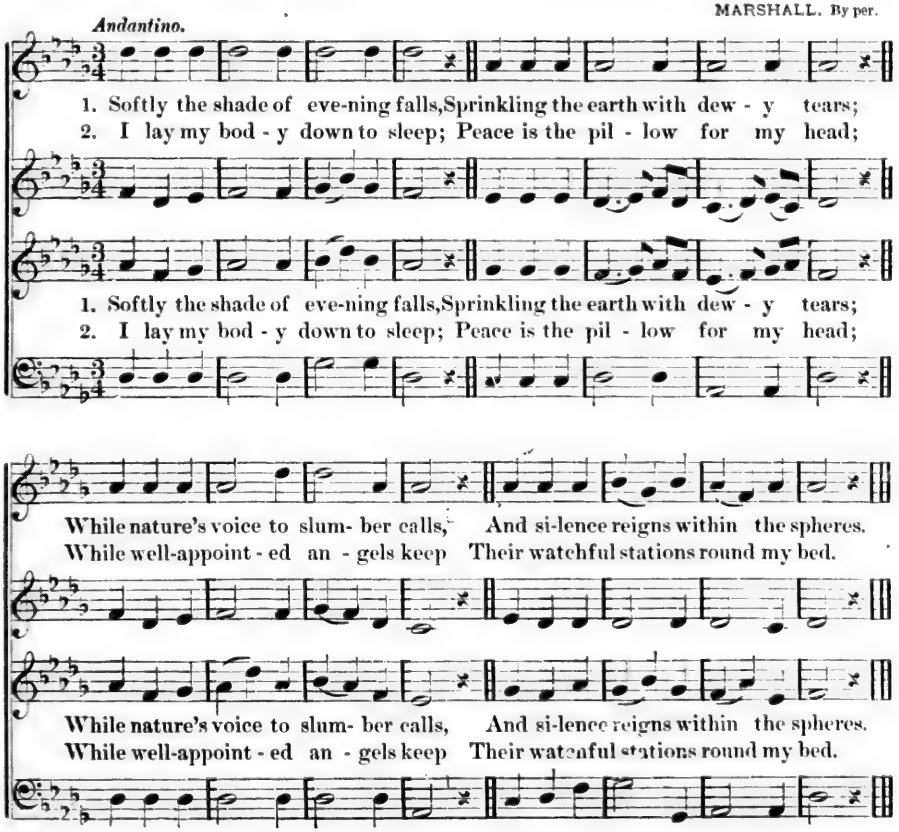
cres.

starlight— we will wander— In the



BABBIDGE.

MARSHALL. By per.



NANCY LEE.

WEATHERLY. ADAMS.

With Spirit.

f *ff*

1. Of all . . the wives as e'er you know, ... Yeo
2. The har - bor's past, the breezes blow ; . . . . . Yeo
3. The boa' - s'n pipe the watch below, ... Yeo

ff

ho! lads! ho! Yeo ho! yeo ho! There's none like Nan-cy Lee I
ho! lads! ho! Yeo ho! yeo ho! 'Tis long e'er we come back I
ho! lads! ho! Yeo ho! yeo ho! Then here's a health a-fore we

trow. . . . . Yeo ho! lads! ho! yeo ho! See, there she stands an'
know ; . . . . Yeo ho! lads! ho! yeo ho! But true an' bright from
go ; . . . . . Yeo ho! lads! ho! yeo ho! A long, long life to

f *p*

waves her hands up-on . . . the quay, An' ev' - ry day when I'm away, she'll
morn till night my home . will be, An' all so neat an' snug an' sweet for
my sweet wife and mates . at sea, An' keep our bones from Da-vy Jones where

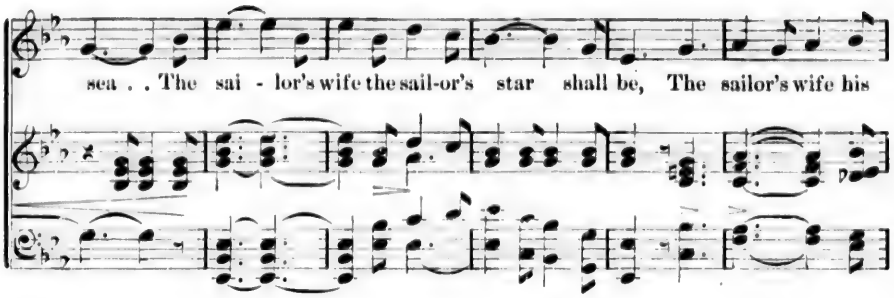
watch for me, An' whis-per low, when tempests blow, for Jack at
Jack at sea, An' Nan - cy's face to bless the place, an' wel - come
e'er we be, An' may you meet a mate as sweet as Nan - cy

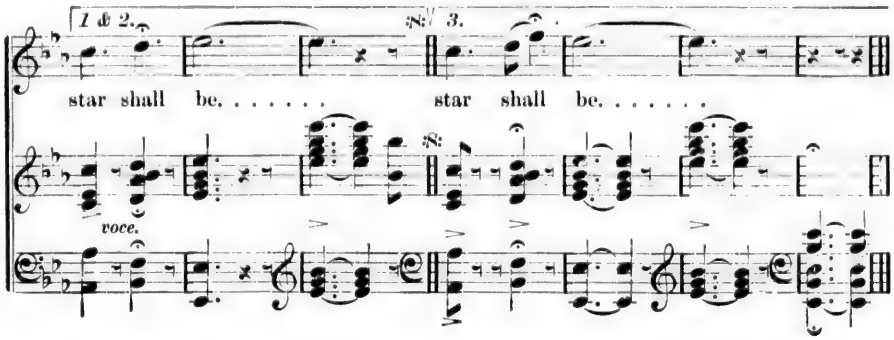
rall. *tempo.*

sea, Yeo ho! lads! ho! yeo ho!
me; Yeo ho! lads! ho! yeo ho! The sai - lor's
Lee; Yeo ho! lads! ho! yeo ho!

rall. *p*

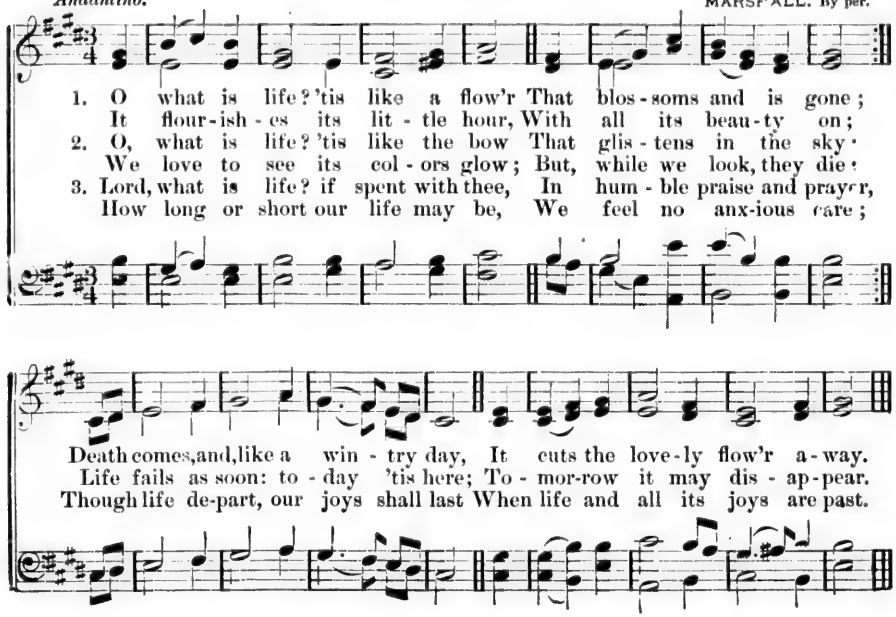
wife the sai-lor's star shall be, Yeo ho! we go a - cross the





WILLCOTT.

Andantino. MARSH'ALL. By per.



COME TO THE FOREST.

TUCKER. BRICHER.

Allegretto Moderato.

mf

1. Come to the for - est; the bright sun is shin - ing, And na - ture is

mf

2. Come to the for - est; the gay birds are sing - ing, As up - ward they

mf

decked in her proud - est ar - ray; The green leaf-y boughs with

soar to the beau - ti-ful sky; And through the fresh air bright

rall.

i - vy en - twin - ing, Bend grace - ful-ly o'er the sweet flow'rs of

in - sects are wing - ing; Then come to the for - est while sum-mer is

rall.

ad lib. *a tempo.*

May. O . . . . . come to the for - est, all na - ture is gay; Come a -

nigh. O . . . . . come to the for - est, all na - ture is gay; Come a -

a tempo. *ad lib.*

p

- way! Come a - way! Come a - way! a - way! Come a - way!

p

- way! Come a - way! Come a - way! a - way! Come a - way!

p

Come a - way! Come a - way! Come a -

Come a - way! Come a - way! Come a -

way! A - way, ... a - way, ... a - way, ... a - way, ... A -

way! A - way, . . . a - way, ... a . way, . . . a - way, A -

way, ... a - way, ... a - way, ... a - way. . .

way, ... a - way, ... a - way, ... a - way.

BENEDICTION.

MARSHALL. By per.

Andante affetuoso.

May grace and truth, Sweet peace and rest, Dwell in each breast, Sweet peace and rest,

and truth, Sweet peace and rest, dwell in each breast, and rest,

dwell in each breast. Sweet peace, sweet peace, sweet peace.

Dwell in each breast. sweet peace, sweet peace.

DUBLIN BAY.

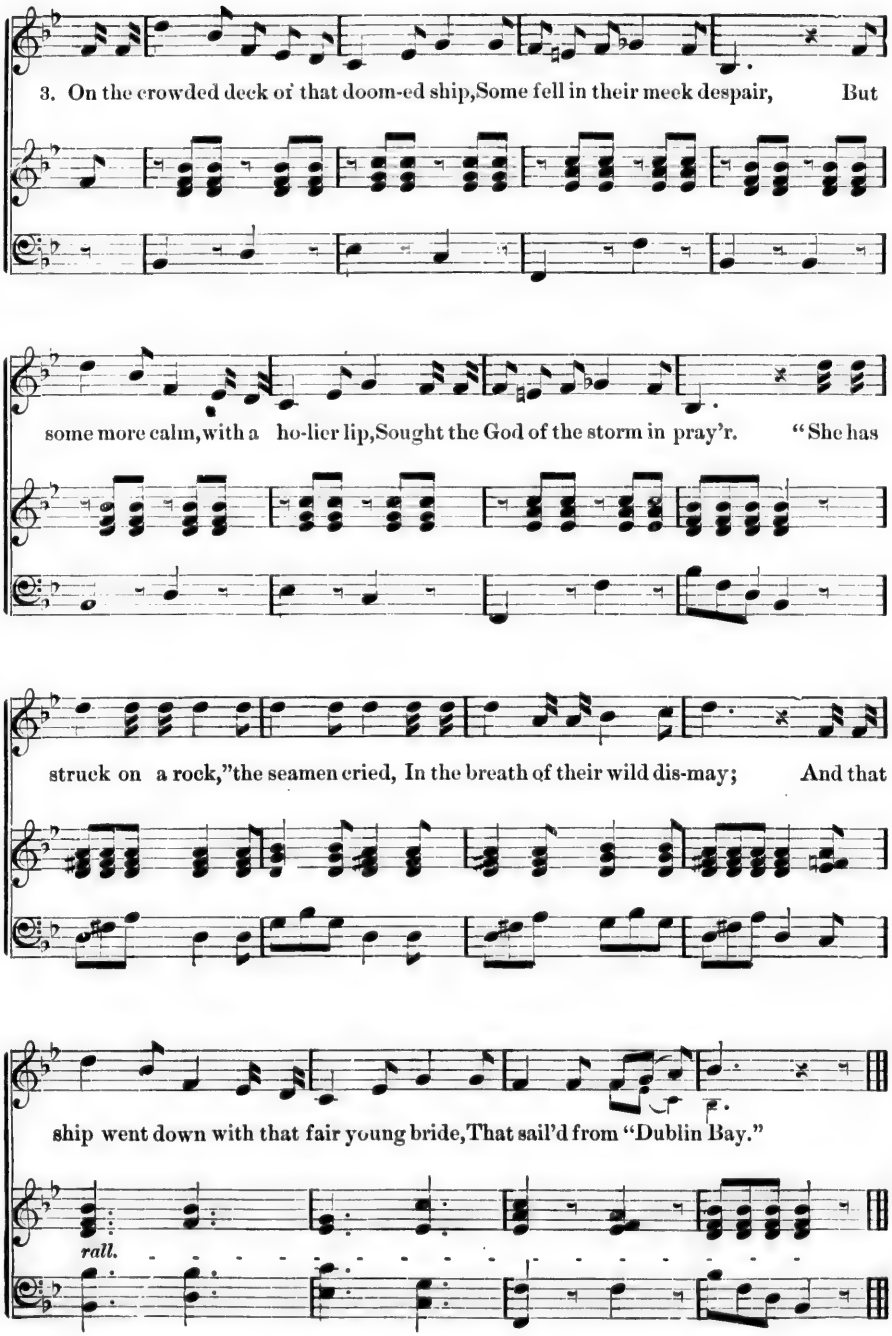
CRAWFORD. BARKER.

1. They sail'd a-way in a gal-lant bark, Roy Neal and his fair young bride; They had
2. Three days they sail'd when a storm arose, And the lightning swept the deep; When the

ven-tur'd all in that bounding ark, That danc'd on the sil - v'ry tide; Roy
thun-der crash broke the short repose Of the wea - ry sea-boy's sleep. Roy

Neal he clasp'd his weeping bride, And he kiss'd the tears a - way, And he
Neal he clasp'd his weeping bride, And he kiss'd the tears a - way, "O

watch'd the shore re-cede from sight Of his own sweet "Dub-lin Bay."
love, 'twas a fear- ful hour," he cried, "When we left sweet 'Dub-lin Bay.'"


3. On the crowded deck of that doom-ed ship, Some fell in their meek despair, But
some more calm, with a ho-lier lip, Sought the God of the storm in pray'r. "She has
struck on a rock," the seamen cried, In the breath of their wild dis-may; And that
ship went down with that fair young bride, That sail'd from "Dublin Bay."
rall.

THE HARP OF WALES.

GILBERTSON. RICHARDS.

Andantino.

1. Oh, wake a - gain the Harp of Wales! Thou min-strel old with trembling
2. Tell how the maid at close of day; Look'd from her lat - tice high in

rall.

hand, And sing once more those ancient tales, That charm'd of yore thy na-tive
vain, For him who slain in bat- tle fray, Lay cold and pale up- on the

a tempo.

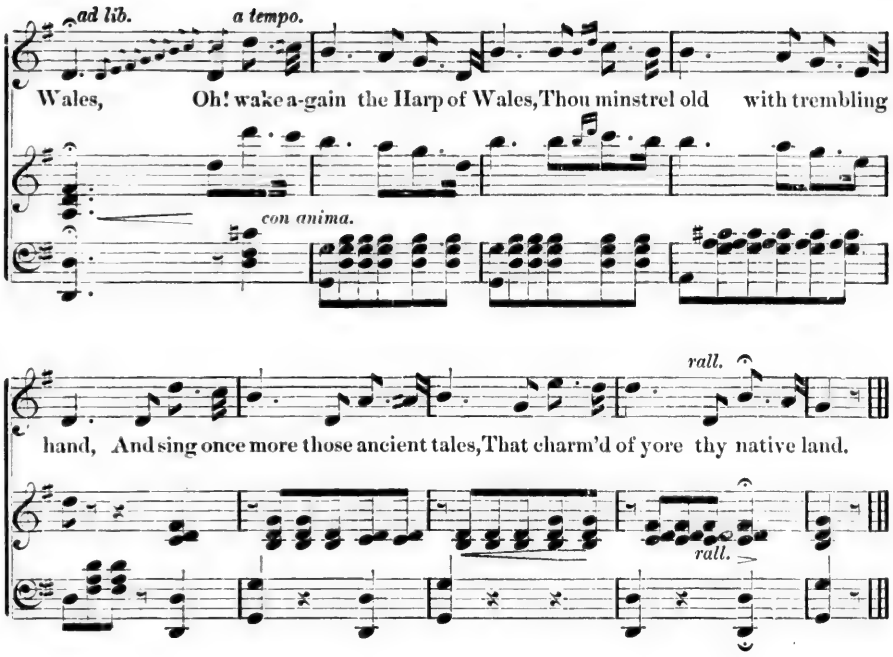
land. When dewy twi - light gathers round Each glen, and yon - der mountain
plain. Then sound again, thou Queen of song, While deep within the si- lent

p

f *rall.*

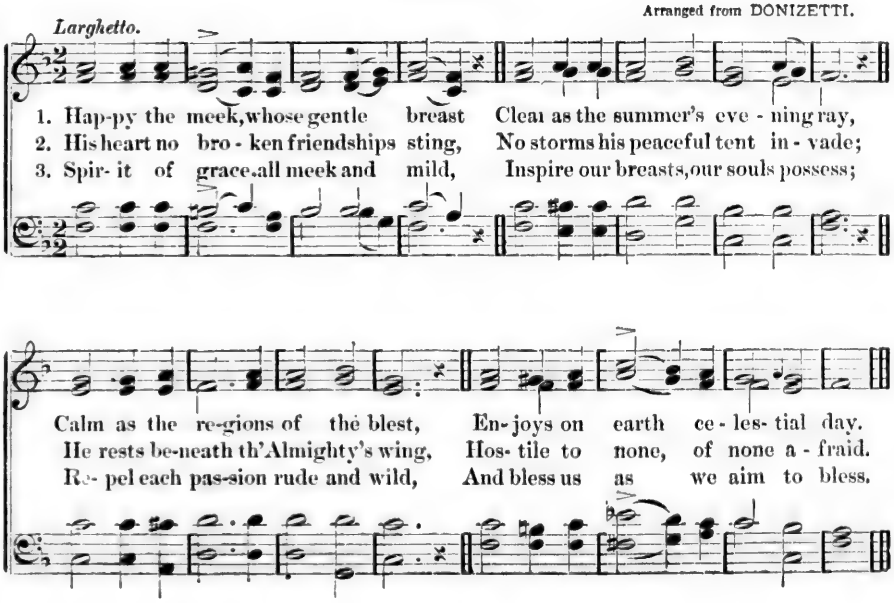
veils, I love to hear the plaintive sound Of thy sweet chords, old Harp of
vales, The list'ning ech - oes still prolong, Thy sil- ver tones, old Harp of

cres. *dim.* *colla voce.*



DANA.

Arranged from DONIZETTI.



THE PILGRIM FATHERS.

HEMANS. BROWN.

The break-ing waves dash'd high, On a stern and rock-bound coast; And the

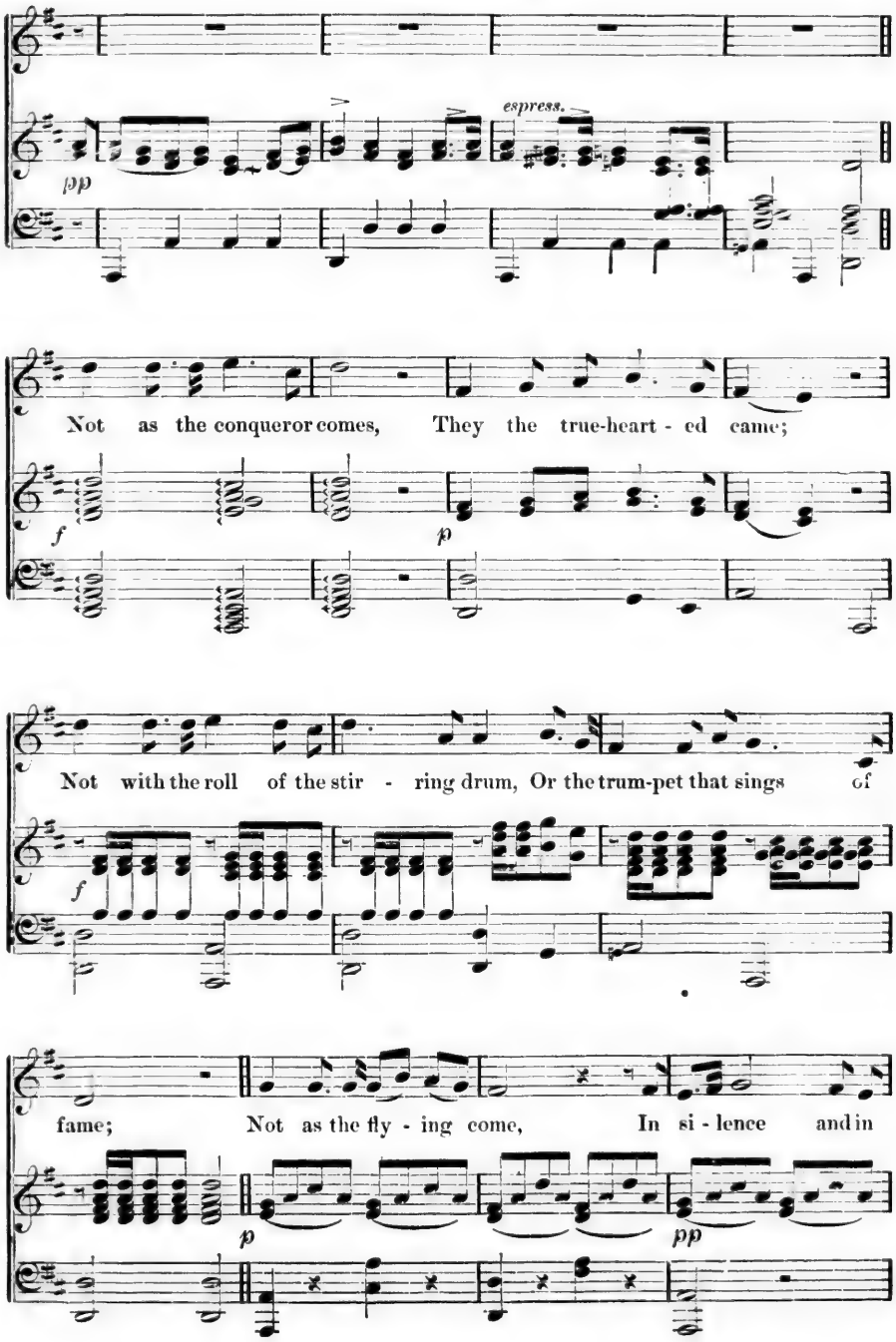
Maestoso.

woods against a storm - y sky, Their gi - ant branches toss'd;

And the heav- y night hung dark, The hills and wa - ters o'er, When a

band of ex - iles moor'd their bark, On the wild New Eng-'a-d shore.

p


espress.
pp
Not as the conqueror comes, They the true-heart - ed came;
f
p
Not with the roll of the stir - ring drum, Or the trum-pet that sings of
f
fame; Not as the fly - ing come, In si - lence and in
p
pp

fear; They shook the depths of the desert's gloom, With their hymns of lofty

f animata.

cheer.

ff

Amidst the storm they sang! And the stars heard and the sea! And the

f

sound - ing aisles of the dim woods rang To the an - them of the

ff

Free! The o - cean ea - gle soar'd From his

nest by the white wave's foam, And the rock- ing pines of the

for - est roar'd,— This was their welcome home!

What sought they thus a -

espress.

far? Bright jew- els, bright jew- els, bright jew - els of the

mine? The wealth of seas, the spoils of war? They sought a

dim.

espress.

Poco piu lento.

Faith's pure shrine. Aye! call it holy ground, The spot where first they

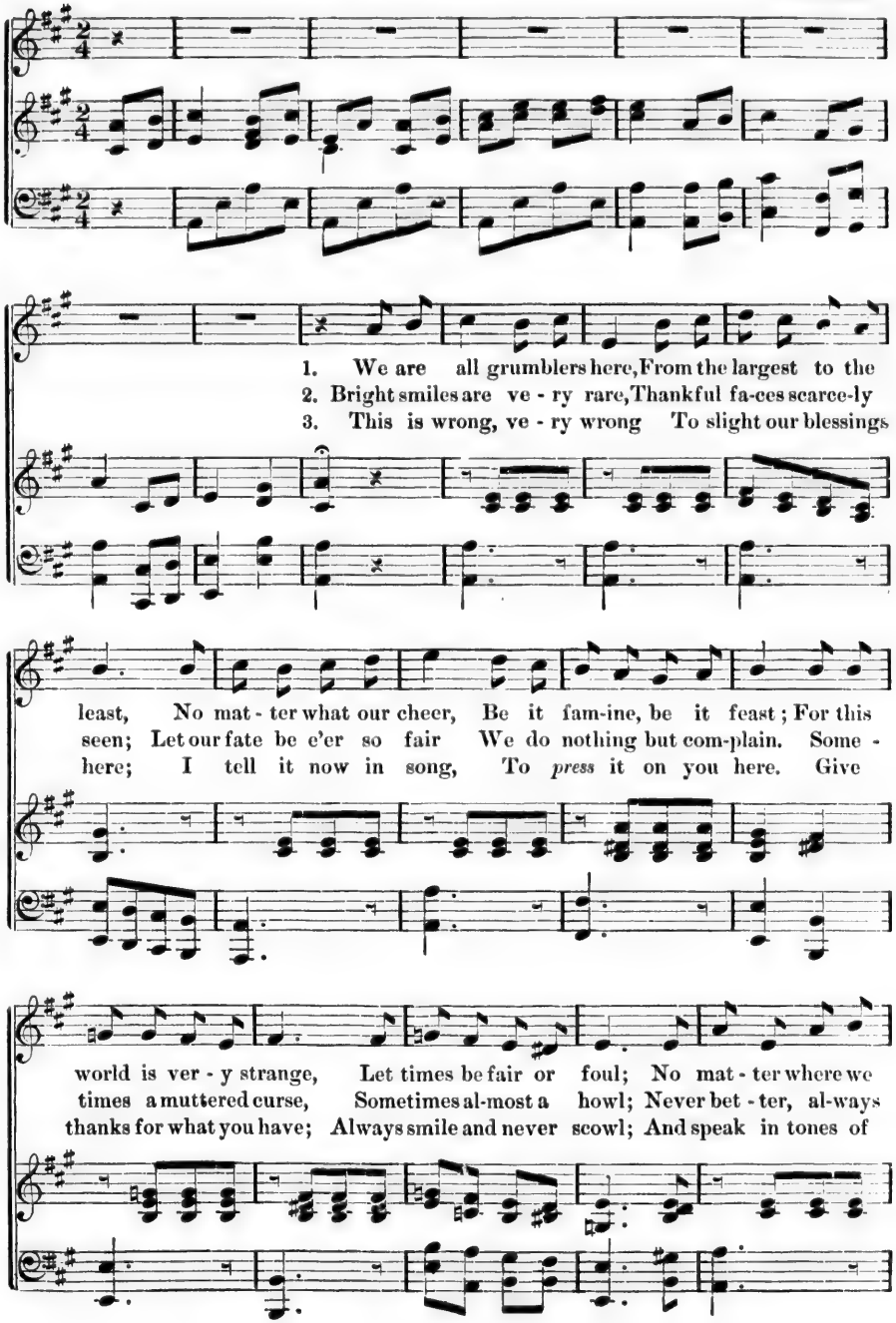
p

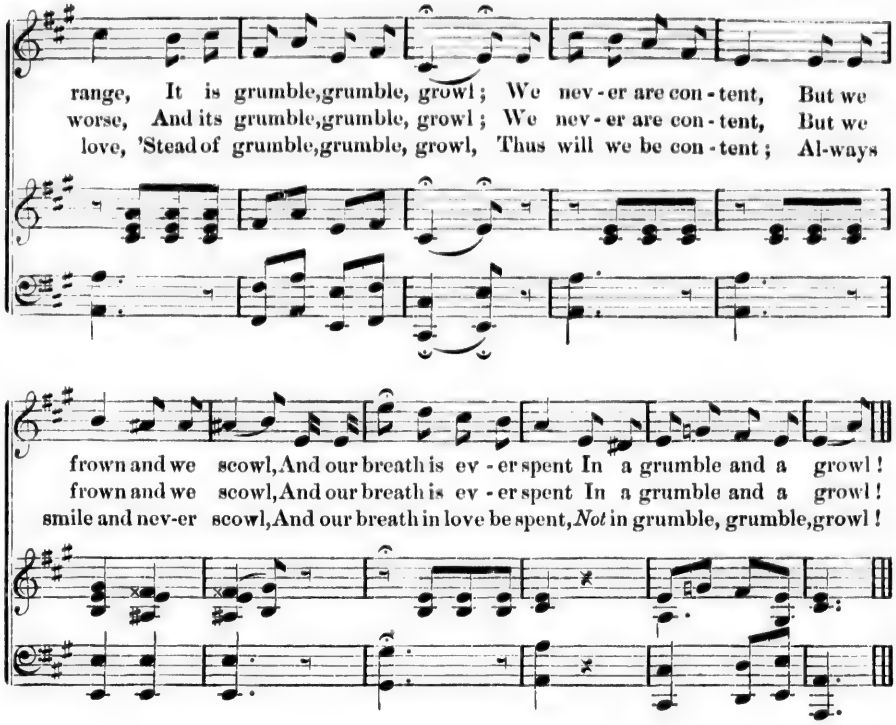
trod; They have left unstain'd what there they found, Freedom to worship God!

f

GRUMBLE, GRUMBLE, GROWL!

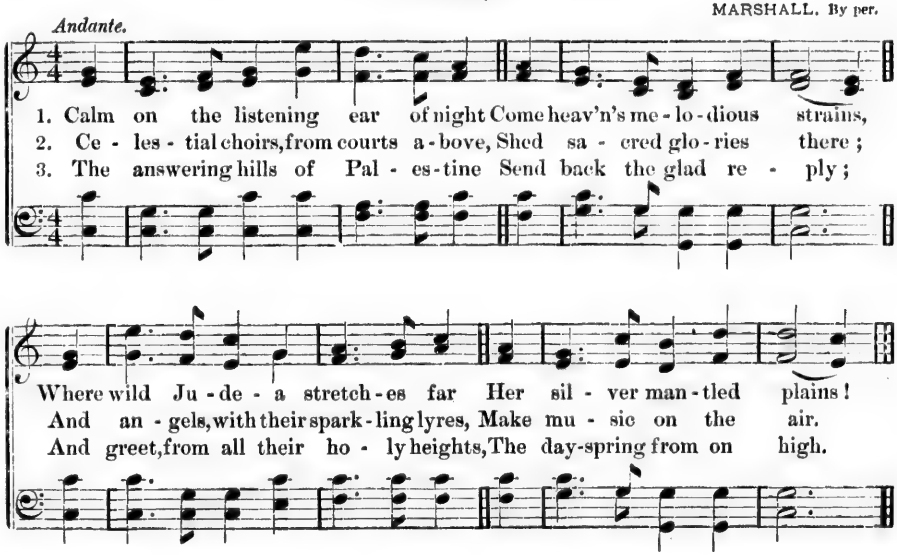
PHILLIPS.





SEARS.

MARSHALL. By per.



YES! LET ME LIKE A SOLDIER FALL.

MARITANA. WALLACE.

Tempo di marcia.

mf

Yes! let me like a sol - dier fall, Up-on some o - pen plain, This

breast expanding for the ball, To blot out ev-'ry stain.

Brave, man-ly hearts confer my doom That gent - ler ones may tell, How

p

f

e'er for-got, un-known my tomb, I like a sol - dier fell; How -

pp

e'er for - got, un - known my tomb, I like a sol - dier fell, I like a

cres. *ff*

sol - dier fell.

mf

I on - ly ask of that proud race, Which ends its blaze in me, To

die the last, and not disgrace Its an - cient chiv-al - ry!

Tho' o'er my clay no ban - ner wave, Nor trum - pet re - quiem swell, E-

p

p *f* *p*

-nough they mur- mur o'er my grave, He like a sol - dier fell; E -

pp

p *cres - - - cen - - - do.* *f* *ff*

nough they murmur o'er my grave He like a sol -dier fell, He like a sol - dier fell.

cres. *ff*

GOOD BYE, SWEETHEART, GOOD BYE.

HATTON.

Andante con moto.

p *cres.*

The bright stars fade, the morn is break - ing, The dew drops pearl each

legato. *p*

bud and leaf, And I from thee, my leave am tak - ing, With

dim. *pp ad lib.*

bliss too brief, with bliss, ... with bliss too

cres. *colla parte.*

brief, How sinks my heart with fond a - larms, The

p

cres. *p dim.*

tear is hid - ing in mine eye For time doth thrust me from thine arms; Good

cres. *pp*

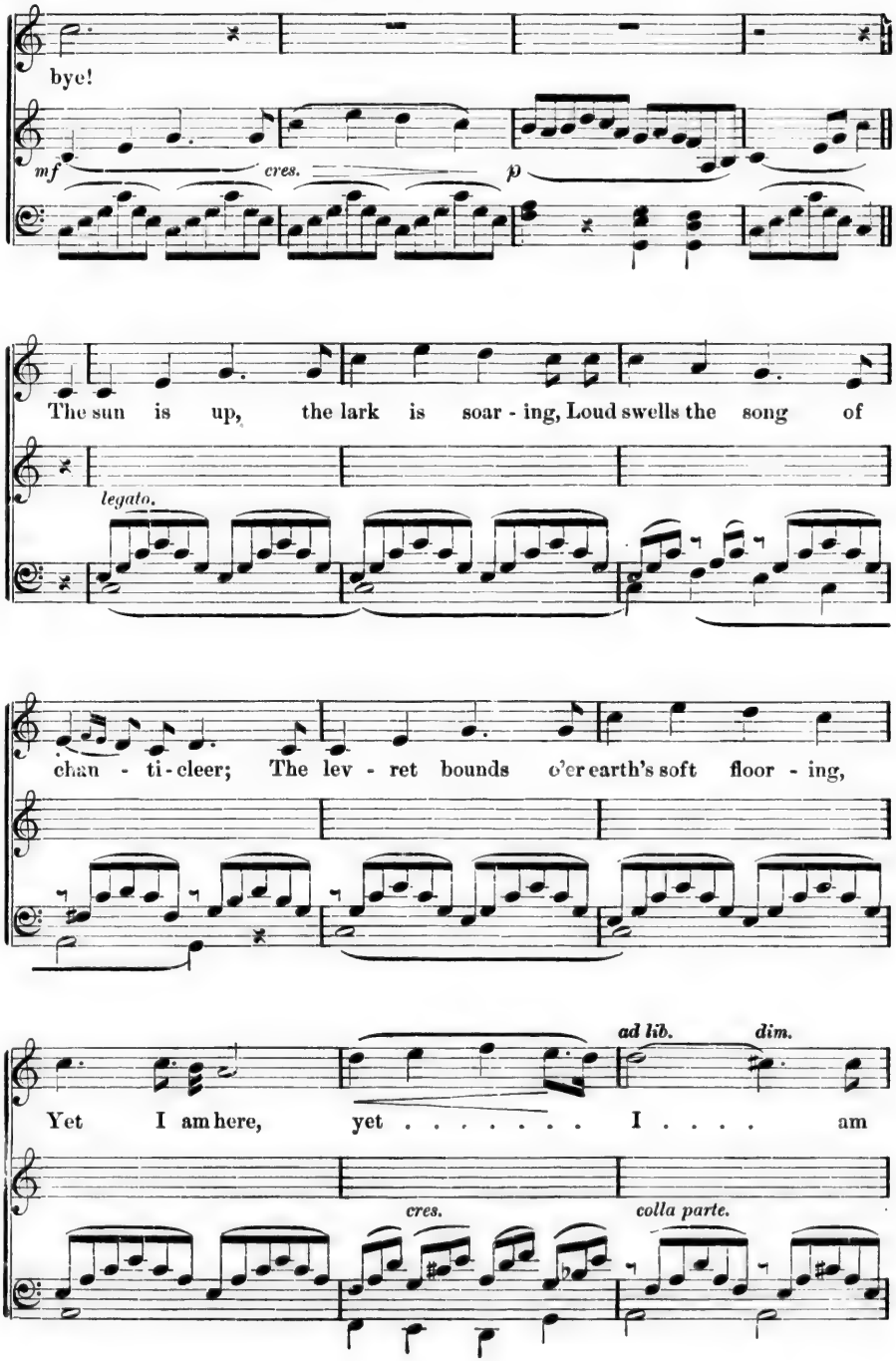
con moto.

bye, sweetheart, good bye! Good bye, sweetheart, good bye! For

cres. molto.

time doth thrust me from thine arms, Good bye, sweetheart, good

colla voce.


bye!
mf
cres.
p
The sun is up, the lark is soar - ing, Loud swells the song of
legato.
chan - ti - cleer; The lev - ret bounds o'er earth's soft floor - ing,
ad lib.
dim.
Yet I am here, yet . . . . . I . . . . am
cres.
colla parte.

here, For since night's gems from heav'n did fade, And

p

cres. *p*

morn to flo - ral lips doth hie, I could not leave thee tho' I said, "Good

cres. *pp*

bye, sweetheart, good bye! Good bye, sweetheart, good bye!" I

could not leave thee tho' I said, "Good bye, sweetheart, good bye!"

colla voce.

THE VALLEY OF CHAMOUNI.

ENOCH. GLOVER.

Allegretto.

1. When the heart in gold-en
2. When I hear the Alp-horn

f *Ped.* *8va.* *loco.* *ff* *p*

fan-cies, To the sway of happiest dreams Back to scenes of beau-ty
ring-ing, When Mont Blanc foretells the day; And the breeze of morning

8va.

glan-ces, Lit by mem - ry's brightest beams: Then I see that vale of
bring-ing Mountain chime and mountain lay! Then once more, with rapture

8va. *cres.* *p* *dim.*

fount-ains, Where the Alp-flow'rs woo the gale, Under all the snow crown'd
glow - ing, All that mountain land I hail, But my heart with joy o'er-

cres. *decres.* *pp* *dim.*

rit. f a tempo.

mountains, Shining o'er . . that beauteous vale. Oh ! Chamouni, sweet
flow-ing, Lin-gers in . . . that beauteous vale. Oh ! Chamouni, sweet

sf p Ped.

Chamouni, Oh, the vale . . . of Chamou - ni ! . . . Oh !

8va. tr. Ped.

Chamouni ! sweet Chamouni ! Oh ! Chamouni's . . . . sweet

rall. cres. Ped. sf

vale. . . . . .

8va.

f a tempo. decres. Ped. dim. rit. ff

Ped. Ped.

THE POSTILLION.

WEATHERLY. MOLLOY.

Vivace.

The night is late, we dare not wait, the

winds be - gin to blow, An' ere we gain the hol-low plain, there'll be a storm I

trow, . . An' as we pass the Beg-gar's tree, look out'n the dark, look out, . The

phantom horseman you will see, He'll crack his whip and shout, Ho-la! Ho- la! Ho-

la! . . . He'll crack his whip an' shout, Ho - la! Ho-la! Ho - la! . . . .

Who's for the coach to - night? For we are boun' for Bristol town be - fore the morning

light, Ho - la! . . . . . Ho - la! Ho-la! . . . .

Ped. ✱

Oh, I've a wife in Bris- tol town, a

wife an' chil-dren three, An' they are sleep-in' safe an' soun', But she keeps watch for

gaiement.

me; . . . An' who would quake, the road to take with such a prize in store, Tho'

ravens croak on Hangman's oak, An' a storm be at our fore, Ho-la! Ho-la! Ho-

la! . . . An' a storm be at our fore. Ho - la! Ho-la! Ho - la! . . . .

rit.

Who's for the coach to - night? For we are boun' for Bristol town be - fore the morning

rit.

light, Ho - la! . . . . . Ho - la! Ho- la! . .

Poco piu lento.

Then one glass more, The ale is fine, a

f *f*

Ped. *

ritard.

toast sweet la - dies fair, . To each man's home, good masters, mine, An' may he soon be

suivez.

Ped. *

poco rall. *tempo.*

there, . . . The sparks shall flash as on we dash, The clatt'rin' wheels shall spin, An'

poco rall. *tempo.*

ev' - ry sleep- in' loon shall stir, to see the coach roll in, . . Ho - la! Ho-la! Ho-

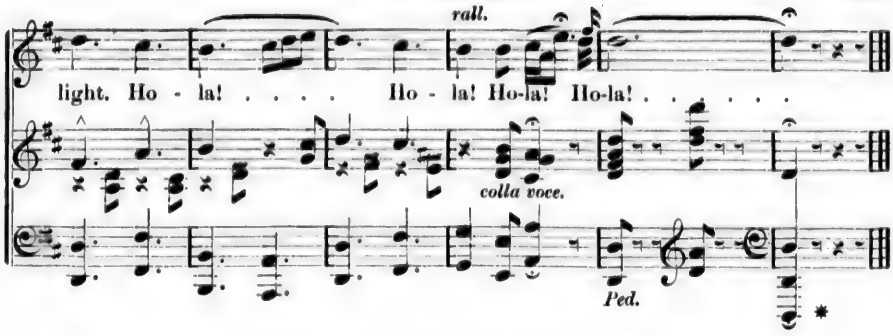
gaiement.

la! . . . To see the coach roll in, Ho - la! Ho- la! Ho - la! . . . .

rit.

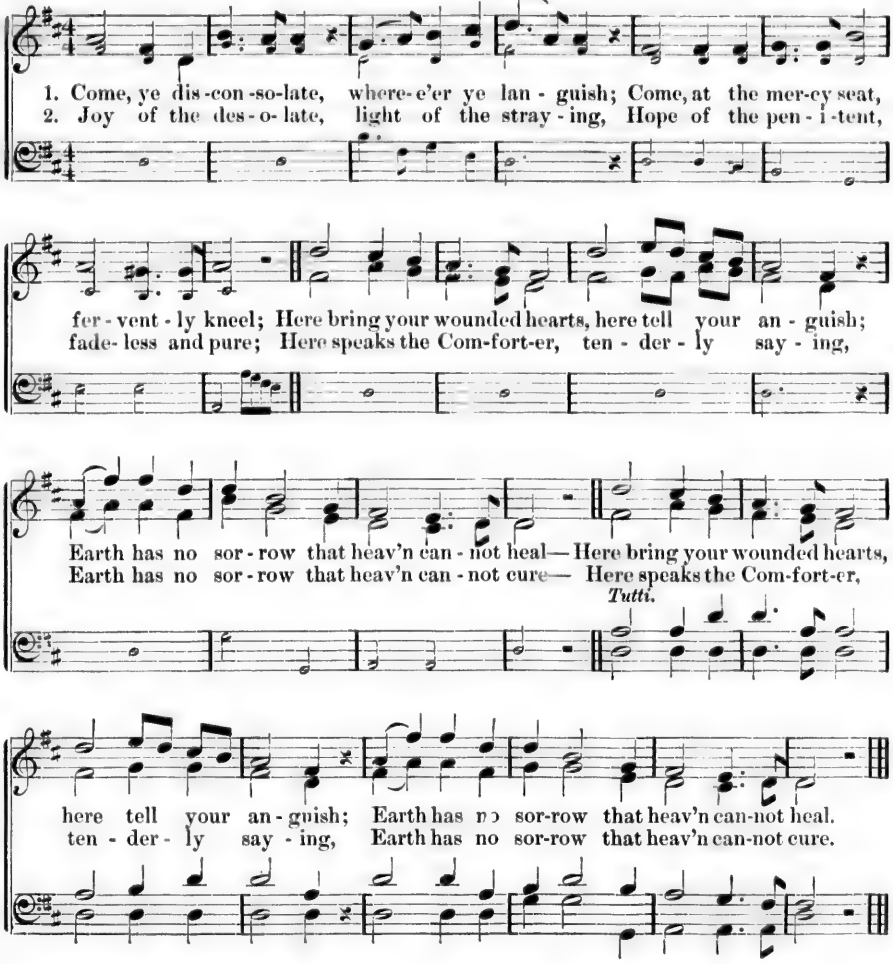
Who's for the coach to - night? For we are boun' for Bristol town be - fore the morning

rit.



COME, YE DISCONSOLATE.

WEBBE. By per.



MARY OF ARGYLE.

JEFFERYS. NELSON.

Poco allegretto e delicatezza.

1. I have heard the mavis singing, His

p

love-song to the morn; I have seen the dew-drop cling-ing, To the

rose just new - ly born; But a sweet - er song has cheer'd me, At the

cres.

ev'-nings gen - tle close; And I've seen an eye still brighter Than the

ritard. *a tempo.*

dew-drop on the rose; 'Twas thy voice, my gen-tle Ma-ry, And thine

colla voce. *mf* *a tempo.*

art-less winning smile, That made this world an E-den, Bon-ny

ad lib. *ad lib.*

Ma-ry of Ar-gyle! 2. Tho' thy voice may lose its sweetness, And thine

cres. *p*

eye its bright-ness too; Tho' thy step may lack its fleet-ness, And thy

hair its sun - ny hue: Still to me wilt thou be dear - er Than

cres.

all the world shall own; I have lov'd thee for thy beau-ty, But

ritard.

not for that a - lone: I have watch'd thy heart, dear Ma-ry, And its

colla voce.

mf

a tempo.

ad lib.

goodness was the wile That has made thee mine for ever, Bonny Mary of . . . . . Argyle.

f

ad lib.

THE LADY OF THE LEA.

BELLAMY. SMART.

Andantino.

p

Oh! the la - dy of the Lea, Fair and young and gay was she, Beau - ti - ful ex-

p

pp

ceed-ing-ly, The La - dy of the Lea. Ma - ny a woo-er sought her hand For

cres. *f* *p*

she had gold, and she had land, Ev-'rything at her command, The La-dy of the

riten . . . . *poco.* *cres.* *f* *p*

a piacere. *a tempo.*

Lea. . . . Oh! the La-dy of the Lea, Fair and young and gay was she,

p

cres.

Fan - ci-ful ex - ceed-ing-ly, The La - dy of the Lea. The La - dy of the

Lea. . . . When she held, in bow'r or hall, Ban-quet high or

cres. *p*

Ped.

cres. *p*

fes - ti-val, On ev - 'ry side her glance would fall, Spark - ling mer - ri-

pp

ly. . . . . But when ask'd if she would wed, She would toss her

cres. *f*

dain - ty head, Say - ing, laugh - ing - ly, in - stead "Sirs, we would be

cres. *f*

dim. *p*

free," . . . "Time e-nough I trow," quoth she, "When we're tir'd of

pp

cres. *poco ritard.* *p*

li - ber-ty;" "For the pres - ent we would be, The La - dy of the

cres.

ritard.

Lea, . . . The La - dy of . . . . the Lea." . . . .

pp

Ped.

animato.

To her bow'r at length there came, A youth-ful Knight of no - ble name,

mf

cres. *dim.* *pp*

Hand and heart in hope to claim, And in love fell she, . . Still she put his

cres. *dim.* *pp*

cres. *p*

suit a - side, So he left her in her pride; And bro - ken heart - ed,

cres. *pp sempre ma voce.*

a piacere. *pp poco lento.*

droop'd and died, The La - dy of the Lea! . . . Oh! the La - dy of the Lea,

ppp

pp

Fair and young as fair could be, Cold within the tomb lies she! Sleeping peace-ful-

ppp

ritard.

ly! Sleep-ing peace-ful-ly!

pp

ORION.

Andantino. MARSHALL. By per.

Tenor.

1. Soft be the gen-tly breathing notes That sing the Sa-viour's dy-ing love;
2. Soft as the morn-ing dews descend, While warbling birds ex-ult-ing soar,

Sop. *Alto.*

3. Pure as the sun's en-liv'n-ing ray, That scat-ters life and joy a-broad;

Bass.

Soft as the eve-ning zeph-yr floats, And soft as tune-ful lyres a-bove.
So soft to our al-migh-ty Friend Be ev-'ry sigh our bo-soms pour.

Soli. *Tutti.*

Pure as the lu-cid orb of day, That wide pro-claims its Ma-ker, God.

WHEN WE HEAR THE MUSIC RINGING.

MARSHALL. By per.

1. When we hear the music ring - ing
2. When the ho-ly angels meet us,

Thro' the bright celestial dome,
As we go to join their band;

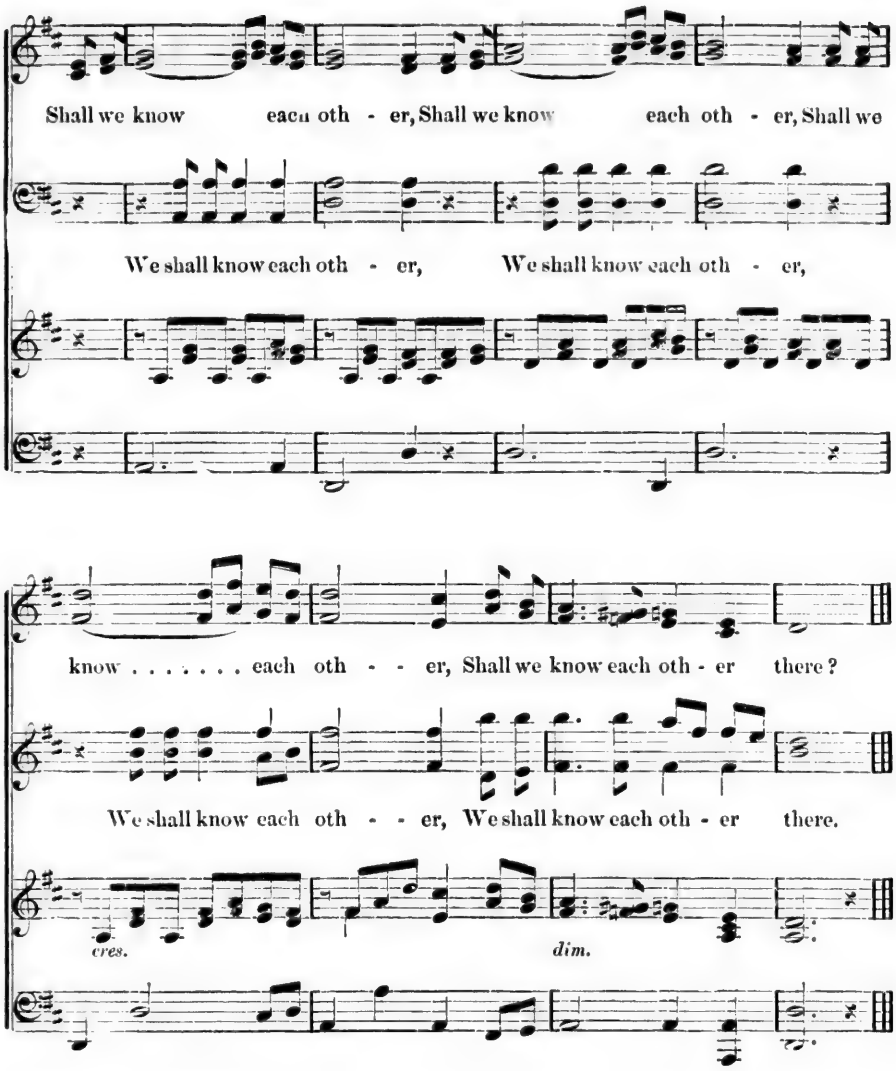
When sweet angels voices sing - ing, Gladly
Shall we know the friends that greet us, In the

bid us wel-come home,
glorious spir-it land?

To the land of ancient sto - ry, Where the spirit knows no
Shall we see the same eyes shining On us, as in days of

care,—
yore?

In the land of light and glo-ry, Shall we know each other there?
Shall we feel their dear arms twining, Fondly round us, as be -fore?

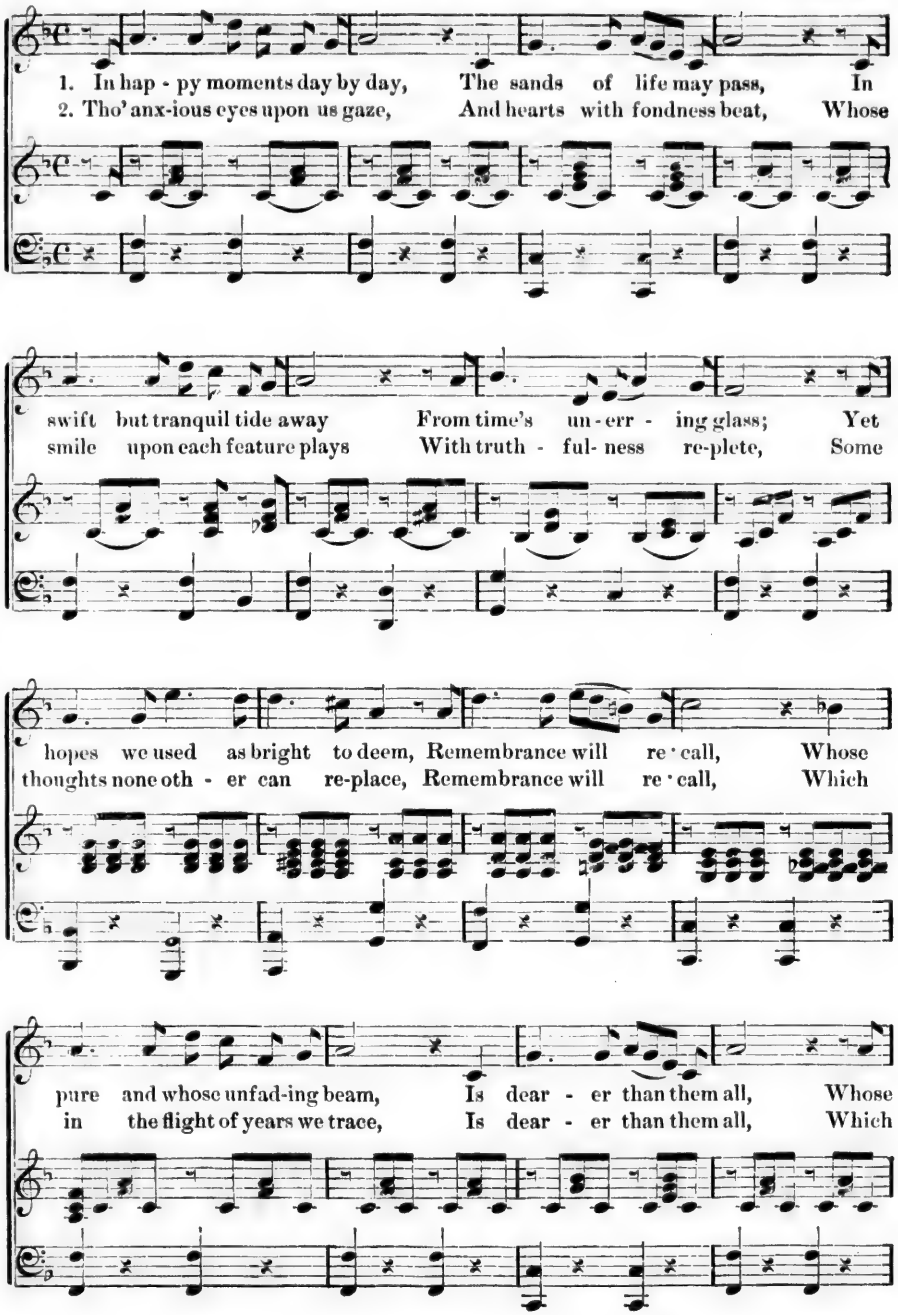


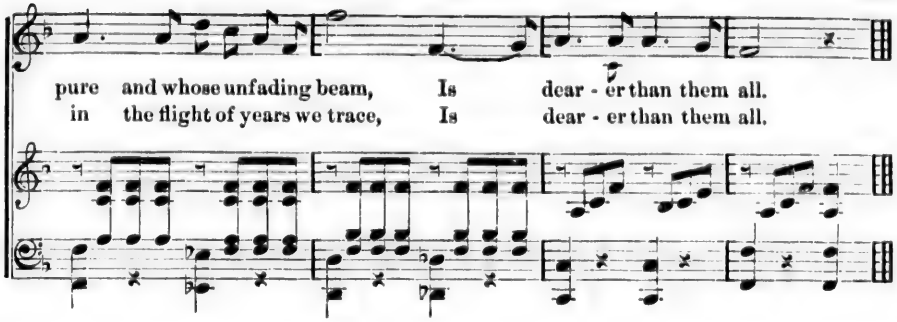
3 Yes, my earth-worn soul rejoices,
And my weary heart grows light,
For the thrilling angel voices
And the angel faces bright
That shall welcome us in heaven,
Are the loved of long ago,
And to them, 'tis kindly given,
Thus their mortal friends to know.
CHO.—

4 Oh! ye weary, sad, and tossed ones,
Droop not, faint not by the way;
Ye shall join the loved and just ones
In the land of perfect day!
Harp-strings touched by angel fingers,
Murmured in my raptured ear,
Evermore their sweet song lingers,
"We shall know each other there!"
CHO.—

IN HAPPY MOMENTS.

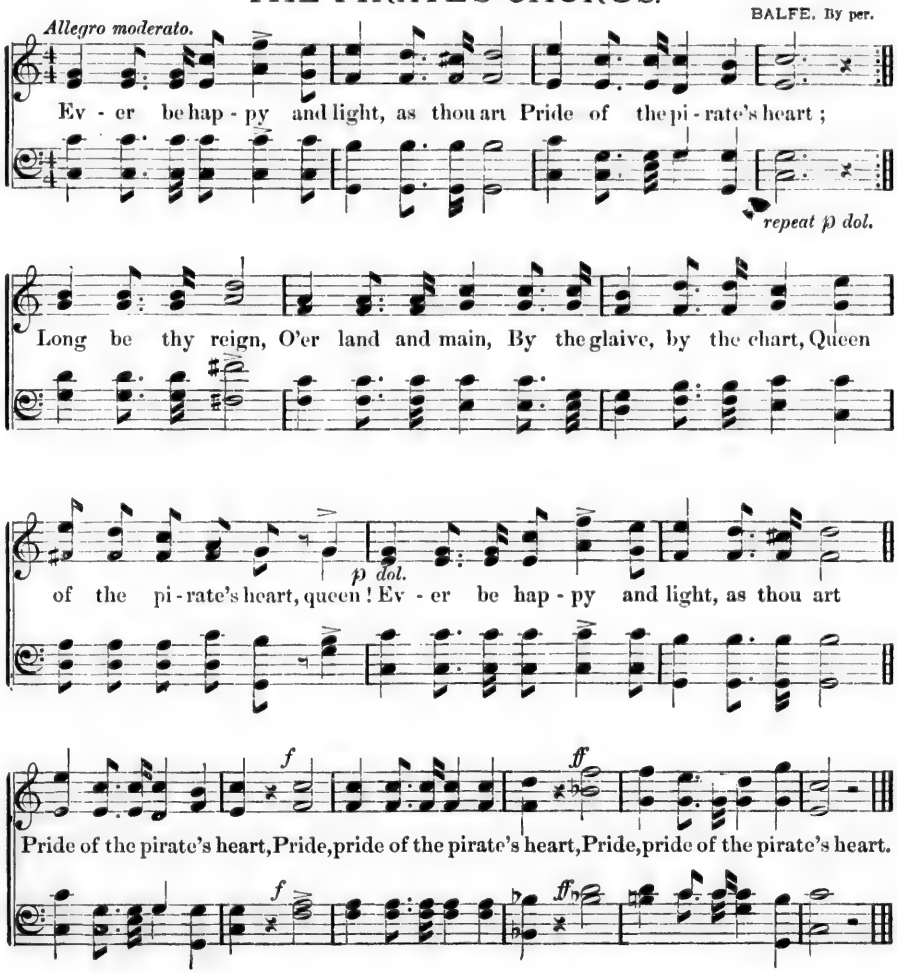
WALLACE.





THE PIRATE'S CHORUS.

BALFE. By per.



THE ROSE BY THE DOOR.

SMITH. MARSHALL. By per.

Andante e legato. *Solo.*

1. When
3. I've

p *rall.*

fare-wells were spoken, I left the dear spot, And as I de-
gath-ered the flow-ers of fair, sun-ny climes, Yet childhood's sweet

part-ed I gazed on the cot— The home of my
ech-oes Still min-gle their chimes: Though for-tune its

rit. *tempo.*

childhood; And turn-ing once more, . . . I pluck'd some sweet
bless-ings Up-on me may pour, . . . I cher-ish the

cres. *rit.*

rit.

ro - ses That bloomed by the door, That bloomed by the door.
ro - ses That bloomed by the door, That bloomed by the door.

rit.

2. Now, home and its pleasures Are left far be - hind, And nought but sweet

4. The pet - als have fad-ed, And lost their perfume, Yet mem - 'ry en -

mem'ries Their bright spell doth bind ; I sigh for the dear ones And fair scenes of

dows them With fragrance and bloom ; And hope is e'er smil - ing With greetings in

rit. *tempo.* *rit.* *D.C. Sym.*

yore; And gaze on the roses That bloom'd by the door, That bloom'd by the door.

D.C. Sym.

store, With dear ones, where roses Shall bloom by the door, Shall bloom by the door.

NOTHING ELSE TO DO.

FRY. HATTON.

Allegretto.

1. 'Twas a pleas-ant summer's morning, Just the day I like t'en - joy, When I
2. Off I start -ed thro' the meadows, Where the dew-beads pearl'd the spray, And re-

p

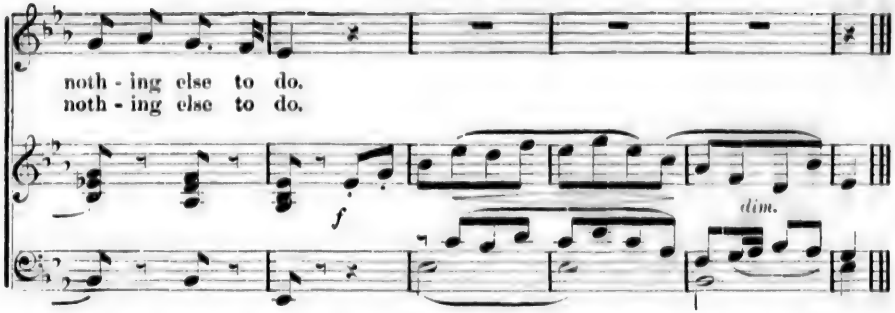
woke and look'd out ear- ly, Puzzled how my time t' em-ploy; In such fine and splendid
spon-sive to the song birds, I kept sing-ing all the way; Quite surpris'd she was to

weather, I don't care for work, do you? So I went to see my sweetheart, As I'd
see me, Come so ear - ly there to woo, Till I said I'd just walk'd over, 'Cause I'd

ad lib.

noth - ing else to do, So I went to see my sweetheart, As I'd
noth - ing else to do, Till I said I'd just walk'd o - ver, 'Cause I'd

colla voce.

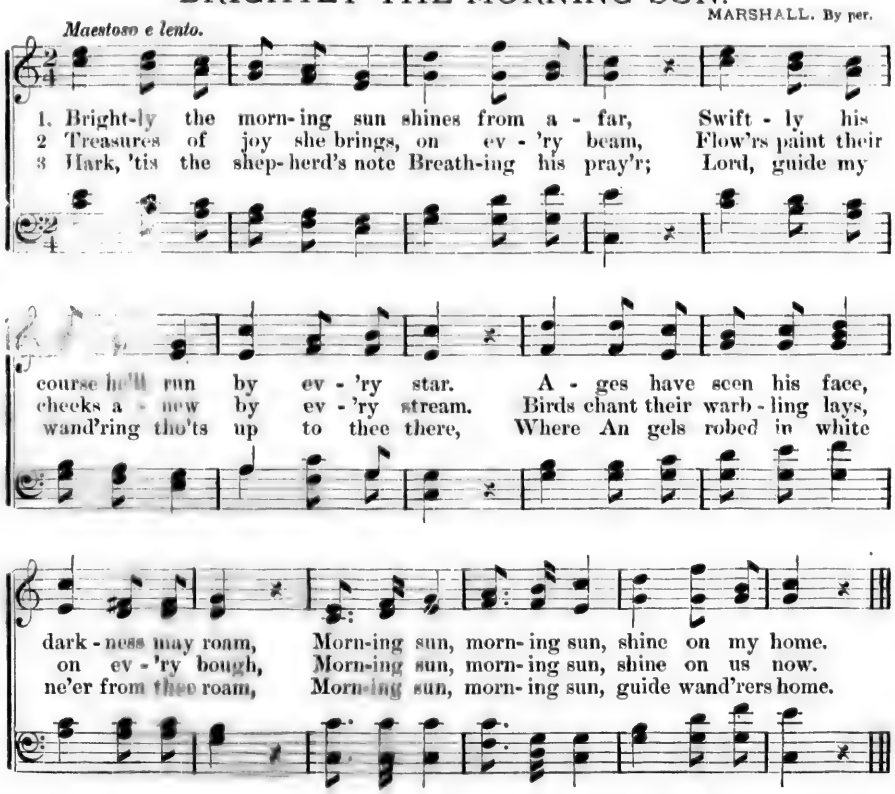


3 Then we rambled forth together,
Down the lane beneath the trees,
While gently stirr'd the shadows
Of their branches in the breeze;
And whene'er our conversation
Languish'd for a word or two,
Why, of course, I kindly kiss'd her,
As I'd nothing else to do.

4 But before the day was over,
I'd somehow made up my mind,
That I'd pop the question to her.
If to me her heart inclined;
So I whisper'd, "Sweet, my darling,
Will you have me, Yes, or No?"
"Well," said she, "perhaps I may, my dear,
When I've nothing else to do."

BRIGHTLY THE MORNING SUN.

MARSHALL. By per.



SING, LITTLE BLUE-BIRD, SING.

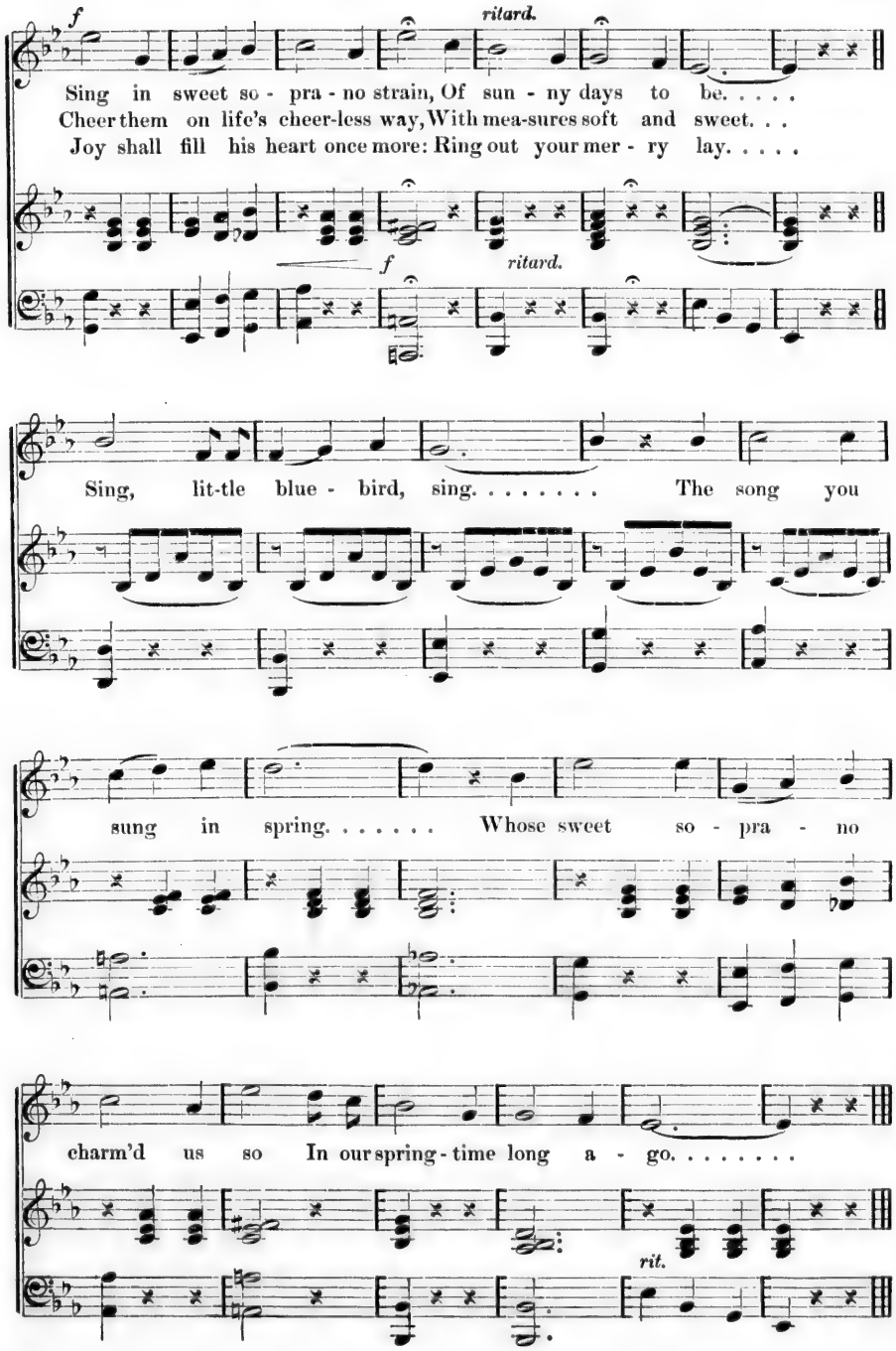
CALLAN. WEBSTER. By per.

Allegretto moderato.

1. Sing, lit- tle blue - bird, sing, ... Sweet her - ald of the spring: . . . Let all the wild - wood ring, ... With old time mel - o - dy. . . . . Tell us Flo - ra comes a - gain, Fair young flow'rs in her train; . . . .

2. Sing, lit- tle blue - bird, sing . . . . The song you sung in spring: . . . For joy and hope you bring, ... In notes you oft re - peat. . . . . Glad the hearts of school - boy gay; Chirp in ear of old and gray; . . . .

3. Sing, lit- tle blue - bird, sing, ... Tho' mem - 'ries fond you bring. . . . . Of ev' - ry by - gone spring, ... When life was in its May. . . . . Sing of home, by poor man's door; Tell him win - tr'y care is o'er; . . . .


f
ritard.
Sing in sweet so - pra - no strain, Of sun - ny days to be. . . . .
Cheer them on life's cheer-less way, With mea-sures soft and sweet. . .
Joy shall fill his heart once more: Ring out your mer - ry lay. . . . .
f
ritard.
Sing, lit-tle blue - bird, sing. . . . . The song you
sung in spring. . . . . Whose sweet so - pra - no
charm'd us so In our spring - time long a - go. . . . . .
rit.

Sing, lit - tle blue - bird, sing . . . . . The

song you sung in spring, ... Whose sweet so - pra - no

cres.

f *p* *ritard.*

charm'd us so In our spring - time long a - go. . . . .

p

f *p* *ritard.*

A JOLLY GOOD LAUGH.

COOPER. THOMAS.

Vivace.

Oh, I love, Oh, I love a good

laugh, ha! ha! For a won-der-ful thing is a laugh, ha! ha! Why, its

bet-ter than all the tears That a bo-dy could shed for years, And there's

noth-ing so good as a laugh; It's a charm for the dark-est

ills, ha! ha! And it light-ens the doc - tor's bills, ha! ha! Why, it's

food and it's sun, and it's air, ha! ha! And it drives to the wall old

care, ha! ha! Oh, there's nothing so good by half, As a jol - ly good hear- ty

laugh; Ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha; As a

jol - ly good hear - ty laugh! Ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha,

ha, ha, ha, ha! As a jol - ly good hear - ty laugh.

f

So I love, so I love, a good

a piacere.

laugh, ha! ha! For a won - der - ful cure is a laugh, ha! ha! Why, there's

f

a tempo.

laughter in ev - 'ry thing, In the riv - ers, and birds that sing; And there's

noth - ing so good as a laugh! Don't be mood - y, and grow so

thin, ha! ha! If you ne'er tried a laugh, be - gin, ha! ha! So

laugh, and you'll soon con - fess, ha! ha! That your shad - ow will not grow

less, ha! ha! Oh, there's nothing so good by half, As a jol - ly good hear- ty

laugh; Ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha! As a

jol - ly good hear - ty laugh! Ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha,

ha, ha, ha, ha! As a jol - ly good hear - ty laugh.

BEFORE THE MORNING SUN IS BEAMING.

KUCKEN.

Allegro.

1. Be-fore the morning sun is beam - ing, And soldiers of their conquests
2. And while the call to arms is peal - ing, Each soldier to his true love
3. While undisturbed all oth-ers are sleep- ing, Her bright eyes thro' the casement are
4. Farewell, dear maid, and cease thy weep - ing, We all, all are here in heaven's

p

are dreaming, The drum re-sounds to arms, to arms. Did-e -
is steal-ing Her lips to bid the last fare-well.
peep - - ing, The drums a-rous'd a - larm and fear.

p

keep - - ing, The sol- dier's bride will true re - main. Did-e-

rum dum dum did-e-rum dum dum did- e - rum dum dum did-e-rum dum dum did-e -
Dear - est maid now fare thee
rum dum dum did-e-rum dum dum did- e - rum dum dum did-e-rum dum dum dide -

did - e-rum dum dum, did-e-rum dum dum, did- e-rum dum dum, did- e- rum did- e -

well, ... Dear - est maid, now fare thee

did - e-rum dum dum, did- e-rum dum dum, did- e-rum dum dum, did -e- rum did- e -

fz *p* *ritard.*

rum, Dear - est maid, now fare thee well, now fare thee

well,

fz *p*

rum, Dear - est maid, now fare thee well, now fare thee

tempo. *ritard.* *f* *p*

well, Dearest maid, now fare thee well, fare thee well, farewell, farewell.

f *p*

well, Dearest maid, now fare thee well, now fare thee well, farewell, farewell.

ROBIN ADAIR.

KINGSLEY.

Andante.

1. What's this dull town to me? Ro - bin's not near; What was't I wish'd to see, What wish'd to hear, Where's all the joy and mirth, Made this town a heav'n on earth? Oh! they're all fled with thee, Ro - bin A - - - dair.
2. What made th' assembly shine, Ro - bin A - dair! What made the ball so fine? Ro - bin was there. What, when the play was o'er, What made my heart so sore? Oh! it was part - ing with Ro - bin A - - dair.
3. But now thou'rt cold to me, Ro - bin A - dair! But now thou'rt cold to me, Ro - bin A - dair! Yet him I lov'd so well, Still in my heart shall dwell, Oh! I can ne'er for-get Ro - bin A - - - dair.

WOULD YOU?

MARSHALL.

8va. loco.

mf dim.

1. Ba - by crow - ing on your knee, While you sing some lit - tle dit-ty
2. Wife with arm a - bout your neck, Says you look just like the ba-by;
3. Lit - tle la - bor, lit - tle strife, Lit - tle care and lit - tle cot;
4. Health and com - fort, chil - dren fair, Wife to meet you at the door,

p

Pulls your hair or thumbs your "ee," Would you think it was not pret-ty?
Wants some cash to make a "spec," And you would re-fuse her may be?
Would you sigh for sin - gle life? Would you mur-mur at your lot?
Fond hearts throbbing for you there; Tell me would you ask for more?

Tell me, could you, Tell me, could you, If you owned the baby, would you?
Could you? should you? Could you? should you? If you owned the woman, would you?
Tell me, should you? Tell me, should you? If you owned "the cottage" would you?
Should you? could you? Should you? could you? If you owned "the baby" would you?

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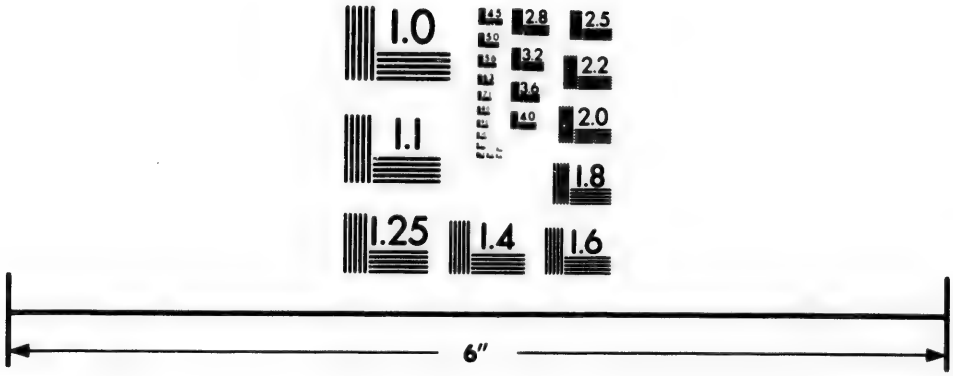

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SOME DAY.

CONWAY. WELLINGS.

p

1. I know not when the day shall be, I know not where our eyes may
2. I know not are you far or near, Or are you dead or do you

A tempo. *p*

p

meet, What welcome you may give to me, Or will your words be sad or
live; I know not who the blame should bear, Or who should plead or who for-

p

accell.

sweet; It may not be till years have passed, Till eyes are dim and tress - es
give. But when we meet some day, some day, Eyes clear-er grown the truth may

f *rit.*

gray. The world is wide, but, love, at last, Our hands, our hearts, must meet some
see, And ev-'ry cloud shall roll a - way, That darkens, love, 'twixt you and

f *rit.*

appassionato.

day. Some day, some day, some day I shall meet you;
me. Some day, &c.

rit.

Love, I know not when or how; Love, I know not when or how;

rit.

tempo.

On - ly this, on - ly this, this, that once you loved me,

tempo.

ad lib. *rit.*

On - ly this, I love you now, I love you now, I love you now.

colla voce. *rit.*

A SPRING SONG.

FROM THE "AFTERGLOW." PINSUTI.

Allegretto moderato. *p* *stac.* *legato.*

I sat beneath the Abeles old, The meads were shot with green and gold, And

p *leggero e stac.*

I sat beneath the Abeles old, The meads were shot with green and gold, And

un poco rall. *pp* *Leggero scherzoso.*

un-der-neath my feet there roll'd The lit - tle sil- v'ry Gad; The cuck-oo and the

un poco rall. *pp* *stac.* *Leggero scherzoso.*

un-der-neath my feet there roll'd The lit - tle sil- v'ry Gad; The cuck-oo and the

thrush were sing-ing, sing-ing, sing-ing, The sheep bells on the

thrush were sing - - ing sing-ing, The sheep bells on the

thrush were sing-ing, sing-ing, sing-ing, sing-ing, The sheep bells on the

ff *meno.*

hills were ringing, ringing, ringing, All life was gay and glad! All

hills, were ring - ing ringing,

ff *meno.*

hills were ringing, ringing, ringing, ringing, All life was gay and glad! All

f *dim.* *p*

life was gay and glad! All life was gay and glad! . . .

f *dim.* *p*

life was gay and glad! All life was gay and glad! . . .

cres. *f* *rall.* *f* *ritenuto.*

. . . . . all life was gay, was gay and glad!

p

was gay and glad! was gay was gay and glad!

f *p* *rall.* *f*

. . . . was gay and glad! was gay, was gay and glad!

was gay . . . . . and glad!

2nd Verse.

p

The bu - sy bab-bling wa-ter - fall Me - lo-dious- ly kept time to all, The

p

The bu - sy bab-bling wa-ter - fall Me - lo-dious- ly kept time to all, The

p

The bu - sy bab-bling wa-ter - fall Me - lo-dious- ly kept time to all, The

p

The bu - sy bab-bling wa-ter - fall Me - lo-dious- ly kept time to all, The

un poco rall. *Leggero scherzoso.*

rich May mu- sic mys- ti - cal, Ton'd to the fresh'ning air; Each rip'ning bud that

un poco rall.

rich May mu- sic mys- ti - cal, Ton'd to the fresh'ning air; Each rip'ning bud that

un poco rall. *ppstac.*

rich May mu- sic mys- ti - cal, Ton'd to the fresh'ning air; Each rip'ning bud that

un poco rall. *ppstac.*

rich May mu- sic mys- ti - cal, Ton'd to the fresh'ning air; Each rip'ning bud that

o- pen, that o - pen, o - pen flies, Seem'd gasp-ing with a

o- pen, that o - - - pen flies, Seem'd gasp-ing with a

o- pen flies,that o - pen, o - pen flies, Seem'd gasp-ing with a

o- pen flies,that o - pen, o - pen flies, Seem'd gasp-ing with a

gay, a gay sur - prise, To greet a world so fair, to

gay, a gay sur - prise, To greet a world so fair, to

gay sur-prise, a gay, a gay sur - prise, To greet a world so fair, to

gay sur-prise, a gay, a gay sur - prise, To greet a world so fair, to

meno. *f* *dim.* *p* *cres.*

greet a world so fair, to greet a world so fair! . .

dim. *p* *cres.*

greet a world so fair, to greet a world so fair! . .

f *dim.* *p*

greet a world so fair, to greet a world so fair! . .

dim. *p*

greet a world so fair, to greet a world so fair! . .

cres. *f* *rall.* *f* *ritenuto.*

. . . . . a world so fair, a world so fair!

f *p* *rall.* *f*

. . . . . a world so fair, so fair, a world so fair!

cres. *f* *p* *rall.* *f* *ritenuto.*

. . . . . a world so fair, so fair, a world so fair!

f *p* *rall.* *f*

. . . . . a world so fair, so fair, ... so fair!

3rd Verse.

p

O love- ly, love- ly, lovely spring! O rob'd in sunbeams! bridegroom, king! Breathe

p

O love- ly, love- ly, lovely spring! O rob'd in sunbeams! bridegroom, king! Breathe

p

O love- ly, love- ly, lovely spring! O rob'd in sunbeams! bridegroom, king! Breathe

p

O love- ly, love- ly, lovely spring! O rob'd in sunbeams! bridegroom, king! Breathe

un poco rall. *Leggero scherzoso.*

on my heart and bid me sing, Or ra- ther praise and pray; For emblems are these

un poco rall.

on my heart and bid me sing, Or ra- ther praise and pray; For emblems are these

un poco rall. *pp stac.*

on my heart and bid me sing, Or ra- ther praise and pray; For emblems are these

un poco rall. *pp stac.*

on my heart and bid me sing, Or ra- ther praise and pray; For emblems are these

sun-ny, these sun-ny, sun-ny hours, These gold - - en

sun-ny, these sun - ny, hours, These gold - - en

sun-ny hours, these sun- ny, sun- ny hours, These gold-en meads and

sun-ny hours, these sun- ny, sun- ny hours, These gold-en meads and

meads, and stream, and flowers, Of e - ver-last-ing May! of

meads, and stream, and flowers, Of e - ver-last-ing May! of

stream and flow'rs, These golden meads and flowers Of e - ver-last-ing May! of

stream and flow'rs, These golden meads and flowers Of e - ver-last-ing May! of

meno. *f* *dim.* *p* *cres.*

e - ver-last- ing May, of e - ver-last - ing May, . .

dim. *p* *cres.*

e - ver-last- ing May, of e - ver-last - ing May, . .

f *dim.* *p*

e - ver-last- ing May, of e - ver-last - ing May, . .

dim. *p*

e - ver-last- ing May, of e - ver-last - ing May, . .

cres. *f* *rall.* *f* *ritenuto.*

. . . . . of e - - ver- last-ing May!

f *p* *rall.* *f*

. . . . of e - ver-last-ing, of e - - ver- last-ing May!

cres. *f* *p* *rall.* *f* *ritenuto.*

. . . . of e - ver-last-ing, of e - - ver- last-ing May!

f *p* *rall.* *f*

. . . . of e - ver-last-ing, of e - - ver- last-ing May!

SONG OF THE OLD CHURCH BELL.

COOPER. CAMP. By per.

1. Up in the bel - fry I swing, I ring,
2. Come from the la - bors and dreams of life,
3. Down, when the stars are a - loft I gaze,

Here on the throne I am King; Who shall de - ny my
Mai - den and gen - tle wife; Youth of the proud am -
Watch-ing the twink-ling rays Out from the vil - lage

bold be - hest? Hith - er I sum - mon the best,
bi - tious brow, Where are thy vis - ions now?
win - dow shine; Some - bo - dy there is mine,

Hith - er I summon the best. Hith - er to wor - ship
Where are thy vis - ions now? Oth - ers are tell - ing the
Some - bo - dy there is r.ine. Hands there are part-ed and

hith - er to wed, Hith - er to sleep in a qui - et bed.
sto - ry you told, Oth - ers are scheming for glory and gold.
young lips meet, O, but the days of life are fleet!

Swing, Ring, And thus I bring,
Swing, Ring, And here I cling.
Swing, Ring, They're van - ish - ing;

All at my beck as I'm swinging, All at my beck as I'm
Shak - ing the grave with my sing-ing, Shak - ing the grave with my
Gone like the strokes I am ring-ing, Gone like the strokes I am

pp

swinging, swinging!
singing, sing-ing!
ringing, ring-ing!

e ritenuto sin al fine.

p *pp* *p* *ppp*

YOU STOLE MY LOVE.

MUNDAY. MACFARREN.

TREBLE. *Allegro.* *p*

You stole my love; fy up-on you, fy! You stole my love, fy, fy, a;

ALTO. *p*

TENOR. *p*

You stole my love; fy up-on you, fy! You stole my love, fy, fy, a!

BASS. *p*

mf

Guessed you but what a pain it is to prove, You for your love would die, a; And

mf

You for your love would die, a;

mf

Guessed you but what a pain it is to prove, You for your love would die, a; And

mf

mf

henceforth nev-er long-er, Be such a craf-ty wrong-er: But

mf

mf

henceforth nev-er long-er, Be such a craf-ty wrong-er: But

mf

when deceit takes such a fall, Then fare - well, sly de - vice and all

when deceit takes such a fall, Then farewell, device and all.

when de - ceit takes such a fall, Then farewell, device and all

when deceit takes such a fall, Then fare - well, sly device and all.

p

You stole my love: fy up - on you, fy! You stole my love, fy fy, a,

p

You stole my love; fy, fy, fy, fy up - on you,

p

You stole my love; fy, fy, fy, fy up - on you,

p

You stole my love; fy up - on you, fy! You stole my love, fy, fy, a, fy,

fy up-on you, fy! fy up-on you, fy upon you, fy up-on you, fy!

fy, fy upon you, fy, fy, fy! fy, fy up - on you,

fy up-on you, fy, fy, fy, fy! fy up-on you, fy!

fy, fy up-on you, fy, fy, fy up-on you, fy, fy, up - on you,

cres. *f*

fy up - on you, fy! You stole my love, you stole my love; fy, fy, up -

cres. *f*

fy, fy, fy! You stole my love, stole my love; fy, fy, up -

cres. *f*

fy, fy, fy! You stole my love, you stole my love; fy, fy, up -

cres. *f*

fy, fy, fy! You stole my love, stole my love, fy, fy, up -

cres.

on you; fy, fy, fy! You stole my love; fy, fy, up - on you;

cres.

on you, fy! You stole my love; fy up - on you,

cres.

on you, fy! you stole my love; fy, fy up - on you,

cres.

on you, fy - fy! You stole my love; fy, fy up - on you;

f con fuoco.

You stole my love; fy up - on you, fy! You stole my love, fy on you, fy

f

You stole my love; fy up - on you, fy! You stole my love, fy on you, fy

f

You stole my love; fy up - on you, fy! You stole my love, fy on you, fy

f

You stole my love; fy up - on you, fy! You stole my love, fy on you, fy

ff

on you, my love, You stole my love; fy, fy, up - on you!

ff

on you, my love, stole my love; fy, fy, up - on you!

ff

on you, my love, my love; you stole, fy, fy up - on you!

ff

on you, my love, my love; you stole, fy, fy on you!

WE'LL MEET ABOVE.

LIEBE. Arr. by MARSHALL. By per.

Andante con moto.

1. Sun - ny rays, sun-ny light, Drive from my heart its night, 'Tis like the bir - die bright,

2. You meadow green shall bear Flowers of beau-ty rare, So long they blossom there, Un-

3. When I shall cease to live, And thy fare - well receive, Then one last kiss to give, Do

Bound - ing in glee, Sorrow will now depart, For all my own thou art, Close to thy

bro - ken lie, Then must they fade away. My love shall ever stay, Tho' my heart

not dis-dain; When thou mine eyes shall close, And wish me sweet repose, Say, as my

rit.

lov-ing heart, Thou holdest me, Close to thy lov-ing heart, Thou holdest me.

per - ish may, That ne'er can die; Tho' my heart per-ish may, That ne'er can die.

spir - it goes, To meet a - gain; Say, as my spir - it goes, To meet a - gain.

FAITHFU' JOHNIE.

Andante semplice, BEETHOVEN.

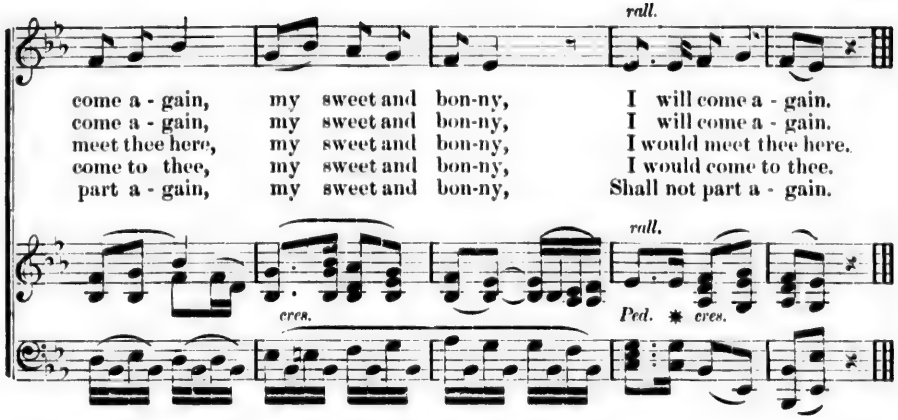
p *dolce.* *p*

1. When will you come a - gain, my faith-fu' Joh-nie, When will you come a - gain?
2. Then winter's wind will blow, my faith-fu' Joh-nie, Then win-ter's wind will blow:
3. Then will you meet me here, my faith-fu' Joh-nie, Then will you meet me here?
4. O come na by the muir, my faith-fu' Joh-nie, O come na by the muir.
5. And shall we part a - gain, my faith-fu' Joh-nie, Shall we then part a - gain?

When the corn is ga - ther-ed, and the leaves are with-er - ed, I will
Though the day be dark wi' drift, that I can not see the lift, I will
Though the night were hal - low e'en, when the fear - fu' sights are seen, I would
Though the wraiths were glist'ning white, by the dim elf - can-dle's light, I would
So lang's my eye can see, Jean, that face so dear to me Jean, We shall not

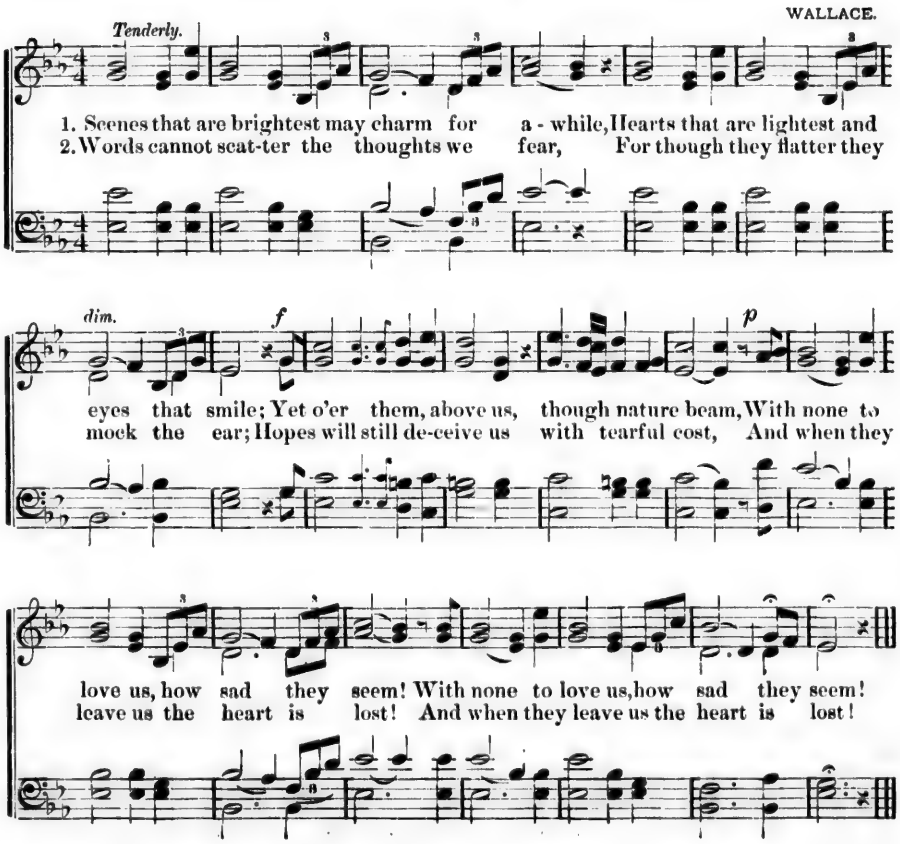
Ped. * *pp* *Ped.* *

p *p*



SCENES THAT ARE BRIGHTEST.

WALLACE.



AWAKE.

REA. ADAMS.

Andante grazioso.

p

Awake, my pet; . . . . What! slumb'ring yet, . . . When the

p

day's . . so warm and bright? . . . The flow'rs that wept . . . Be-fore they

slept, . . . O'er the dark - ness of yes - ter - night, ... O'er the

rall. *a tempo.*

dark - ness of yes - ter - night, . . . Have listen'd long . . . To the lark's wild

p

song, . . . And a - woke with the morn-ing light. . . . . Awake, my

cres - - - cen - - - do. *f*

pet, . . . What! slumb'ring yet? . . . A - wake, a - wake, . . my

f

pet! . .

f

Again and a-gain . . Thro' the window

ff *p*

pane . . . The jas - mine flow'rs kept peep - ing; So I op-en'd

wide . . The sash, and tried, . . . As the sun - ny rays came

rall. *a tempo.*

creep - ing, As the sun - ny rays came creep - ing, All in at the

p

door, . . . And a-long the floor, ... To tell them you were

cres - - cen - - do. *f*

sleep - ing, Awake, my pet, . . . While the dew is wet, ... A -

f

wake, a - wake, my pet. . .

colla voce. *f*

rall. *p* *pp*

OH, WHO WILL O'ER THE DOWNS SO FREE.

PEARSALL.

Moderato.

ff

Oh, who will o'er the downs so free, Oh, who will with me ride, Oh,

ff

p

who will up and fol - low me, To win a bloom - ing bride? Her

p

cres

f

fa - ther he has lock'd the door, Her mo - ther keeps the key; But

cres.

f

ff

rit.

nei - ther door nor bolt shall part My own true love from me!

ff

rit.

p

cres.

I saw her bow'r at twi-light grey, 'Twas guarded safe and sure; I

p

cres.

f

p

saw her bow'r at break of day, 'Twas guard-ed then no more! The

f

p

cres.

var - lets they were all a - sleep, And none was near to see The

cres.

f *rit.*

greet - ing fair that pass - ed there Be - tween my love and me!

f *rit.*

mf *ff*

I pro-mis'd her to come at night, With comrades brave and true, A

mf *ff*

pp

gal - lant band with sword in hand To break her pri - son through: I

pp

cres.

pro-mised her to come at night; She's wait - ing now for me; And

cres.

rall. *ff*

ere the dawn of morn - ing light, I'll set my true love free, And

rall. *ff*

rit.

ere the dawn of morn - ing light, I'll set my true love free!

rit.

GRANDMOTHER'S CHAIR.

READ. By per.

Moderato.

1. My grand-moth-er she at the age of eigh-ty-three One day in May was ta-ken ill and died; And
2. I thot' it hard-ly fair, still I said I did not care, And in the ev'ning took the chair a-way; The
3. What my brother said was true, for in a year or two, Strange to say, I set-tled down in mar-ried life; I
4. One night the chair fell down; when I pick'd it up I found The seat had fall-en out up-on the floor, And

af-ter she was dead, the will, of course, was read, By a lawyer as we all stood by his side; To my broth-er, it was found, she had left a hundred pounds, The
neighbors they me chaff'd, my brother at me laugh'd, And said "it will be useful, John, some day, When you set-tle down in life, find some girl to be your wife, You'll
first a girl did court, and then the ring I bought, Took her to church, and when she was my wife, The old girl and me, were as hap-py as could be, For
there, to my surprise, I saw before my eyes A lot of notes, two thousand pounds or more! When my broth-er heard of this, the fel-low, I con-fess, Went

same un - to my sis-ter I de - clare, But when it came to me, the
find it ve - ry hand-y I de - clare, On a cold and fros - ty night, when the
when my work was o - ver I de - clare, I ne'er abroad would roam, but each
near-ly mad with rage, and tore his hair, But I on - ly laugh'd at him, then

cres.

law - yer said, "I see, She has left to you her old arm chair."
fire is burn-ing bright, You can then sit in your old arm chair.
night would stay at home, And be seat - ed in my old arm chair.
said un - to him "Jem, Don't you wish you had the old arm chair?"

And how they titter'd, how they chaff'd, How my brother and sis - ter laugh'd,

mf

When they heard the lawyer declare, Granny had only left to me her old arm chair!

SWISS PEOPLE'S SONG.

F. KUCKEN.

Andante con moto. *dim.*

1. There's one that I love dear - ly, And I can tell you

mf *cres.* *legato.*

2. There's one that I love dear - ly, Her name I will not

3. At morn I climb the moun - tain, And leave my mai- den

mf *cres.* *legato.*

cres.

this, There's one that I love dear - ly, And I can tell you this, If

tell, There's one that I love dear - ly, Her name I will not tell; But

dear, At morn I climb the moun - tain, And leave my mai- den dear, But

cres.

I could own that mai-den sweet With face so lov - ly, form so

mountain e - choes know the sound, That oft in song, with glad re-

p

ah! tho' I be far a- way, My heart remains, nor will it

1. I could own With face so lov - ly, form so

esp. *poco animato e sempre cres.* *f* *riten.*

neat, If I could own that maiden sweet, My heart would burst with

dol. *f* *riten.*

bound, That oft in song, with glad rebound, Fills all the for- est

p *f*

stray, ...
stray, My heart remains nor will it stray, Our love is so sin-

dol. *poco animato e sempre cres.* *f* *riten.*

neat,

pp *cres.* *f dim.*

bliss! La, la, la, . . la, la, la, . . la, la, . . .

dell. La, la, la, . . la, la, la, . . la, la, . . .

pp *cres.* *f dim.*

cere. La, la, la, . . la, la, la, . . la, la, . . .

pp *f* *f*

. . la, la, . . . la, la, My heart would burst with bliss.

pp

. . la, la, . . . la, la, Fills all the for - est dell.

f *f*

pp

. . la, la, . . . la, la, Our love is so sin - cere.

OVER THE GARDEN WALL.

HUNTER. FOX. By per.

Vivace.

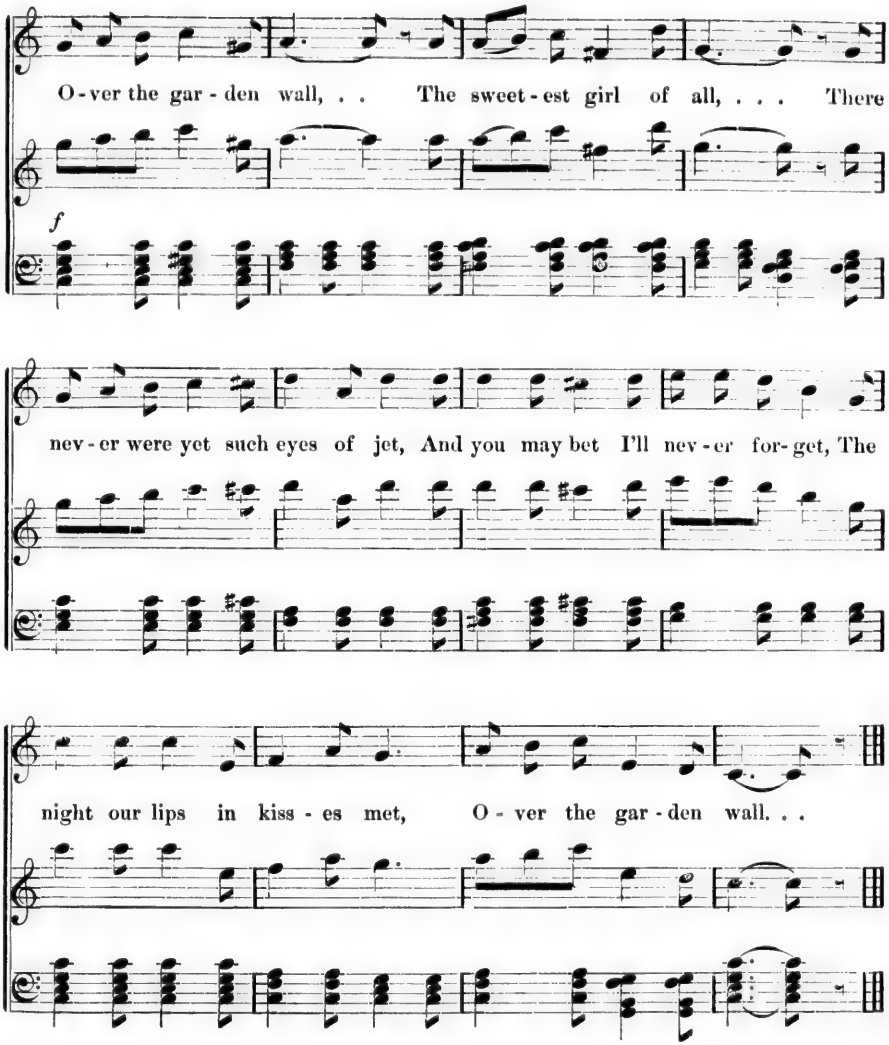
1. Oh, my love stood un-der the wal-nut tree, O-ver the gar-den wall, . . She
2. But her father stamp'd, and her fa-ther raved, O-ver the gar-den wall, . . And

p

whisper'd and said she'd be true to me, O-ver the gar-den wall. . . . She'd
like an old mad-man he be-haved, O-ver the gar-den wall. . . . She

beau-ti-ful eyes, and beautiful hair, She was not ve-ry tall so she stood on a chair, And
made a bouquet of ro-ses red, But im-me-di-ate-ly I popp'd up my head, He

ma-ny a time have I kiss'd her there, O-ver the gar-den wall. . .
gave me a buck-et of wa-ter in-stead, O-ver the gar-den wall. . .



3 One day I jumped down on the other side,
Over the garden wall,
And she bravely promised to be my bride,
Over the garden wall;
But she scream'd in a fright, "Here's father, quick,
I have an impression he's bringing a stick;"
But I brought the impression of half a brick
Over the garden wall.

Cho.—

4 But where there's a will, there's always a way,
Over the garden wall,
There's always a night as well as a day,
Over the garden wall.
We hadn't much money, but weddings are cheap,
So while the old fellow was snoring asleep,
With a lad and a ladder she managed to creep
Over the garden wall.

Cho.—

MAMMA, MAMMA.

BAYLY BLEWITT.

Allegretto.

f

1. Why don't the men propose, mamma? Why don't the men pro-pose? Each
2. I'm sure I've done the best, mamma, To make a prop - er match; For
3. I threw a-side the books and thought That Ig- norance was bliss; I
4. And what is to be done mamma? Oh, what is to be done? I

p

seems just com-ing to the point, And then a-way he goes! It
Cor - o-nets and eld - est sons, I'm ev - er on the watch; I've
felt convinced that men prefer'd A sim - ple sort of Miss; And
real - ly have no time to lose, For I am thir - ty - one; At

f

is no fault of yours, mamma, That ev'-ry bo - dy knows; You fête the fin - est
hopes when some distingué beau, A glance upon me throws; But though he'll dance and
so I lisp'd out naught beyond Plain "yeses," or "plain noes," And wore a sweet un-
balls I am too oft - en left Where spinsters sit in rows; Why won't the men pro-

men in town, Yet, oh, they won't pro-pose! they won't, they
smile and flirt, A - las, he won't pro-pose! he won't, he
mean - ing smile; Yet, oh, they won't pro-pose! they won't, they
pose, mamma? Why won't the men pro-pose! they won't, they

lento.

won't, they won't, they won't pro- pose, mam - ma, mam-
won't. he won't, he won't pro- pose, mam - ma, mam-
won't, they won't, they won't pro- pose, mam - ma, mam-
won't, they won't, they won't pro- pose? mam - ma, mam-

pp

ma, they won't, they won't propose!
ma, he won't, he won't propose!
ma, they won't, they won't propose!
ma, why won't the men propose?

ff

pp *ff*

THE THREE CALLS.

WOODBURY. By per.

Allegretto piu Recitante.

3d hour.—O slum - ber-er, rouse thee! de - spise not the truth, But give thy Cre-
6th & 9th hours.—O loi - ter-er, speed thee! the morn wears a - pace; Then squan - der no
11th hour.—O sin - ner, a-rouse thee! thy morn - ing is pass'd; Al - read - y the

a - tor the days of thy youth; Why stand - est there i - dle! the
long - er the mo - ments of grace, But haste while there's time! with thy
shad - ows are length - en - ing fast; Es - cape, for thy life! from the

day breaketh, see! The Lord of the vine - yard is wait - ing for thee.
Mas - ter a - gree; The Lord of the vineyard stands waiting for thee.
dark mountains flee; The Lord of the vine- yard yet wait - eth for thee.

Andante affetuoso.

"Ho - ly Spir - it, by thy pow-er, Grant me yet an - oth - er hour; Earthly
Gen-tle Spir - it, stay, oh stay, Brightly beams the ear - ly day; Let me
Spir-it, cease thy mournful lay, Leave me to my-self, I pray; Earth hath

pleas-ures I would prove, Earth-ly joy, and earth-ly love; Scarcely
lin-ger in these bow-ers; God shall have my noon-tide hours; Chide me
flung her spell a-round me, Pleasure's silk-en chain hath bound me; When the

rit.

yet has dawn'd the day; Ho-ly Spir-it, wait, I pray!
not, for my de-lay, Gentle Spir-it, wait, I pray!
sun his path hath trod, Spir-it, then I'll turn to God!

rit.

Penseroso Recitante.

ff

Ritenuto.

Hark! borne on the wind is the bell's sol-emn toll; 'Tis mournful-ly peal-ing the

knell of a soul—The Spir-it's sweet plead-ings and striv-ings are

o'er; The Lord of the vineyard stands waiting no more. . .

ALL IS WELL.

BOWLY. MARSHALL. By per.

Allegro moderato.

1. Thro' the love of God, our Saviour, All will be well; Free and changeless is His fa-vor;
2. Tho' we pass thro' tribulation, All will be well; Ours is such a full sal-va-tion;
3. We expect a bright tomorrow, All will be well; Faith can sing thro' days of sor-row;

All, all is well! Precious is the Blood that healed us, Per-fect is the grace that
All, all is well! Hap-py, still in God con-fid-ing, Fruit-ful, if in Christ a
All, all is well! On our Father's love re-ly-ing, Je-sus eve-ry need sup-

sealed us, Strong the hand stretched forth to shield us; All must be well!
bid-ing, Ho-ly, through the Spir-it's guid-ing; All must be well!
ply-ing, Or in liv-ing, or in dy-ing; All must be well!

I CANNOT SING THE OLD SONGS.

CLARIBEL.

Slowly.

1. I can-not sing the old songs I
2. I cannot sing the old songs; Their
3. I can-not sing the old songs, For

mp

sung long years ago, For heart and voice would fail me, And foolish tears would flow; For
charm is sad and deep; Their melodies would waken Old sorrows from their sleep; And
visions come a- gain Of golden dreams de-part - ed, And years of weary pain; Per-

by-gone hours come o'er my heart With each familiar strain; I cannot sing the old songs, Or
tho' all un-for-gotten still, And sadly sweet they be, I cannot sing the old songs; They
haps when earthly fetters Have set my spir-it free, My voice may know the old songs For

dream those dreams again; I can-not sing the old songs, Or dream those dreams again.
are too dear to me; I can-not sing the old songs; They are too dear to me. . .
all e - ter - ni - ty; My voice may know the old songs For all e- ter - ni - ty.

IF PAPA WERE ONLY READY.

BLISS. By per.

Thoughtfully.

1. I should like to die, said Willie, if my pa-pa could die too; But he
2. But she told me, I remember, once while sitting on her knee, That the
3. There I know I shall be hap-py, and will al-ways want to stay; I shall
4. There will be none but the ho-ly—I shall know no more of sin; Tho' I'll
5. Nellie says, that may be I shall ve - ry soon be call'd a- way; If pa-

says he is - n't read -y, 'cause he has so much to do; And my lit - tle sis - ter
an - gels nev- er wea- ry, watching o - ver her and me; And that if we're good—(and
love to hear the sing-ing, I shall love the end-less day; I shall love to look at
see mam-ma and Nel- lie, for I know he'll let them in, But I'll have to tell the
pa were on - ly read - y, I should like to go to-day; But if I should go be-

Nel- lie says that I must sure-ly die, And that she and mamma—then she stopp'd, be-
mam-ma told me just the same before,) They will let us in - to heav - en when they
Je - sus, I shall love him more and more, And I'll gath-er wa - ter - lil - ies for the
an-gel, when I meet him at the door, That he must ex-cuse my pa - pa, 'cause he
fore him to that world of light and joy, Then I guess he'd want to come to heav'n to

ad lib.

cause it made me cry; And that she and mamma—then she stopp'd, because it made me cry.
see us at the door; They will let us in - to heaven when they see us at the door.
an - gel at the door; And I'll gather wa- ter -lil - ies for the an - gel at the door.
could-n't leave the store; That he must excuse my papa, 'cause he couldn't leave the store.
see his lit - tle boy; Then I guess he'd want to come to heav'n to see his lit-tle boy.

O HUSH THEE, MY BABIE!

SULLIVAN.

TREBLE. *p*

O hush thee, my ba- bie! thy sire was a knight, Thy moth-er a

ALTO. *p*

O hush thee, my ba- bie! thy sire was a knight, Thy moth-er a

TENOR. *p*

O hush thee, my ba- bie! thy sire was a knight, Thy moth-er a

BASS. *p*

O hush thee, my ba- bie! thy sire was a knight, Thy moth-er a

cres. *dim.* *p*

la - dy both gen-tle and bright, both gen-tle and bright; The woods and the

cres. *dim.* *p*

la - dy both gen-tle and bright, both gen-tle and bright: The woods and the

cres. *dim.* *p*

la - dy both gen-tle and bright, both gen - tle and bright; The woods and the

cres. *dim.* *p*

la - dy both gen-tle and bright, both gen-tle and bright; The woods and the

cres - - cen

glens from the tow'rs which we see, They are all be - long-ing, dear ba-bie, to

glens from the tow'rs which we see, They are all be- long-ing to

cres - - cen -

glens from the tow'rs which we see, They are all be- long-ing to

glens from the tow'rs which we see, They are all be- long-ing to

do. *f* *dim.*

thee, They are all be- long-ing, dear ba- bie, to thee.

f *pp* *stac.*

thee, They are all be- long-ing, dear ba- bie, to thee. O hush thee, my

do. *f* *dim* *pp*

thee, They are all be- long-ing, dear ba- bie, to thee. O hush thee, my

f *pp*

thee, They are all be- long-ing, to thee. O hush thee, O hush thee, my

p

O hush . . . . thee, my ba- - - - - - bie.

ba- bie, O hush thee, my ba-bie, O hush thee,my ba - bie.

ba- bie, O hush thee, my ba-bie, O hush thee,my ba - bie.

ba- bie, O hush thee, my ba-bie, O hush thee,my ba - bie.

f

O fear not the bu- gle, though loud-ly it blows; It calls but the

f

O fear not the bu- gle, though loud-ly it blows; It calls but the

f

O fear not the bu- gle, though loud-ly it blows; It calls but the

f

O fear not the bu- gle, though loud-ly it blows; It calls but the

cres. *dim.* *p*

warders that guard thy re- pose, that guard thy re- pose. Their bows would be

cres. *dim.* *p*

warders that guard thy re- pose, that guard thy re- pose, Their bows would be

cres. *dim.* *p*

warders that guard thy re- pose, that guard thy re- pose. Their bows would be

cres. *dim.* *p*

warders that guard thy re- pose, that guard thy re- pose. Their bows would be

cres - - cen -

bend-ed; their blades would be red, Ere the step of a foeman draws near to thy

bend-ed; their blades would be red, Ere the step of a foeman draws

cres - - cen -

bend-ed; their blades would be red, Ere the step of a foeman draws

bend-ed; their blades would be red, Ere the step of a foeman draws

do. f *dim.* *p*

bed, Ere the step of a foeman draws near to thy bed. O

f *pp* *stac.*

near, Ere the step of a foeman draws near to thy bed. O hush thee, my babie, O

do. f *dim. pp*

near, Ere the step of a foeman draws near to thy bed. O hush hee, my babie, O

f *pp*

near, Ere the step of a foeman draws near. O hush thee, O hush thee, my babie, O

hush . . thee my ba - - - - bie. O hush thee, my babie, the

hush thee, my babie, O hush thee, my ba - bie. O hush thee, my babie, the

hush thee, my babie, O hush thee, my ba - bie. O hush thee, my babie, the

hush thee, my babie, O hush thee, my ba - bie. O hush thee, my babie, the

time soon will come, When thy sleep shall be bro-ken by trumpet and drum, by

time soon will come, When thy sleep shall be bro-ken by trumpet and drum, by

time soon will come, When thy sleep shall be bro-ken by trumpet and drum, by trum-

time soon will come, When thy sleep shall be bro-ken by trumpet and drum, by

cres.

trumpet and drum; Then hush thee, my darling, take rest while you may, For strife comes with

cres.

trumpet and drum; Then hush thee, my darling, take rest while you may, For strife comes with

cres.

pet and drum; Then hush thee, my darling, take rest while you may, For strife . .

cres.

trumpet and drum; Then hush thee, my darling, take rest while you may, For strife comes with

dim.

manhood,and waking with day;For strife comes with manhood,and wak - ing with

dim.

manhood,and waking with day;For strife comes with manhood,and wak - ing with

dim.

. . comes with man - hood;For strife comes with manhood,and wak - ing with

dim. *pp*

manhood,and waking with day;For strife comes with manhood,and waking with day.O

p

day. O hush . . . . thee, O hush . .

pp *stac.*

day. O hush thee, my ba-bie! O hush thee,my ba-bie! O hush thee, my

pp *stac.*

day. O hush thee,my ba-bie! O hush thee,my ba-bie! O hush thee, my

stac. *stac.*

hush thee,O hush thee,my ba-bie! O hush thee,my ba-bie! O hush thee, my

dim. *pprall.*

. . thee, O hush . . . thee, O hush thee, O hush thee,my ba - - bie!

dim. *pprall.*

ba- bie! O hush thee,my babe! O hush thee,my ba - - bie!

dim. *pprall.*

ba- bie! O hush . . . thee, O hush thee, O hush thee,my ba - - bie!

dim. *pprall.*

ba- bie! O hush thee,my babe! O hush thee,my ba - - bie!

HOME, SWEET HOME.

BISHOP.

TREBLE. *With expression.*

1. Mid pleasures and pa - la-ces though we may roam, Be it ev - er so

ALTO.

TENOR.

2. An ex - ile from home, splendor dazzles in vain, Oh! give me my

BASS.

cres.

hum - ble, there's no place like home! A charm from the skies seems to hal - low us

cres.

cres.

low - ly thatch'd cottage a - gain; The birds sing-ing gai - ly, that came at my

cres.

with expression.

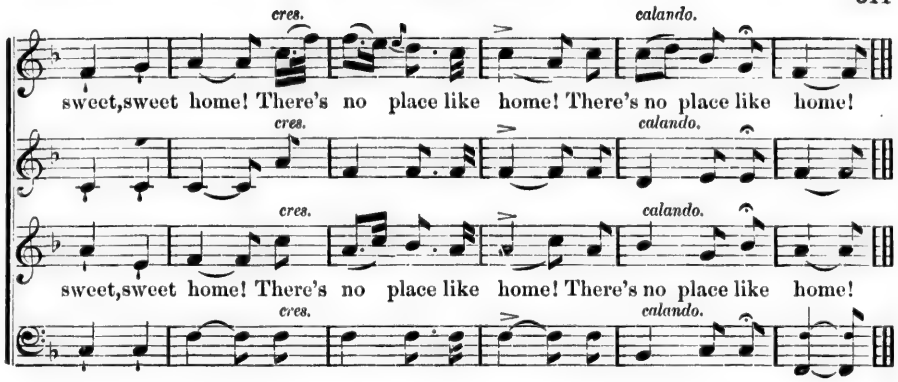
there, Which, seek through the world, Is ne'er met with elsewhere; Home! home!

with expression

with expression.

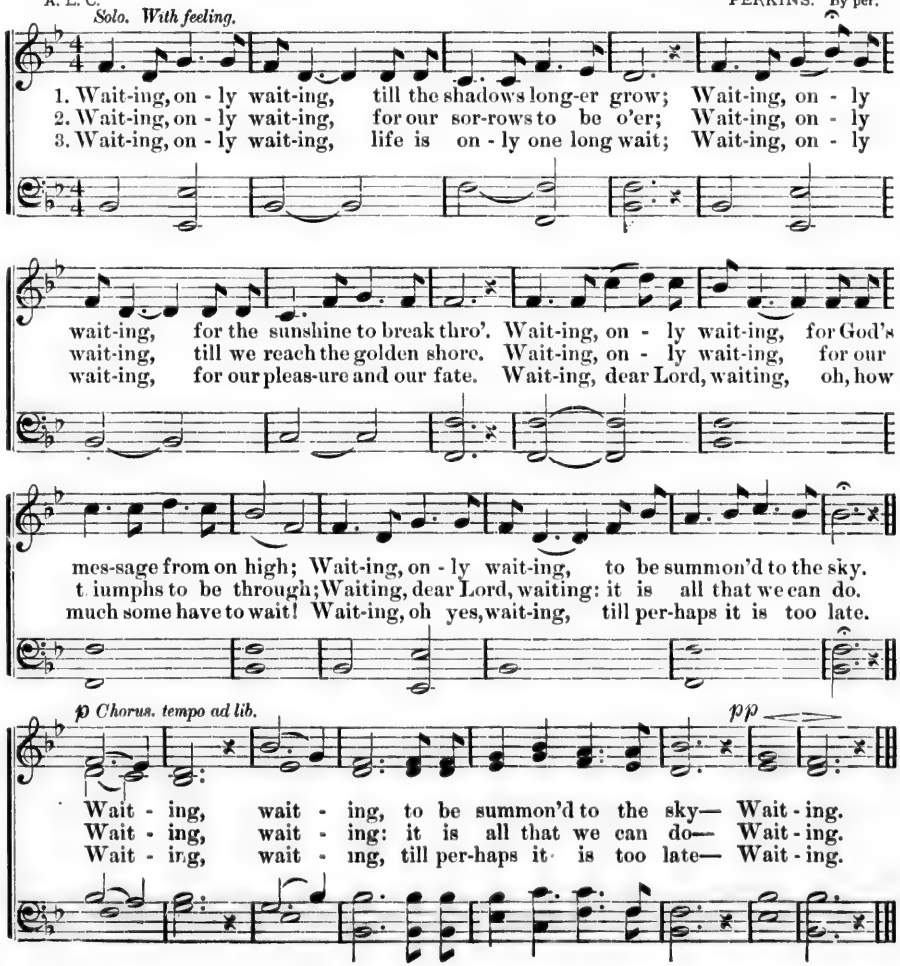
call, Give me them with that peace of mind, dearer than all, Home! home!

with expression.



WAITING, ONLY WAITING.

A. L. C. PERKINS. By per.



SIMON THE CELLARER.

HATTON.

Allegretto.

p *f*

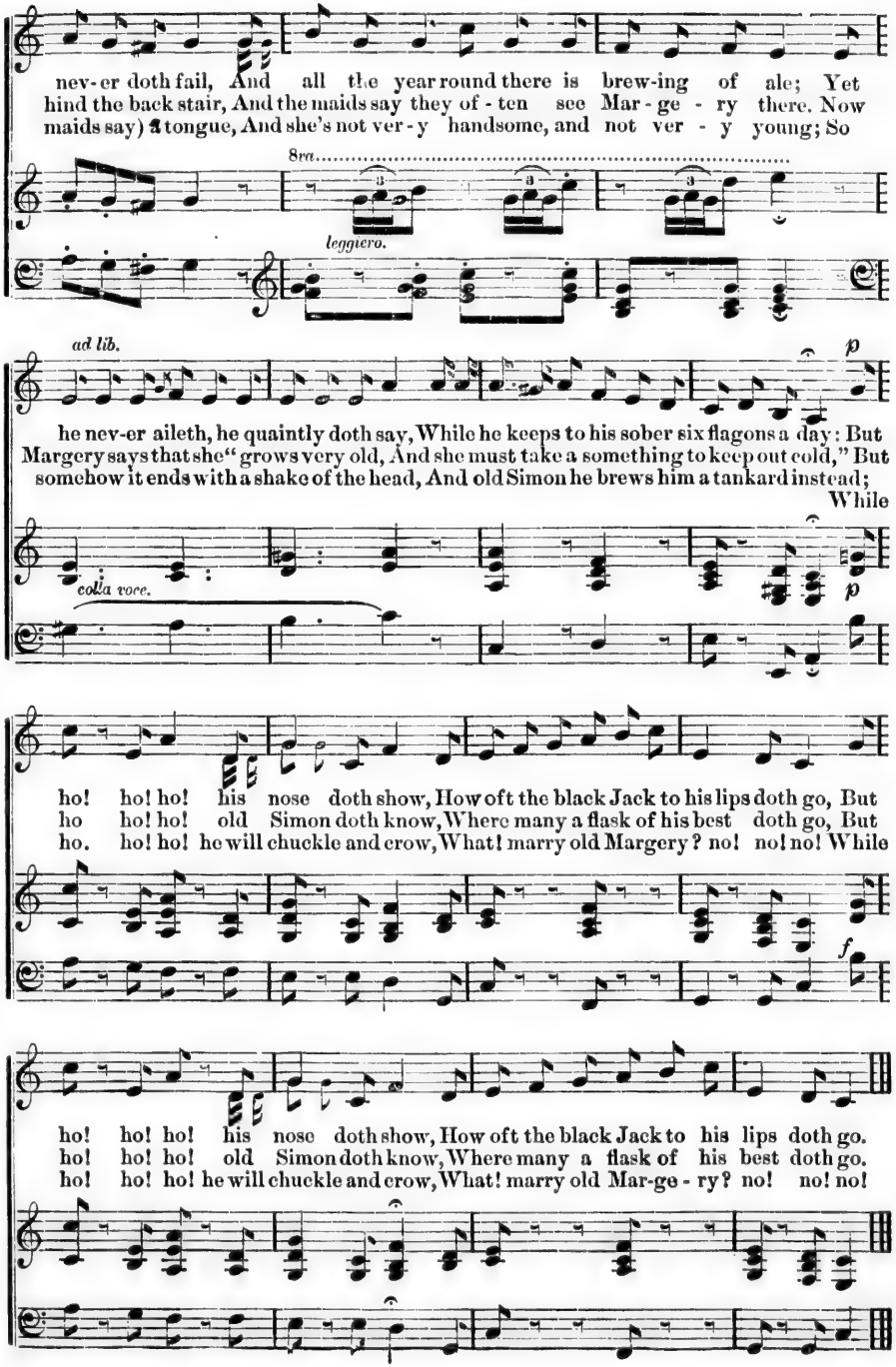
p

Old Si - mon the Cel - lar - er keeps a rare store, Of Malmsey and Mal - voi-
Dame Mar - ge - ry sits in her own still room, And a ma - tron sage is
Old Si - mon re-clines in his high-back'd chair, And oft talks a - bout taking a

p

sie . . And Cy-prus, and who can say how many more! For a cha - ry old soul is
she; . . From thence oft at cur-few is waft - ed a fume, She says, "it is Rose-ma-
wife; . And Mar - ge-ry is oft-en heard to declare, "She ought to be settled in

he, . . A cha - ry old soul is he. . . . Of Sack and Ca - na - ry he
rie,". . She says "it is Rose - ma - rie;". . . But there's a small cupboard be-
life!" "She ought to be settled in life!". . . But Mar-ge - ry has (so the


nev-er doth fail, And all the year round there is brew-ing of ale; Yet
hind the back stair, And the maids say they of - ten see Mar - ge - ry there. Now
maids say) a tongue, And she's not ver - y handsome, and not ver - y young; So
8va
leggiero.
ad lib.
p
he nev-er aileth, he quaintly doth say, While he keeps to his sober six flagons a day: But
Margery says that she "grows very old, And she must take a something to keep out cold," But
somehow it ends with a shake of the head, And old Simon he brews him a tankard instead;
While
colla voce.
p
ho! ho! ho! his nose doth show, How oft the black Jack to his lips doth go, But
ho ho! ho! old Simon doth know, Where many a flask of his best doth go, But
ho. ho! ho! he will chuckle and crow, What! marry old Margery? no! no! no! While
f
ho! ho! ho! his nose doth show, How oft the black Jack to his lips doth go.
ho! ho! ho! old Simon doth know, Where many a flask of his best doth go.
ho! ho! ho! he will chuckle and crow, What! marry old Mar-ge - ry? no! no! no!

ROCK'D IN THE CRADLE OF THE DEEP.

WILLARD. KNIGHT

*p

1. Rock'd in the cra-dle of the deep, ... I lay me down . . . . in peace to
2. And such the trust that still were mine . . . Tho' stormy winds . . swept o'er the

p

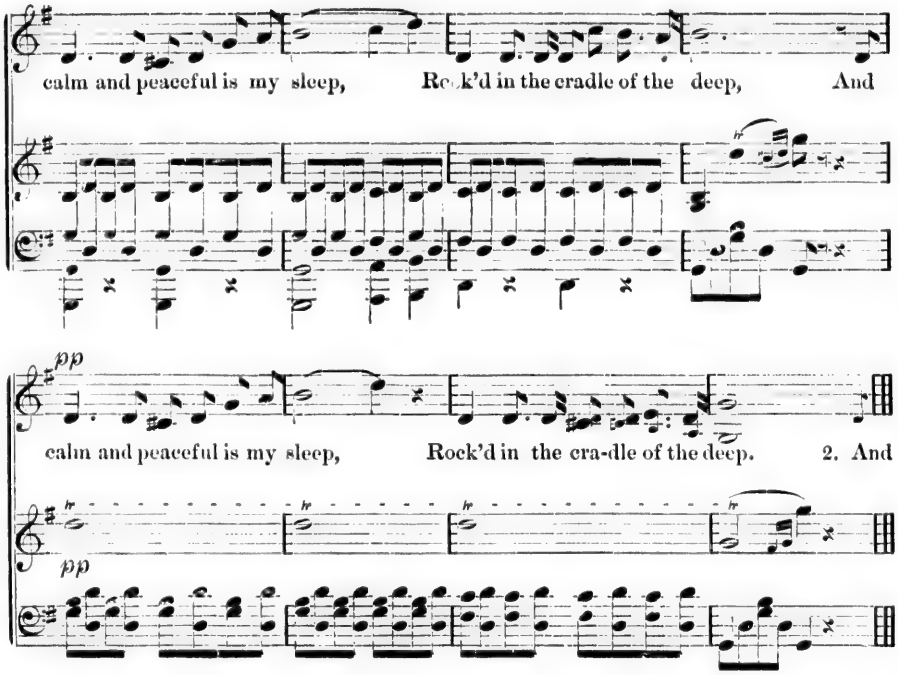
sleep; Se-cure I rest up-on the wave, For Thou, oh
brine, Or though the tem-pest's fi-ery breath Roused me from

pp

Lord! hast power to save. I know Thou wilt not slight my
sleep to wreck and death! In o-cean cave still safe with

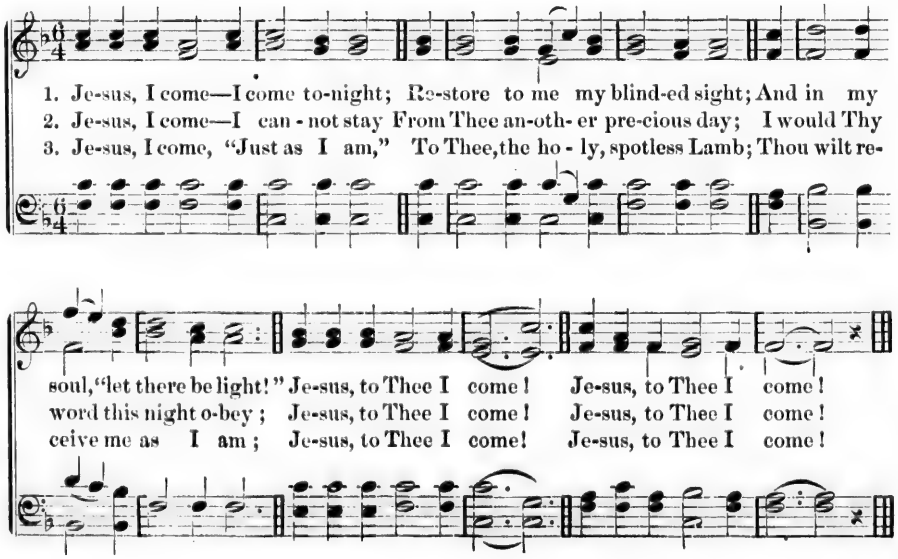
call, For Thou dost mark the spar-row's fall! And
Thee, The germ of im-mor-tal-i-ty; And

*Play first four measures for introduction and interlude.



JESUS, TO THEE I COME.

GOULD.



SWEET AND LOW.

TENNYSON. BARNBY.

Larghetto. *pp*

SOPRANO.

Sweet and low, sweet and low, Wind of the western sea, Low, low, breathe and blow,

ALTO. *pp*

Sweet and low, sweet and low, Wind of the western sea, Low, low, breathe and blow,

TENOR. *pp*

Sweet and low, sweet and low, Wind of the western sea, Low, low, breathe and blow,

BASS. *pp*

Sweet and low, sweet and low, Wind of the western sea, Low, low, breathe and blow,

p *mf* *pp*

Wind of the western sea. O-ver the roll - ing wa - ters go, Come from the dy-ing

p *mf* *pp*

Wind of the western sea. O - ver the wa - ters go, Come from the

p *mf* *pp*

Wind of the western sea. O-ver the roll - ing wa - ters go, Come from th. dy-ing

p *mf* *pp*

Wind of the western sea. O -ver the roll - ing wa - ters go, Come from the

f *p* *rall.* *e*

moon and blow, Blow him a - gain to me. . . . While my lit - tle one

f *p* *rall.* *e*

moon and blow, Blow him a - gain to me. . . . While my lit - tle one

f *p* *rall.* *e*

moon and blow, Blow him a - gain to me. . . . While my lit - tle one

f *p* *rall.* *e*

moon and blow, Blow him a - gain to me. . . . While my lit - tle one

dim. *pp* *pp Tempo primo*

while my pret-ty one sleeps. . . . . Sleep and rest, sleep and rest, Father will come to thee

dim. *pp* *pp*

while my pret-ty one sleeps. . . . . Sleep and rest, sleep and rest, Father will come to thee

dim. *pp* *pp*

while my pret-ty one sleeps. . . . . Sleep and rest, sleep and rest, Father will come to thee

dim. *pp* *pp*

while my pret-ty one sleeps. . . . . Sleep and rest, sleep and rest, Father will come to thee

sf *p*

soon. Rest, rest, on moth-er's breast, Fa-ther will come to thee soon;

sf *p*

soon. Rest, rest, on moth-er's breast, Fa-ther will come to thee soon;

sf *p*

soon. Rest, rest, on moth-er's breast, Fa-ther will come to thee soon;

sf *p*

soon. Rest, rest, on moth-er's breast, Fa-ther will come to thee soon;

mf *pp*

Fa-ther will come to his babe in the nest, Sil - ver sails all out of the west,

mf *pp*

Fa - - ther will come to his babe, Sil - ver sails out of the west,

mf *pp*

Fa-ther will come to his babe in the nest, Sil - ver sails all out of the west,

mf *pp*

Fa-ther will come to his babe in the nest, Sil - ver sails out of the west,

f *p* *rall.* *e* *dim.* *pp*

Under the sil- ver moon. Sleep, my lit-tle one, sleep, my pretty one, sleep. . . . . .

f *p* *rall.* *e* *dim.* *pp*

Under the sil- ver moon. Sleep, my lit-tle one, sleep, my pretty one, sleep. . . . . .

f *p* *rall.* *e* *dim.* *pp*

Under the sil- ver moon. Sleep, my lit-tle one, sleep, my pretty one, sleep. . . . . .

f *p* *rall.* *e* *dim.* *pp*

Under the sil- ver moon. Sleep, my lit-tle one, sleep, my pretty one, sleep. . . . . .

CLING CLOSE TO THE ROCK.

TAYLOR. MARSHALL. By per.

1. Cling close to the Rock, brother, dan-ger is near; Cling close to thy Saviour, and
2. Cling close to the Rock, brother, closely to- day, Ere waves of tempta - tion shall
3. Cling close to the Rock, brother, close to the Rock, Tho' tempests may rage, and tho'

doubt not nor fear. For Je - sus will hold thee, Al-migh- ty to save, Thy
sweep thee a - way. Cling close to the Rock, in the time of thy grief. For
bil - lows may shock; For Je - sus, thy Sa - viour, thy Ref-uge, thy Friend, In

Je - sus, who triumphed o'er death and the grave. Cling close to the Rock, Tho' the
Je - sus brings speed-y and pre-cious re- lief. Cling close, etc.
mer - cy hath loved thee, and loves to the end. Cling close, etc.

tem- pests may shock; As-sured of sal - va - tion, In Je - sus, the Rock.

LOWRY. LOWRY. By per.

1. Je - ru - sa - lem, for - ev - er bright, Beautiful land of rest! No win - ter there, nor
2. Je - ru - sa - lem, for - ev - er free! Beautiful land of rest! The soul's sweet home of
3. Je - ru - sa - lem, for - ev - er dear, Beautiful land of rest! Thy pearly gates al-

in
chill of night, Beautiful land of rest! The dripping cloud is chased away, The sun breaks forth
Liberty, Beautiful land of rest! The gyves of sin, the chains of woe, The ransomed there will
most appear, Beautiful land of rest! And when we tread thy lovely shore, We'll sing the song
we've

f *p* *f*

end - less day. Je - ru - sa - lem! The beau - ti - ful land of rest; Je - ru - sa -
nev - er know. Je - ru - sa - lem! The beau - ti - ful land of rest; Je - ru - sa -
sung be - fore. Je - ru - sa - lem! The beau - ti - ful land of rest; Je - ru - sa -

p *Duett.* *rit.*

lem! The beautiful land of rest. Beau - ti - ful land! Beau - ti - ful land!
lem! The beautiful land of rest.
lem! The beautiful land of rest.

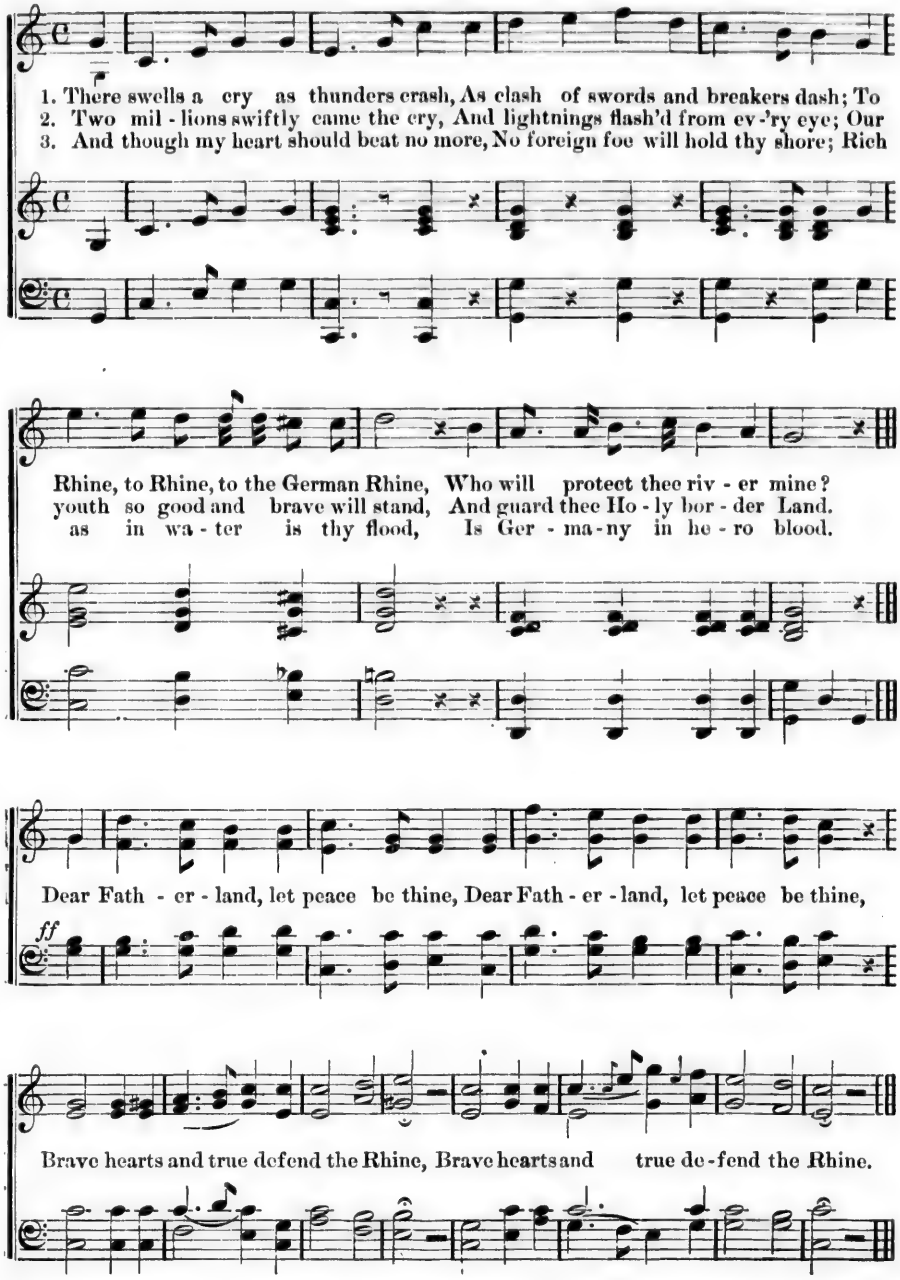
Chorus. *tempo.*

We wait im - pa - tient to be - hold The gates of pearl, the streets of gold, And

nes - tle safe in Je - sus' fold, In the beautiful land, The beauti - ful land of rest.

WATCH ON THE RHINE.

WILHELM.



Play first five measures for introduction and interlude.

THE CHILD'S WISH.

LUKE. DAVENANT.

Andantino.

1. I think, when I read that sweet story of old, When Je - sus was here among men, How He call'd lit - tle chil - dren, as lambs to His fold, I should like to have been with them then. I wish that His hands had been placed on my head, That His arm had been thrown a-round me, And that I might have seen His kind look when He said, "Let the little ones come unto Me."

2. Yet still to His foot-stool in prayer I may go, And ask for a share in His love; And if I now earn - est - ly seek Him be - low, I shall see Him and hear Him a - bove. In that beau - ti - ful place He has gone to pre - pare For all that are wash'd and for - given; And many dear children are gathering there, "For of such is the kingdom of heaven."

3. But thousands and thousands, who wander and fall, Never heard of that heaven-ly home,— I should like them to know there is room for them all, And that Je - sus has bid them to come. I long for the joy of that glo - ri - ous time, The sweet - est, and bright - est, and best; When the dear lit - tle children of ev - er-y clime, Shall crowd to His arms and be blest.

DARBY AND JOAN.

WEATHERLEY. MOLLOY.

Andante con moto. *p* *cres.*

Darby, dear, we are old and gray, Fifty years since our wedding day, Shadow and sun for

p *cres.*

p *cres.*

ev'ry one as the years roll on; Darby, dear, when the world went wry, Hard and sorrowful

p *cres.*

rall.

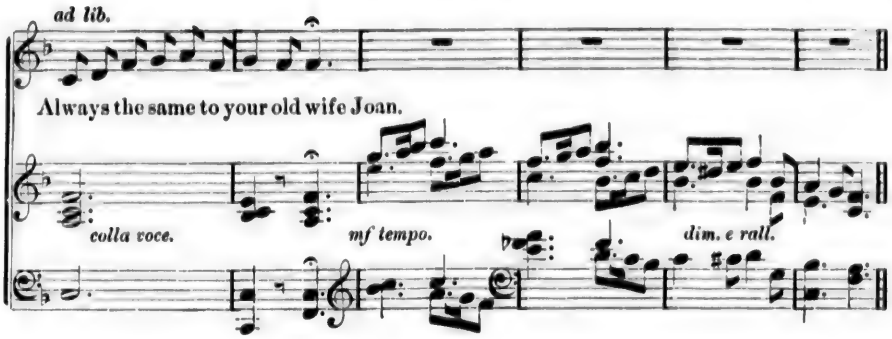
then was I—Ah! lad, how you cheer'd me then, "Things will be better, sweet wife, again!".

rall.

Meno mosso. *p*

Al-ways the same, Dar - by, my own, Al-ways the same to your old wife, Joan,

Meno mosso.

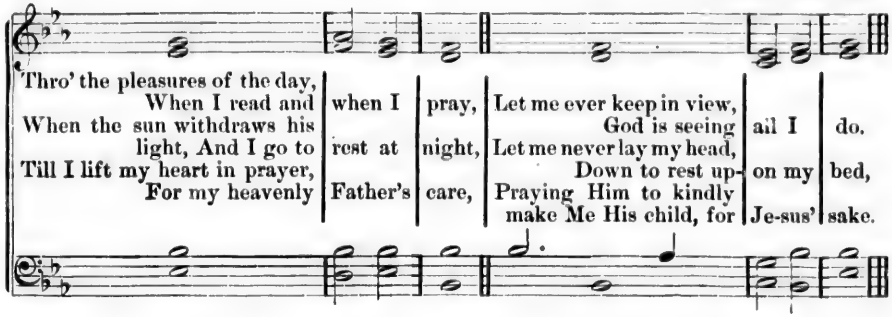


2. Darby Dear, but my heart was wild,
When we buried our baby child,
Until you whisper'd "Heaven knows best!"
and my heart found rest.
Darby Dear, 'twas your loving hand
Show'd the way to the better land—
Ah! lad, as you kissed each tear,
Life grew better and Heaven more near:
Always the same, Darby my own,
Always the same to your old wife Joan,
Always the same to your old wife Joan.

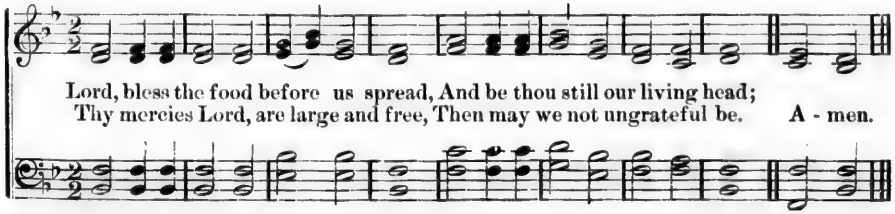
3. Hand in hand when our life was May,
Hand in hand when our hair is gray,
Shadow and sun for ev'ry one as the
years roll on;
Hand in hand when the long night-tide
Gently covers us side by side—
Ah! lad, tho' we know not when,
Love will be with us forever then;
Always the same, Darby my own,
Always the same to your old wife Joan.
Always the same to your old wife Joan,

MEDITATION.

MARSHALL. By per

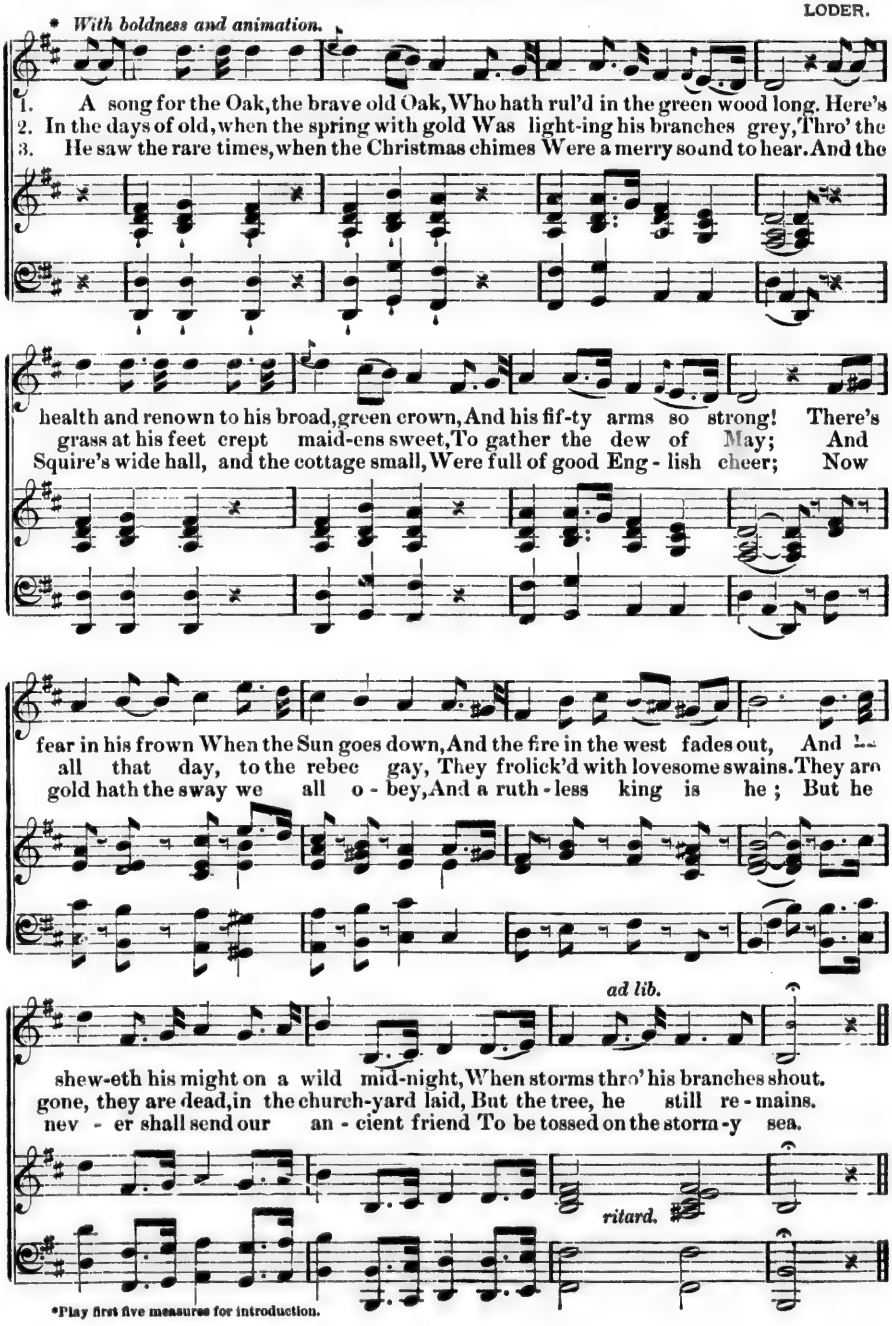


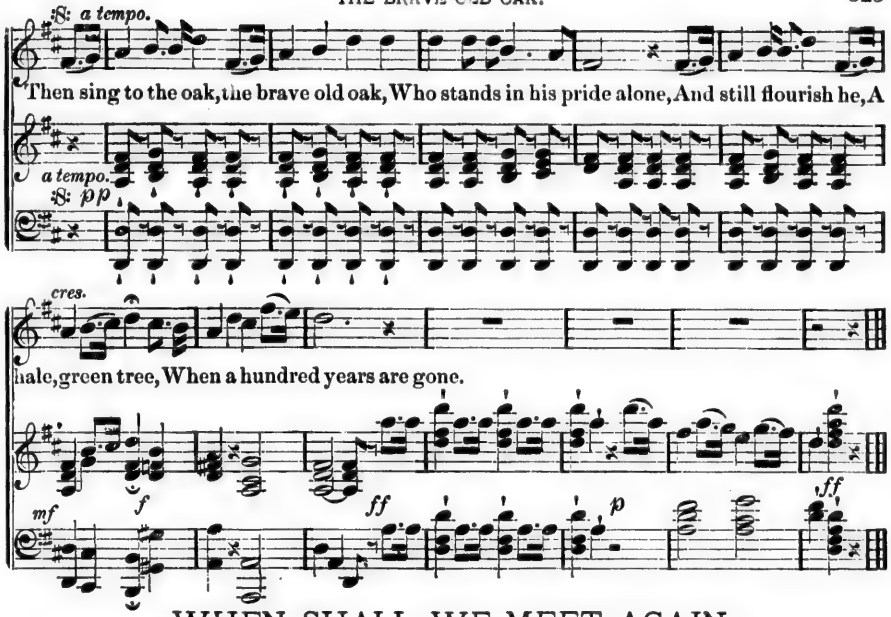
GRACE.



THE BRAVE OLD OAK.

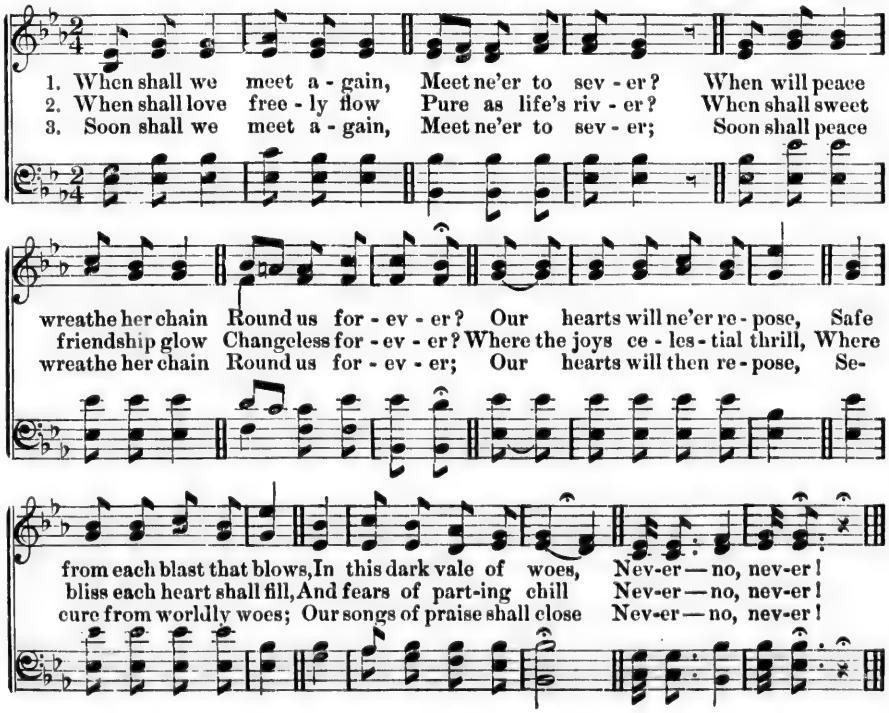
LODER.





WHEN SHALL WE MEET AGAIN.

SPIRITUAL SONGS. By per.



BONAPO.

A MEDLEY.

BLISS. By per.

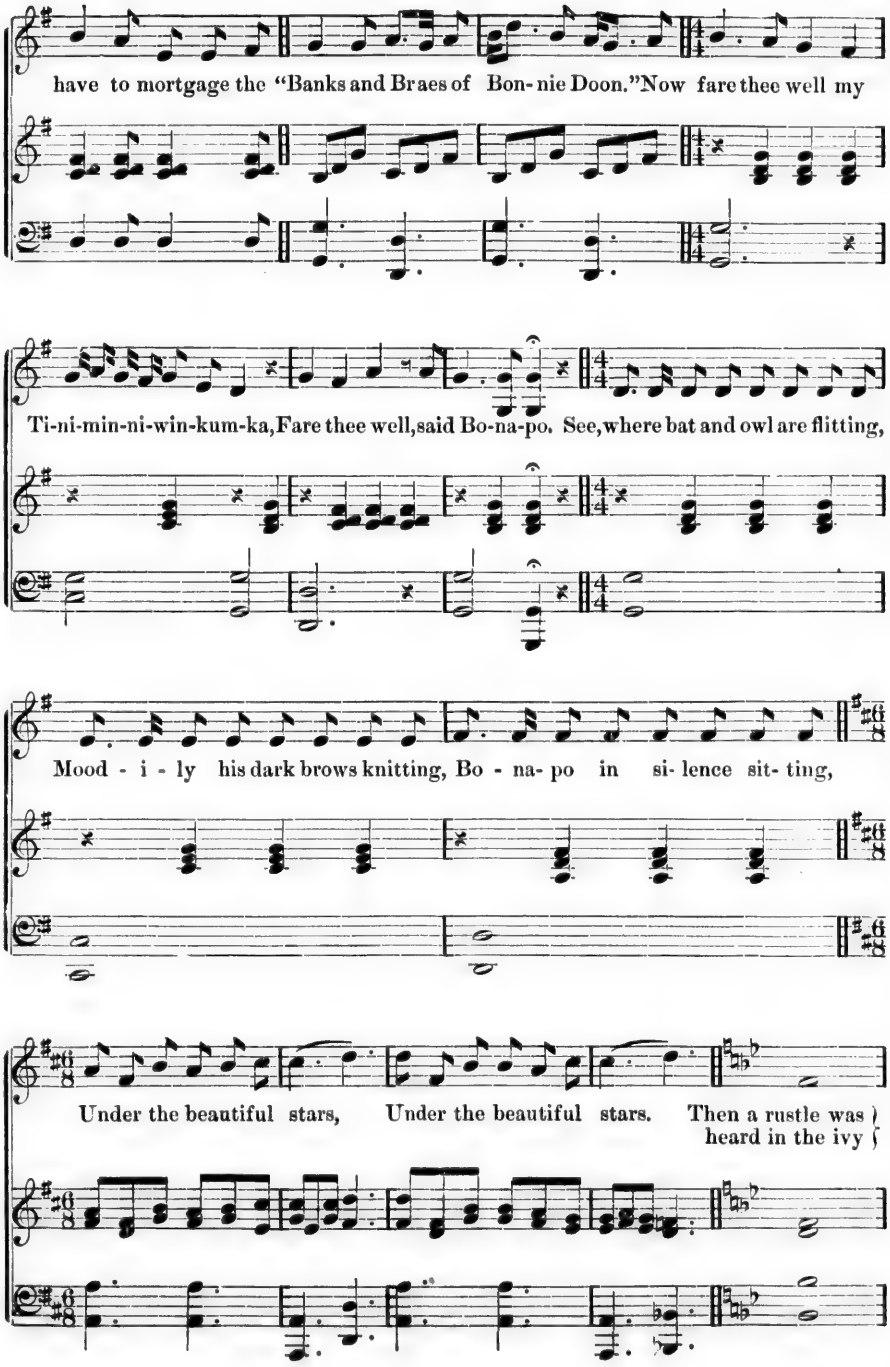
Andantino.

By the darkly flowing river, Where the leaves in silence quiver, In a cold forboding shiver

See the exilé Bonapo. Dark and damp the ivy clinging To the branches o'er him swinging,

Mourn-ful-ly and low he's sing-ing, Not for Joe, not for Joe, not for Joe is The

farm, the farm, the dear old farm, We'll have to mortgage the farm, We'll


have to mortgage the "Banks and Braes of Bon- nie Doon." Now fare thee well my
Ti-ni-min-ni-win-kum-ka, Fare thee well, said Bo-na-po. See, where bat and owl are flitting,
Mood - i - ly his dark brows knitting, Bo - na- po in si- lence sit- ting,
Under the beautiful stars, Under the beautiful stars. Then a rustle was heard in the ivy

Fast.

tree. And the watcher gray thus answered me: Now I'll whistle, Now I'll sing; Now I'll caper, Now I'll fling;

Slow.

Now the chairs around I'll swing, For know you, sir, I'm married; So Hush thee my

Lively.

baby, the time will soon come When thy sleep shall be broken by Jol-ly old Roger the

Slower.

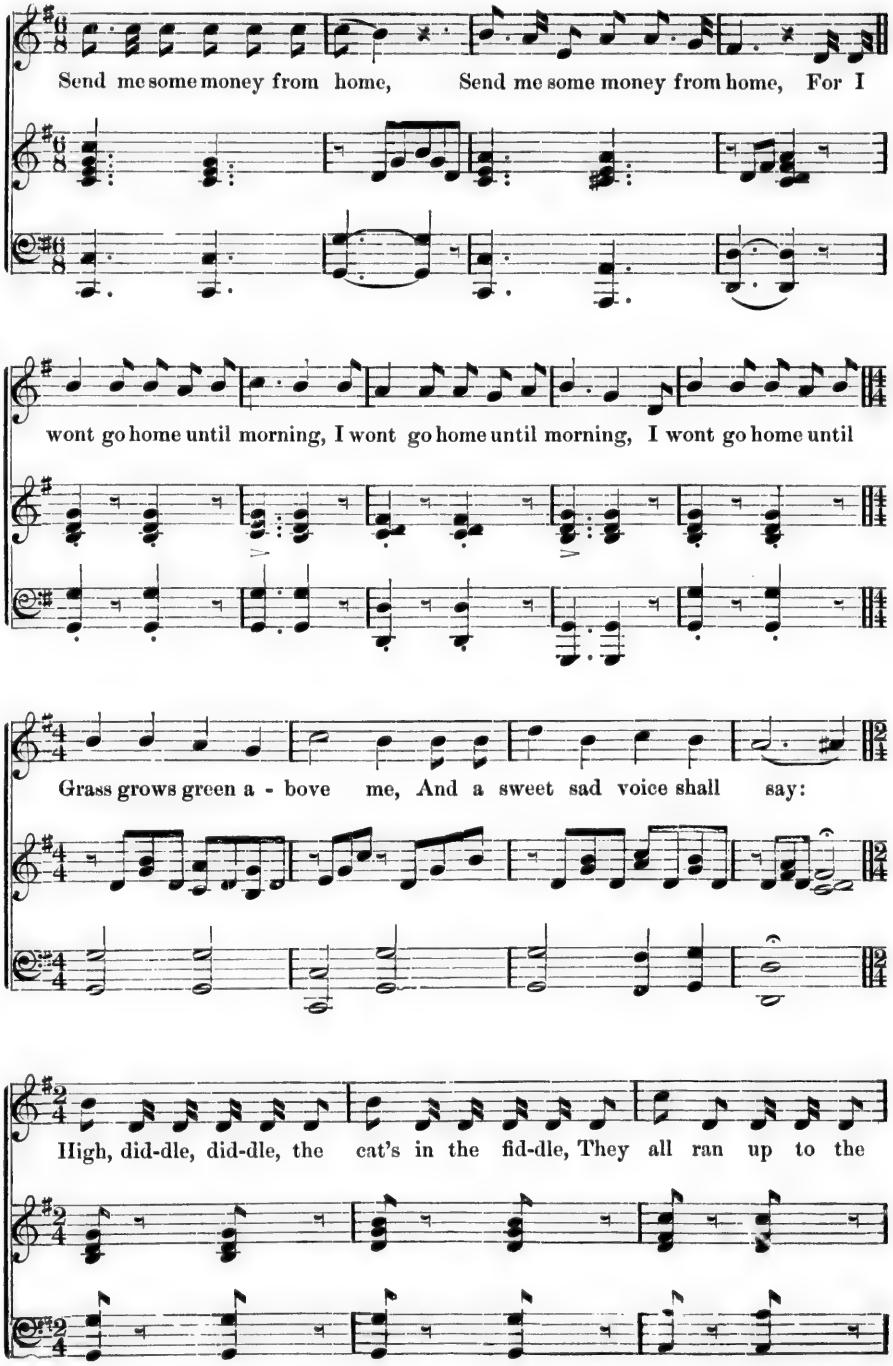
tin-maker man Who lived in a gar-ret in New Amsterdam, With his Sons of brave

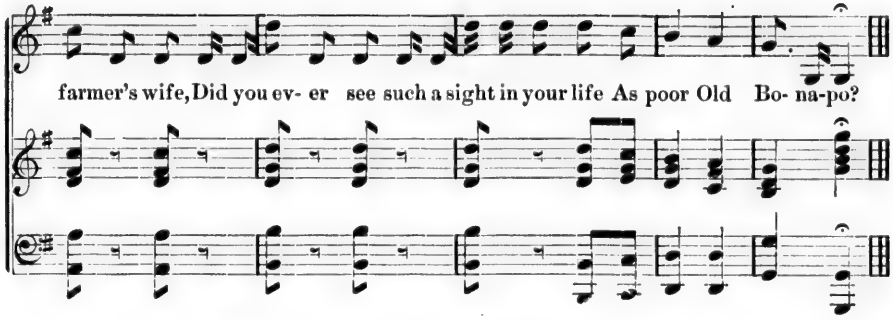
sires, born of fore- fa- thers free, Mid the tinkle, tinkle tinkle of the tin, In the

dining room, the kitchen and the hall. All in the gold - en prime of May; All in the

gold - en prime of Bo - na- po. Now the pur- ple twi-light fail-ing,

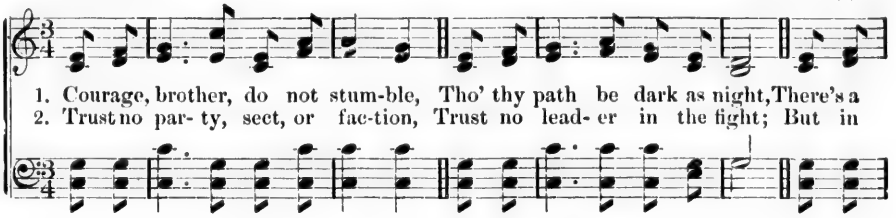
Now his tear- wet cheek is pal - ing, Now I seem to hear him wail- ing,

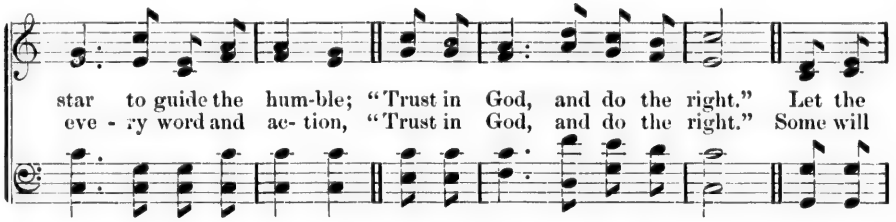

Send me some money from home, Send me some money from home, For I
wont go home until morning, I wont go home until morning, I wont go home until
Grass grows green a - bove me, And a sweet sad voice shall say:
High, did-dle, did-dle, the cat's in the fid-dle, They all ran up to the

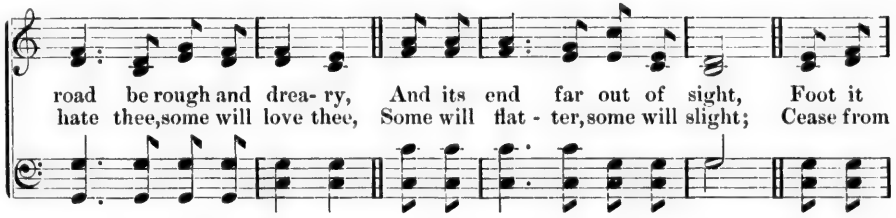


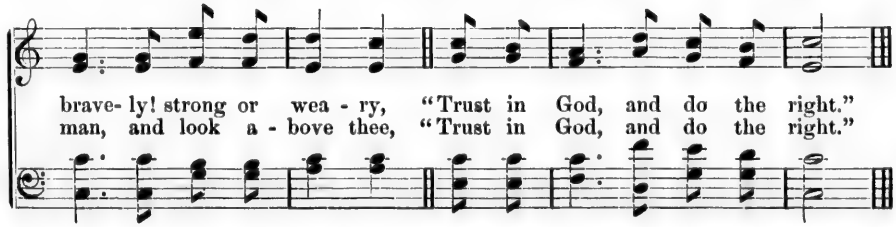
DO THE RIGHT.

MACLEOD. MORSE. By per.









SPEED AWAY! SPEED AWAY!

Allegretto spiritoso. WOODBURY. By per.

1st TENOR.

1. Speed away! Speed a-way! on thine errand of light! There's a young heart awaiting thy
3. And oh! wilt thou tell her, blest bird on the wing, That her mother hath ev - er a

2nd TENOR.

1st BASS.

1. Speed away! Speed a-way! on thine errand of light! There's a young heart awaiting thy
3. And oh! wilt thou tell her, blest bird on the wing, That her mother hath ev - er a

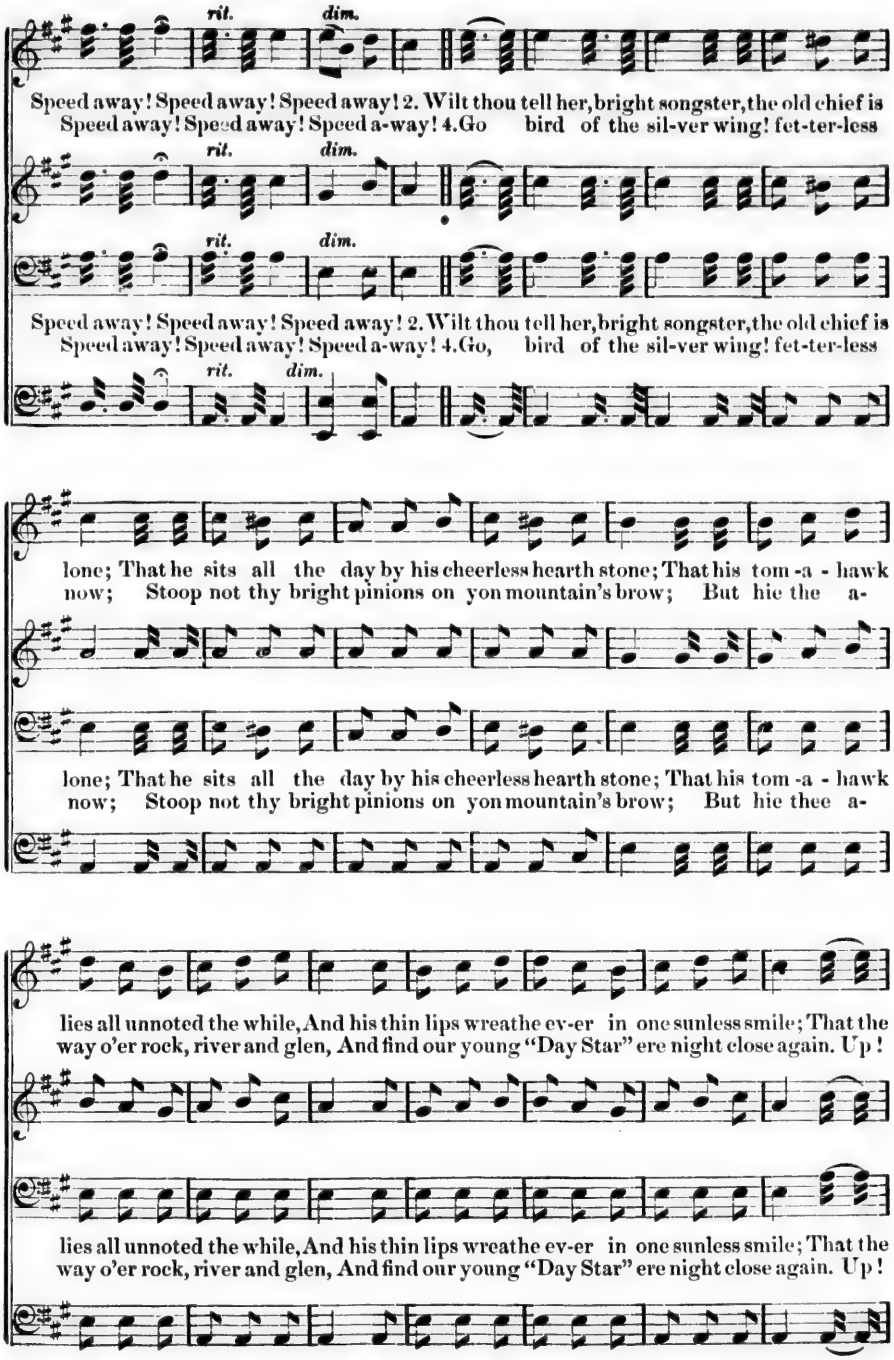
2nd BASS.

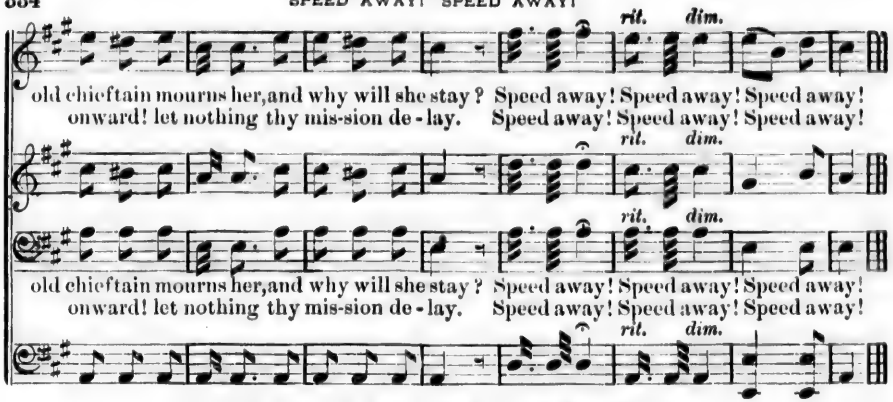
com-ing to-night; She will fondle thee close, she will ask for the loved, Who pine up-on
sad song to sing; That she standeth alone, in the still quiet night, And her fond heart goes

com-ing to-night; She will fondle thee close, she will ask for the loved, Who pine up-on
sad song to sing; That she standeth alone, in the still quiet night, And her fond heart goes

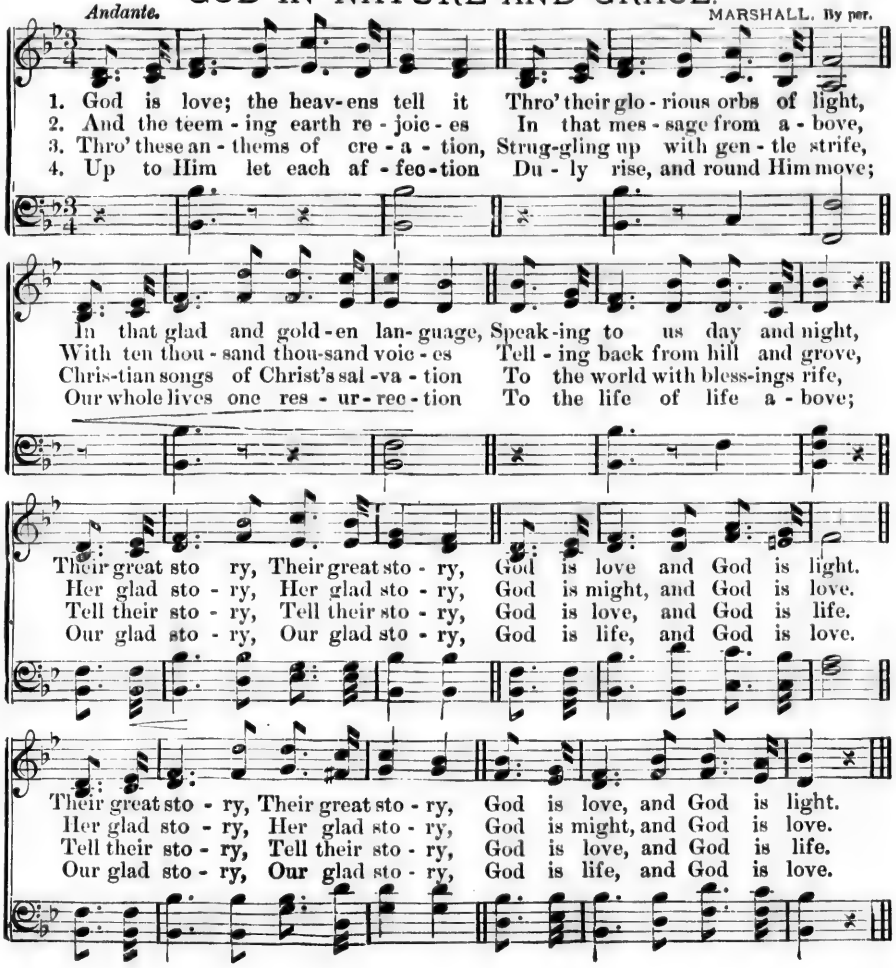
earth since the "Day Star" has rov'd. She will ask if we miss her, so long is her stay.
forth for the be- ing of light, Who had slept in her bosom, but who would not stay?

earth since the "Day Star" has rov'd. She will ask if we miss her, so long is her stay.
forth for the be- ing of light, Who had slept in her bosom, but who would not stay?


rit.
dim.
Speed away! Speed away! Speed away! 2. Wilt thou tell her, bright songster, the old chief is
Speed away! Speed away! Speed a-way! 4. Go bird of the sil-ver wing! fet-ter-less
lone; That he sits all the day by his cheerless hearth stone; That his tom-a - hawk
now; Stoop not thy bright pinions on yon mountain's brow; But hie the a-
lone; That he sits all the day by his cheerless hearth stone; That his tom-a - hawk
now; Stoop not thy bright pinions on yon mountain's brow; But hie thee a-
lies all unnoted the while, And his thin lips wreathe ev-er in one sunless smile; That the
way o'er rock, river and glen, And find our young "Day Star" ere night close again. Up!



GOD IN NATURE AND GRACE.



THE FINE OLD IRISH GENTLEMAN.

BROUGHAM. By per.

I'll sing you a fine ould song made by a fine ould Pad-dy's pate, Of a

fine ould Irish gintleman who taste of an es-tate Ex - cept a fine ould patch of
had the devil a . . . . . pitatys that he liked ex-

ceed-in-ly to ate, For they were beef to him and mutton too and barrin a red her-
ring or a rusty rasher of bacon now and thin almost ev'ry

oth-er sort of mate Yet this fine ould Irish gin - tleman was one of the rale ould stock.

2nd verse.

His cabin walls were cover'd o'er with fine ould I - rish mud, Be -

cause he could'nt afford to have any paper hangings, and between you and me he would'nt give a . . . . . .

pin for them if he could, And just as proud as Julius Sayzer or Alix-ander the great, This

independent ragamuffin stood with a glass of fine ould Irish whiskey in his fist which he's decidedly of the opinion will do a . . . . . .

mighty dale of good, To this fine ould I-rish gin-tle-man, All of the rale ould stock.

3rd verse.

Now this fine ould Irish gintleman wore migh-ty curious clothes, Tho' for

comfort I'll be bail that they'd bate any of your fashion- a- ble beaux, For

when the sun was very hot the gintle wind right through his ventilation garments most . . . . . beauti-ful-ly blows,

And he's niver troubled with any corns and I'll tell you why, because he despises the wakeness of wearing any thing as hard as . . . . . .

leather on his toes, Yet this fine ould Irish gin-tle-man was one of the rale ould stock.

4th verse.

Now this fine ould Irish gintleman has a migh-ty curious knack Of

flourishing a tremendous great shillaly in his hand and letting it drop down with a most un-

compromising whack. So of most superior shindies you may take your oath if you ever happen to be called upon for it he very nearly

never had a lack, And it's very natural and not at all surprising to suppose that the fine ould Irish mud was well ac - - - - -

quainted with the back of this fine ould I- rish gin-tle-man, All of the rale ould stock.

5th verse.

This fine ould Irish gintleman he was once out up - on a spree, And as

many a fine ould Irish gintleman has done, and more betoken will do to the end of time, he got about as . . . . . .

dhrunk as he could be; His senses was completely mulvather'd, and the conse- quence was that he could . . . . . .

neither hear nor see, So they thought he was stone dead and gone intirely, so the best thing they could do would be to have him waked and

buried da-cint-ly, Like a fine ould I-rish gin-tle-man All of the rale ould stock.

6th verse.

So this fine ould Irish gintleman he was laid out up- on a bed,

With half a dozen candles at his heels, and two or three dozen more or less about his head,

But when the whiskey bottle was uncorked he could'nt stand it any longer, so he

riz right up in bed, "And when sich mighty fine stuff as that is goin about," says he, "you dont think I'd be such a soft headed . . .

fool as to be dead!" Oh, this fine ould I-rish gin-tle-man it was mighty hard to kill.

LITTLE MAID OF ARCADEE.

GILBERT. SULLIVAN.

Allegretto moderato.

mf *p*

Lit-tle maid of Ar- ca - dee Sat on Cousin Robin's

knee, Thought in face and form and limb No-bo-dy could e-qual him. He was rich, and

riten. *mf a tempo.* *cres.*

she was fair; Truth they made a pret- ty pair; Hap-py lit-tle maiden she,

riten. *mf a tempo.* *cres.*

rall.

Happy maid of Ar-ca- dee! Hap-py lit-tle maiden she, Happy maid of Ar-ca-dee!

rall.

Happy maid of Ar- ca- dee! Moments sped as moments will,

colla voce. *cres.*

Rap-id- ly e-nough; un-til Af-ter, say, a month or two, Robin did as Robins

p

do, Fickle as the month of May, Jilted her and ran a - way!

f *f*

Wretched lit-tle maidon she! Doleful maid of Ar- ca- dee! Doleful maid of Ar- ca -

rall. e dim. *rall. e dim.*

p

dee! To her lit- tle home she crept, There she sat her down and wept;

p

riten. *a tempo.*

Maid-en wept as maidens will, Grew so thin and pale and ill, Till an-oth-er

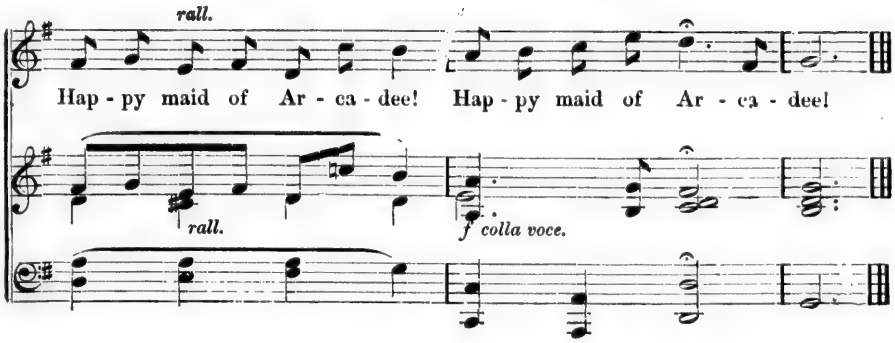
riten. *a tempo.*

cres. *f animato.* *cres.*

came to woo, Then a- gain the ros- es grew. Happy lit-tle maiden she!

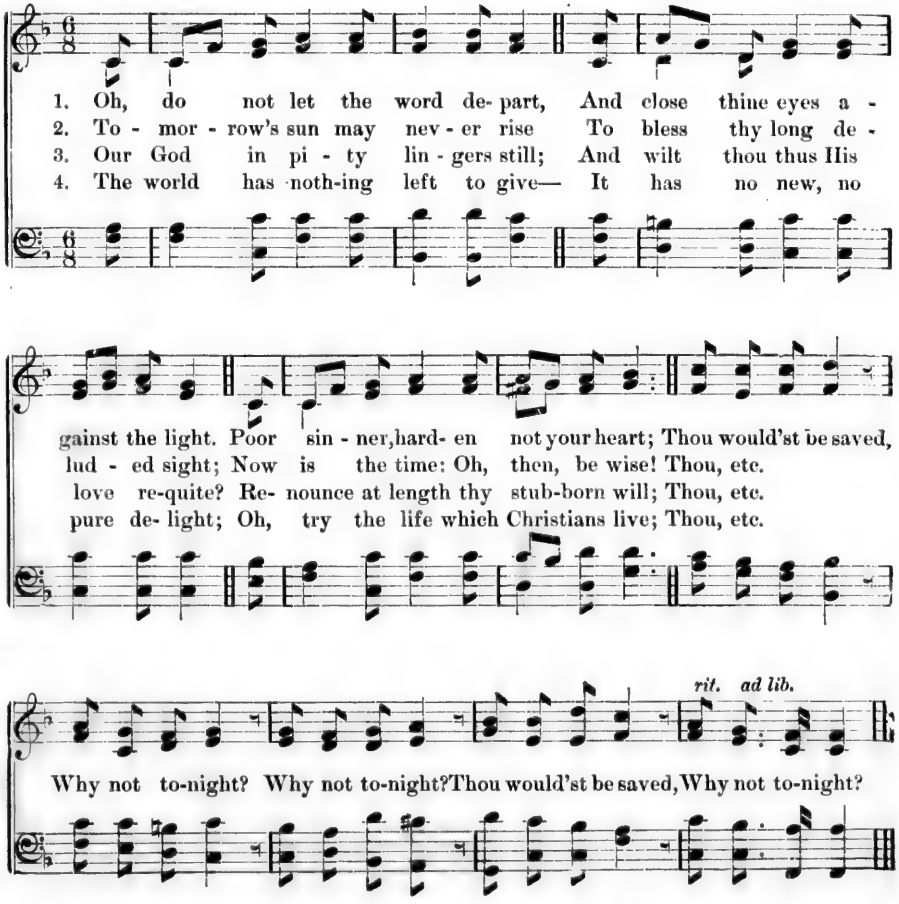
cres. *colla voce.* *f a tempo.* *cres.*

Hap-py maid of Ar - ca - dee! Hap-py lit- tle maiden she!



WHY NOT TO-NIGHT?

KIRKPATRICK. By per.



ARM, ARM, YE BRAVE.

FROM "JUDAS MACCABÆUS." HANDEL

Allegro.

Arm, arm, ye brave! Arm, arm, ye brave! a

Oboes.

f *mf*

no - ble cause, a no - ble cause, The cause of Heav'n your zeal demands,

mf *mp*

no - ble cause, The cause of Heav'n your zeal de-mands, a no - ble cause, The

Oboes.

cause of Heav'n your zeal demands. Arm, arm, ye brave!

f

Arm, arm, ye brave! a no - ble cause.

Oboes.

mf *mp* *f*

Arm, arm, Arm, arm, ye brave! Arm, arm, Arm, arm, ye brave! a no - ble cause, The

Oboes.

cause of Heav'n your zeal demands, a no - ble cause, Arm, arm, ye brave! a

no - ble cause, The cause of Heav'n your zeal demands, your zeal, The

cause of Heav'n your zeal demands.

f

In defence of your nation, re - li-gion, and laws, Th'al-

p

migh - ty Je - ho - vah will stength-en your hands, In de-

Oboes.

fence of your nation, re - li-gion, and laws, Th'al-mighty Je-ho-vah will

strength - - - - - - - - - - - - en, Th' almighty Je-

hovah will strengthen your hands. Arm, arm, Arm, arm, ye brave! a

f

no - ble cause, The cause of Heav'n demands your zeal, a no - ble cause:

Oboes.

Arm, arm, ye brave! Arm, arm, ye brave! The cause of Heav'n your zeal de-mands.

JOHN ANDERSON, MY JO.

Slow and with feeling.

1. John An-der-son, my
2. John An-der-son, my
3. John An-der-son, my
4. John An-der-son, my

p

Jo, John, when Nature first be - gan To try her can-ny hand, John, her
Jo, John, ye were my first con - ceit; I think nae shame to own, John, I
Jo, John, when we were first ac-quaint, Your locks were like the ra - ven, your
Jo, John, we clamb the hill thegither, And mony a can - ty day, John, we've

ad libitum.

mas - ter work was man, And you amang them a' John, so trig from top to
lo'ed ye ear and late. They say ye're turn-ing auld, John, and what tho' it be
bon - ny brow was brent; But now your brow is bald, John, your locks are like the
had wi' ane a - nither; Now we maun tot - ter down, John, but hand in hand we'll

toe, She prov'd to be nae journey-work, John Anderson, my Jo.
so? Ye're ay the same kind man to me, John Anderson, my Jo.
snow, Yet blessings on your frosty pow, John Anderson, my Jo.
go, And sleep thegither at the foot, John Anderson, my Jo.

pp

I KNOW THAT MY REDEEMER LIVETH.

FROM THE "MESSIAH" HANDEL.

Larghetto.

I know that my Re-deem-er liv-eth, and that

He shall stand . . . at the lat - - ter day . . . . . .

. . . . . up-on the earth. I know that my Re -

deem - er liv-eth, and that he shall stand . . . . . at the lat - ter

tr.

tr.

NOTE.—Play first five measures for introduction.

day upon the earth, ... up-on the earth. I know . .

. . . that my Re - deem - er liv-eth and that He shall stand at the lat -

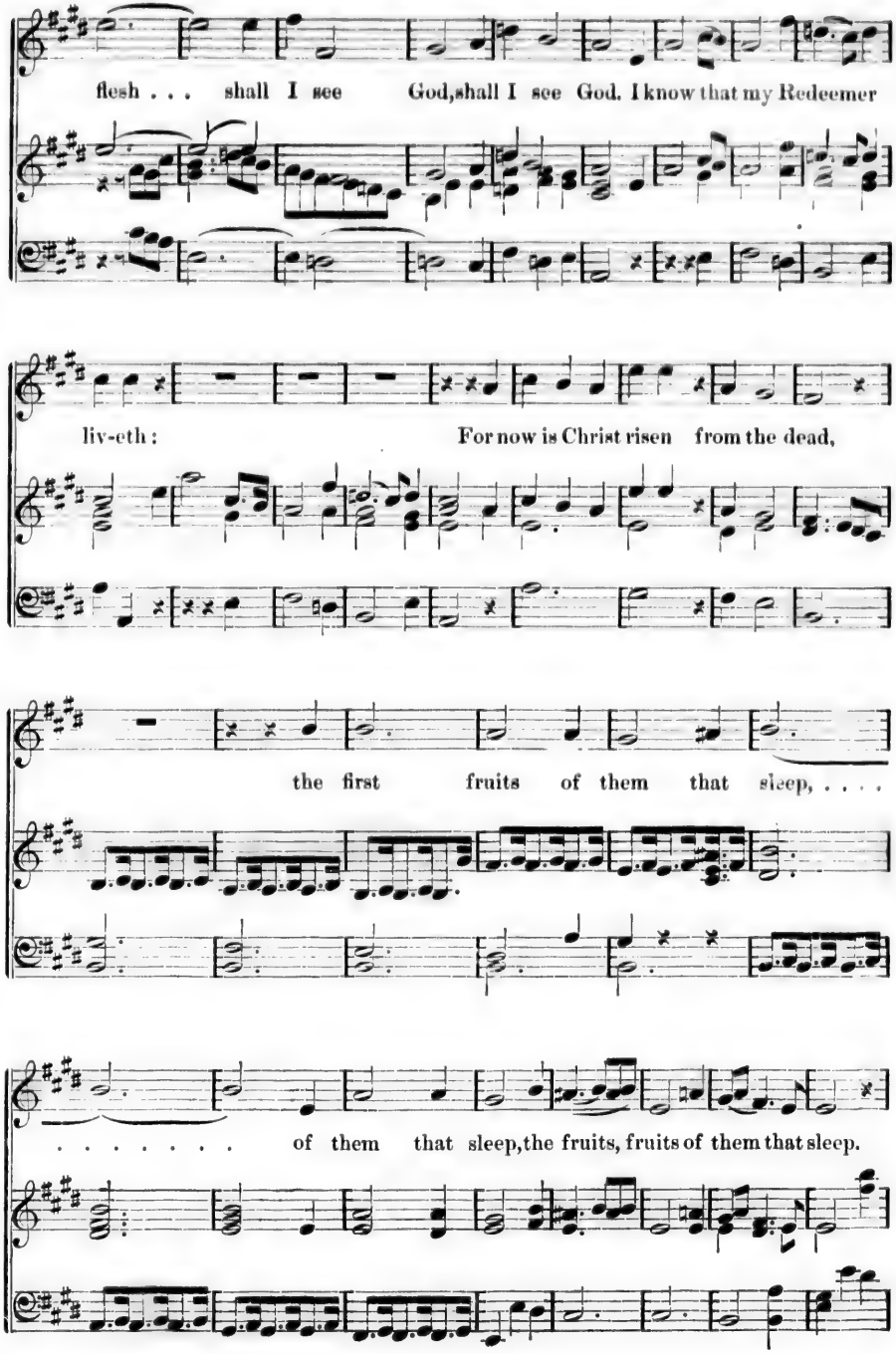
ter day up-on the earth, ... up-on the earth.

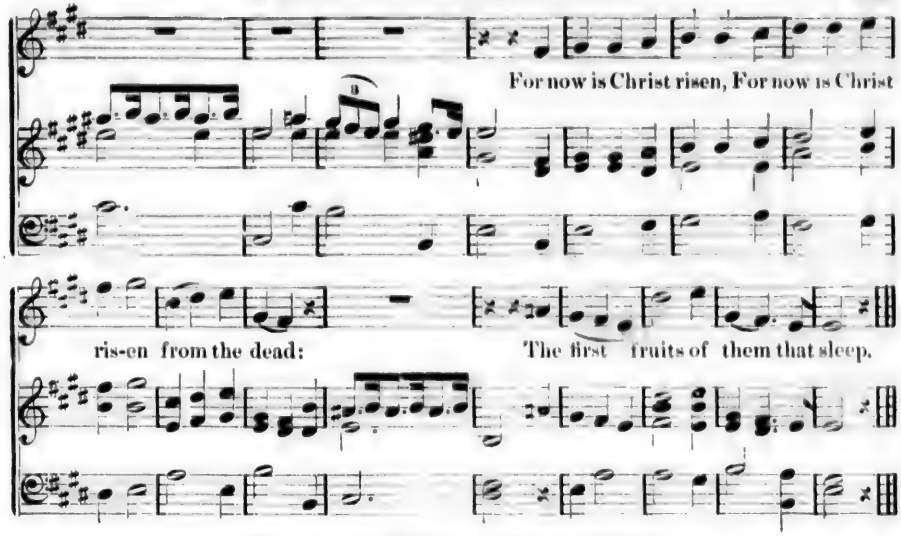
And tho' worms destroy this bo-dy, Yet in my

flesh shall I see God, Yet in my flesh shall I see God.

I know that my Redeemer liv-eth, And tho'

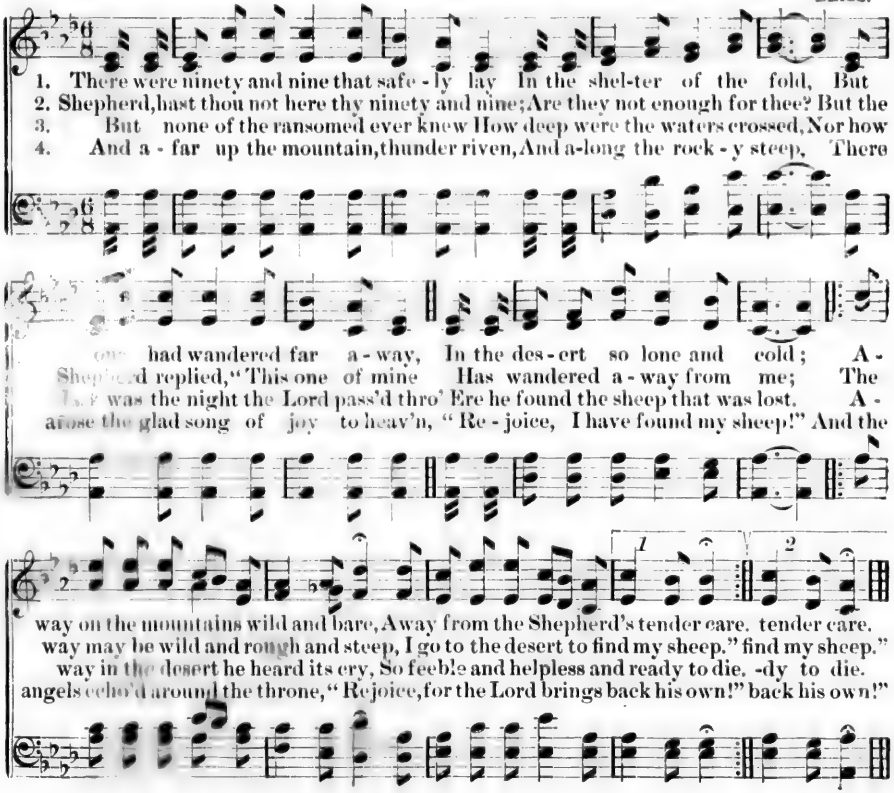
worms de-stroy this bo-dy, Yet in my flesh shall I see God, Yet in my


flesh . . . shall I see God, shall I see God. I know that my Redeemer
liv-eth: For now is Christ risen from the dead,
the first fruits of them that sleep, ...
. . . . . of them that sleep, the fruits, fruits of them that sleep.



THE NINETY AND NINE.

BLISS.



JAMIE.

MOLLOY.

ad lib. *a tempo.*

1. Ja - mie! Ja - mie! Ja - mie! Ja-mie! do you hear me
2. Ja - mie! Ja - mie! Ja - mie! Ah! if he were nev - er,

f *Ped.* *p*

call-ing in the gloaming, Calling to you, lad-die to come home? Long and lone I'm
nev- er more to hear me, Nev-er to come back to me a- gain; Sure I'm on - ly

Ped.

watc'ing, and my heart is wond'ring Why up-on the hill so late you roam. Ja-mie!
dreaming, and I know he's com-ing, All the same the tears will flow like rain. Ja-mie!

p

Ja-mie! Are you nev-er com-ing To the lit- tle heart that's waiting sad at home?
Ja-mie! Ah! the fear is on me, And my heart is ach - ing with dull pain;

rit. et rall. a tempo.

Ja - mie! Ja - mie! Ja - mie! Jamie, do you hear me Calling in the
Ja - mie! Ja - mie! Ja - mie! Jamie, do you hear me Calling in the

rit. et rall. a tempo.

Ped. *Ped.*

f

gloaming, Calling to you, lad-die, calling Ja- mie!
gloaming, Calling to you, lad-die, to come home.

f *p*

p *pp* *Joyously.*

3. Ja - mie! e - cho an-swer, And it says he's

f *Ped.* *pp* *pp* *Ped.* *Ped.*

com- ing, coming down the hill- side; Well I know his voice, my bonnie lad;

p

Now I hear him sing - ing to the cat- tle blithe-ly, And the lit- tle sheep-bells

Ped. *p*

tinkling glad. Jamie! Jamie! Ah! the joy is on me, And my heart is go- ing,

just like mad! Ja- mie! Ja- mie! Ja - mie! Welcome to you,

Ped. *Ped.*

cres.

lad-die, welcome in the gloaming, All my heart is crying welcome, Ja - mie!

Ped. *Ped.* *Ped.*

8va.

THE LITTLE MAID MILKING HER COW.

MOLLOY.

Allegretto.

1. Bar-ney, I have-n't a mo-ment, So don't you hin-der me now, For
2. How can I milk when you're near me, If you be-wil-der me so, Dis-

I'm in haste to the mead-ow; I'm go-ing to milk the cow.
cours-in' nonsense and blar-ney, And stay when I bid you to go? And

Why are you wan-der-ing here, sir, And just at the break of day? You
see, now, you're standing be-side me; Be care-ful, I beg and pray; The

knew I was coming a milk-ing, For I bid you keep out of the way. It's
cow, sure, is close to you, list'ning, And minds ev-'ry word that you say. And

just your bold way of act - in'; See how you fol - low me now;
'tis her - self is re - mark - in' The way you're go - ing on now. She

Com - ing here and dis - tract - in' A lit - tle maid milk-ing her cow.
wonders you'll keep on dis - tract - in' A lit - tle maid milk-ing her cow.

Piu lento.

You sigh it's dark-ness a-bout ye, That I'm the light of your day; You

vow you can't live without me; Sure, that's what the oth - er boys say.

rall.

Well, take up the pail, and we'll go now, And homeward we'll wend our way. Who'

p

Ped.

knows, if you're not too con- sait - ed, The mother may hear you to - day? And

may be I'll whisper you've told me, With sol- emn promise and vow, That

you'll be kind to her Col - leen, The lit - tle maid milking her cow.

Ped.

BUT THE LORD IS MINDFUL OF HIS OWN.

FROM "ST. PAUL." MENDELSSOHN.

Andantino.

But the Lord is mindful of His own, He re - mem-bers His chil -

p

rit.

dren; But the Lord is mindful of His own, the Lord remembers His

rit.

chil - dren, re - mem - - bers His chil - dren.

f

Bow down be-fore Him, ye migh - ty,

p

NOTE.—Play first five measures for Introduction.

cres.

for the Lord is near us! Bow down before Him, ye migh - ty,

cres.

cres. *f*

for the Lord is near us! Yea, the Lord is mindful of His

cres. *dim.* *p*

own; He re - members His chil - dren; Bow down before Him, ye

cres.

cres.

f *dim.*

mighty, for the Lord is near us!

f *dim.*

THE BRIDGE.

LONGFELLOW. LINDSAY.

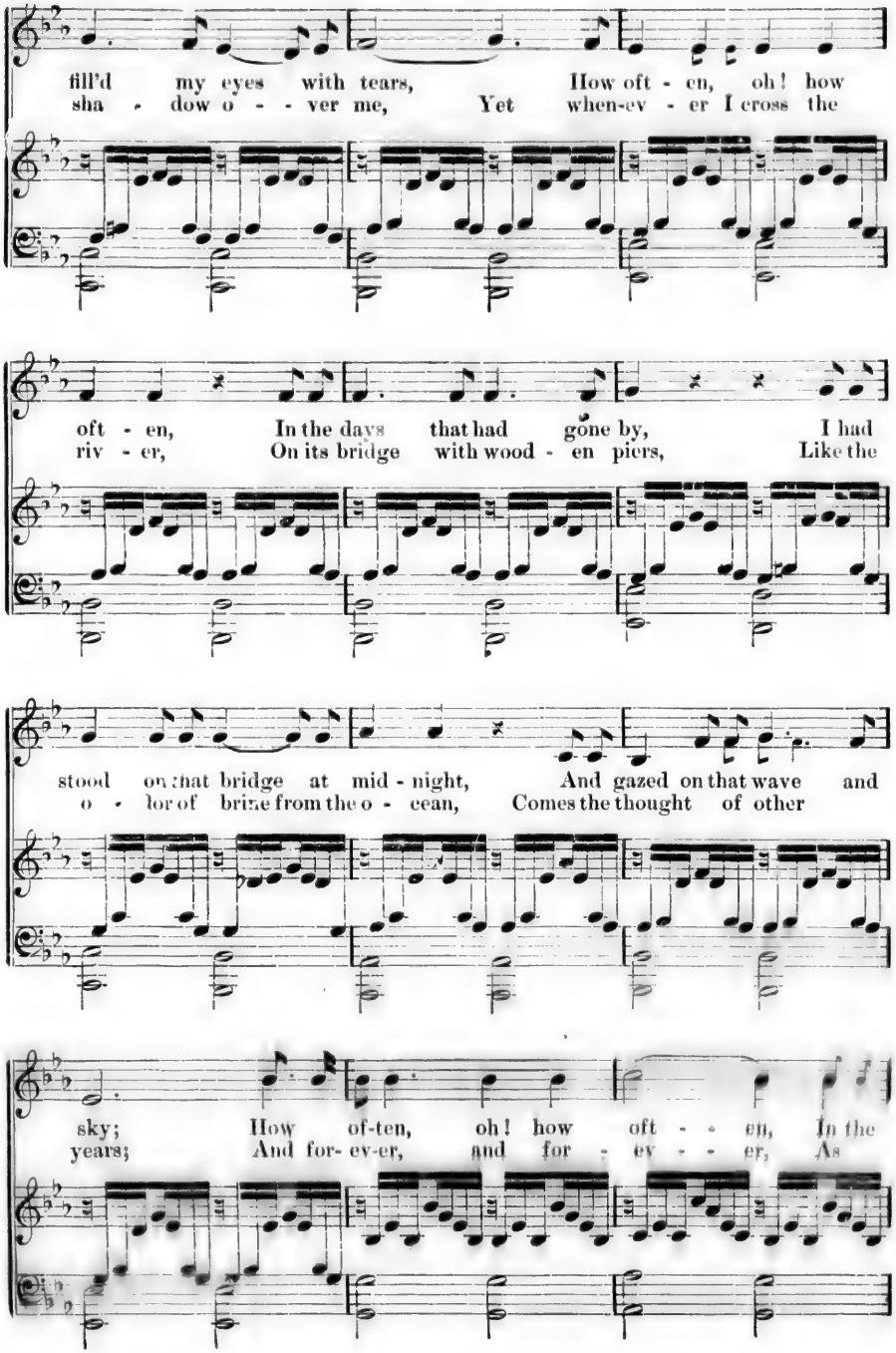
Andante con espress.

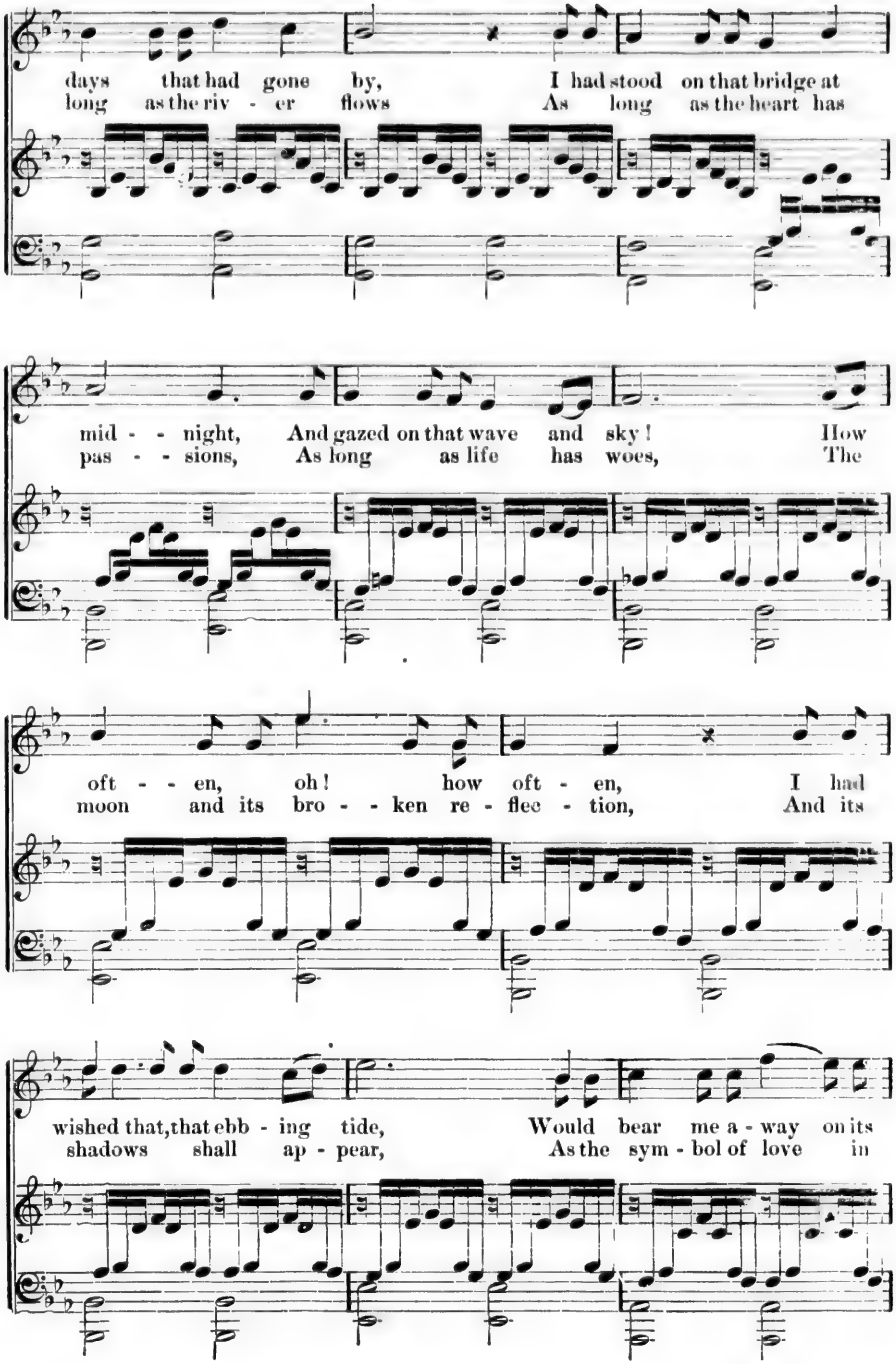
I stood on the bridge at midnight, As the clocks were striking the hour, And the
For my heart was hot and rest-less, And my life was full of care, And the

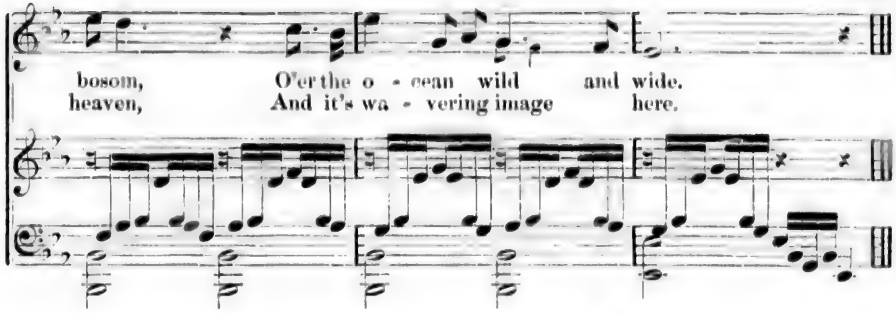
moon rose o'er the ci - ty, Be - hind the dark church tow'r; And
bur- then laid up- on me, Seem'd greater than I could bear; But

like the wa - ters rush - ing, A-mong the wood - en
now it has fall - en from me; It is bu - ried in the

piers, A flood of thoughts came o'er me, That
sea; And on - ly the sor - row of others Throws its

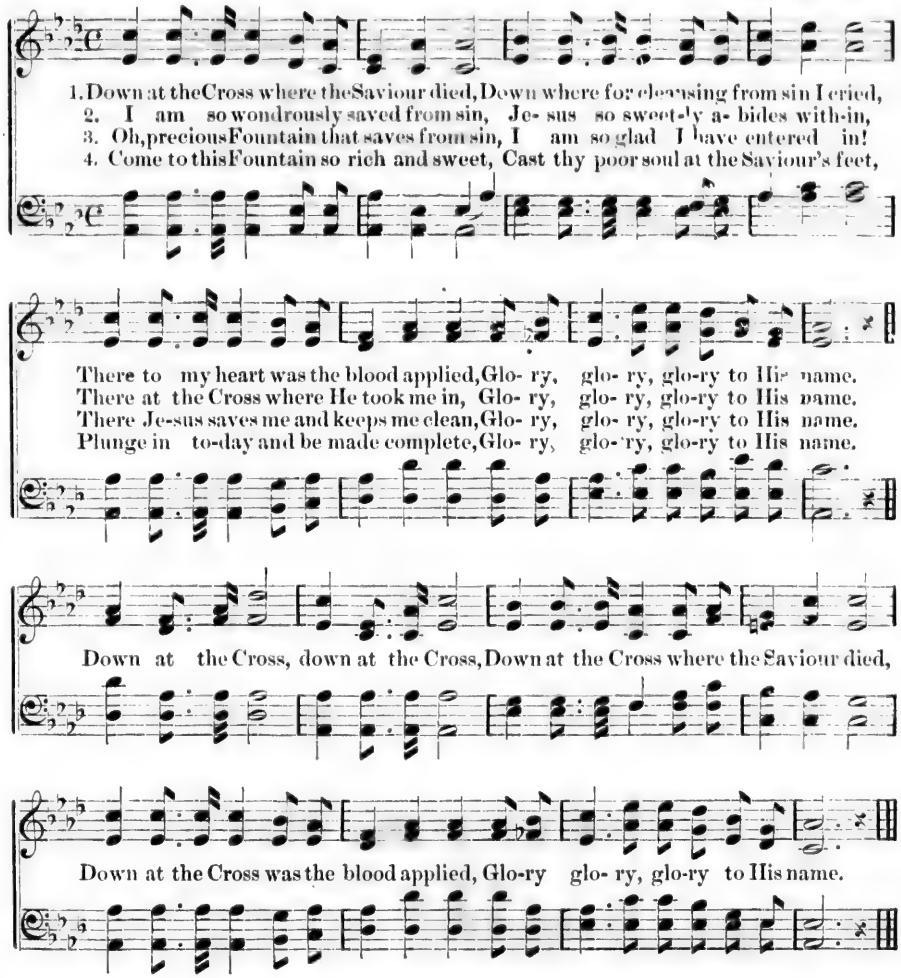

fill'd my eyes with tears, How oft - en, oh! how
sha - dow o - - ver me, Yet when-ev - er I cross the
oft - en, In the days that had gone by, I had
riv - er, On its bridge with wood - en piers, Like the
stood on that bridge at mid - night, And gazed on that wave and
o - lor of brine from the o - cean, Comes the thought of other
sky; How of-ten, oh! how oft - - en, In the
years; And for- ev-er, and for - ev - - er, As

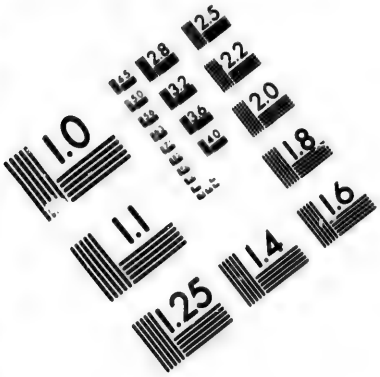

days that had gone by, I had stood on that bridge at
long as the riv - er flows As long as the heart has
mid - - night, And gazed on that wave and sky! How
pas - - sions, As long as life has woes, The
oft - - en, oh! how oft - en, I had
moon and its bro - - ken re - flec - tion, And its
wished that, that ebb - ing tide, Would bear me a - way on its
shadows shall ap - pear, As the sym - bol of love in

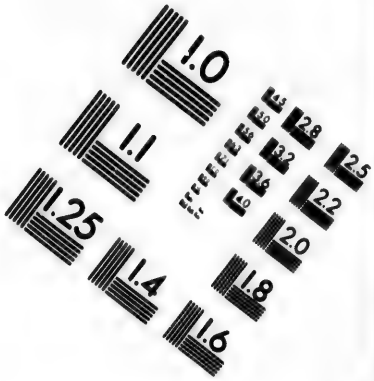


DOWN AT THE CROSS.

SWENEY. By per.







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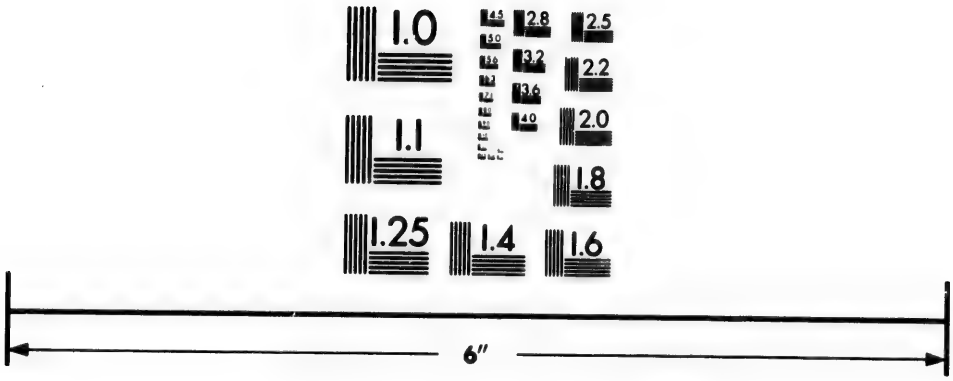

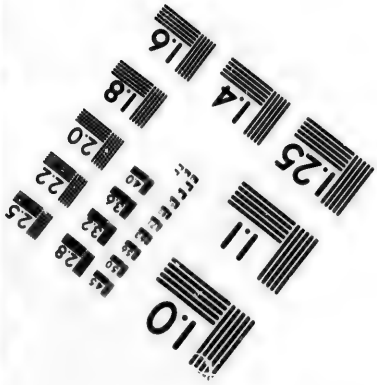

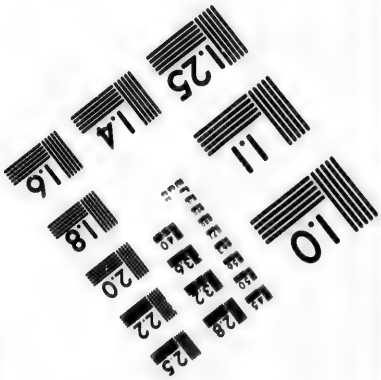

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OH, REST IN THE LORD.

(ARIA.)

FROM "ELIJAH." MENDELSSOHN.

Andantino.

Oh, rest in the Lord, wait patient-ly for Him, and He shall

pp

give thee thy heart's de - sires: Oh, rest in the Lord, wait patient-ly for

Him, and He shall give thee thy heart's de-sires, and He shall give thee thy heart's de-

sires. Commit thy way un-to Him, and trust in Him; commit thy way un-

to Him, and trust in Him, and fret not thy-self because of e - vil

do - ers. Oh, rest in the Lord, wait pa-tient-ly for Him, wait pa-tient-ly for

p *p* *pp*

Him; Oh, rest in the Lord, wait patient-ly for Him, and He shall

give thee thy heart's de - sires, and He shall give thee thy heart's de -

cres. *sf* *p*

sires, and He shall give thee thy heart's de-sires. Oh, rest in the Lord, Oh, rest in the

sf *p*

Lord, and wait, . . . wait pa-tiently for Him.

cres. *pp* *Ped.*

THE OLD, OLD STORY.

MCKEEVER. SWENEY. By per.

1. Hundreds of years have van-ish'd, Heroes have lived and died; But most have been for-
2. Age af - ter age is roll - ing, Of eighteen hundred years. And yet the dear old
3. Sing it when I am dy - ing; Oh, may the last word be The blessed name of
D.C. Tell me the old, old sto - ry, Of Him who loved me so; Who died that He might

Fine.

got - ten, Ex- cept the Cru - ci - fied. I love, in the dear twi - light, Be-
sto - ry Still fresh and new ap-pears. We love it in our childhood, And
Je - sus, Je - sus who died for me! We'll sing it then in heav- en, In
save me, Hundreds of years a - go.

D.C.

side my mother's knee, To sit and hear her sto- ries Of Him who died for me.
in our youthful prime; We love it in our manhood, And in our life's de- cline.
our e - ter- nal rest. For-ev - er and for - ev - er, With spirits of the blest.

GO, LET THE ANGELS IN.

ANDERSON.

1. Go, o - pen wide the door, Mother, And let the an - gels in; They
2. I know that death has come, Mother, His hand is on my brow; You

are so bright and fair, Mother, So pure and free from sin. I
can - not keep me here, Mother, For I must leave you now. The

hear them speak my name, Mother, They softly whis-per, '*Come!*' Oh! let the an-gels
room is growing dark, Mother, I tho't I heard you weep! 'Tis ver - y sweet to

in, Mother, They wait to take me home, Oh, let the an - gels in, Mother, They
die, Mother, Like sink-ing in - to sleep, 'Tis ver - y sweet to die, Mother, Like

wait to take me home.
sink - ing in - to sleep. } Go, let the an - gels in, Mother, Go, let the an - gels

in! Yes, o - pen wide the door, Mother, And let the an - gels in!

REMEMBER THE LITTLE ONES AT HOME.

WOOD. DOLFUSS. By pmA

Moderato.

p

1. Re - mem-ber the lit - tle ones at home . . . . That you
2. Re - mem-ber the lit - tle ones at home . . . . With their
3. Re - mem-ber the lit - tle ones at home . . . . With their

kiss'd with a fa-ther's fond pride; . . . . They'll be watching for you when you
sweet lit - tle faces so true; . . . . . Yes! where ev-er your foot-steps may
fa - ces so full of de - light, ... When they see you at eve - ning come

come, . . . To re-ceive you in their arms o - pen wide. . . . .
roam, . . . They are think - ing, and watch - ing for you. . . . . .
home, . . . For the first kiss, each one claims a right. . . . . .

SOPRANO.

Remember the lit-tle ones at home! Remember the lit-tle ones at home! With their

ALTO.

Remember, the little ones at home!

TENOR.

Remember, the little ones at home!

BASS.

f *p*

faces so true, They are watching for you, Remember the little ones at home!

Remember the lit-tle ones at home!

p *p* *f*

HE SHALL FEED HIS FLOCK.

FROM THE "MESSIAH." COME UNTO HIM. HANDEL.

Larghetto.

He shall feed His flock like a shep - herd, And He shall gath - er the

p

lambs with His arm, with His arm; He

cres. *mez.* *p* *p*

shall feed His flock like a shep - herd, and He shall gath - er the

lambs with His arm, with His arm, And

cres. *p*

car - ry them in His bo - som, And gently lead those that

are with young, and gent - ly lead, and gent - ly lead those that

COME UNTO HIM.

SOPRANO.

are with young. Come

cres. *p*

un - to Him all ye that la - bor, Come un - to Him ye that

are heavy la - den, and He will give you rest. Come

cres. *p*

un - to Him all ye that la - bor, Come un - to Him ye

that are heavy la - den, and He will give you rest.

Take His yoke upon you, and learn of Him, for He is meek and

p

low - ly of heart, and ye shall find rest, and ye shall find rest un-

to your souls. Take His yoke up-on you, and

cres. *p*

learn of Him, for He is meek and low - ly of heart, and

ye shall find rest, and ye shall find rest un - to your souls.

WHERE ARE THE OLD FOLKS?

CROSBY. SWENEY. By [illegible]

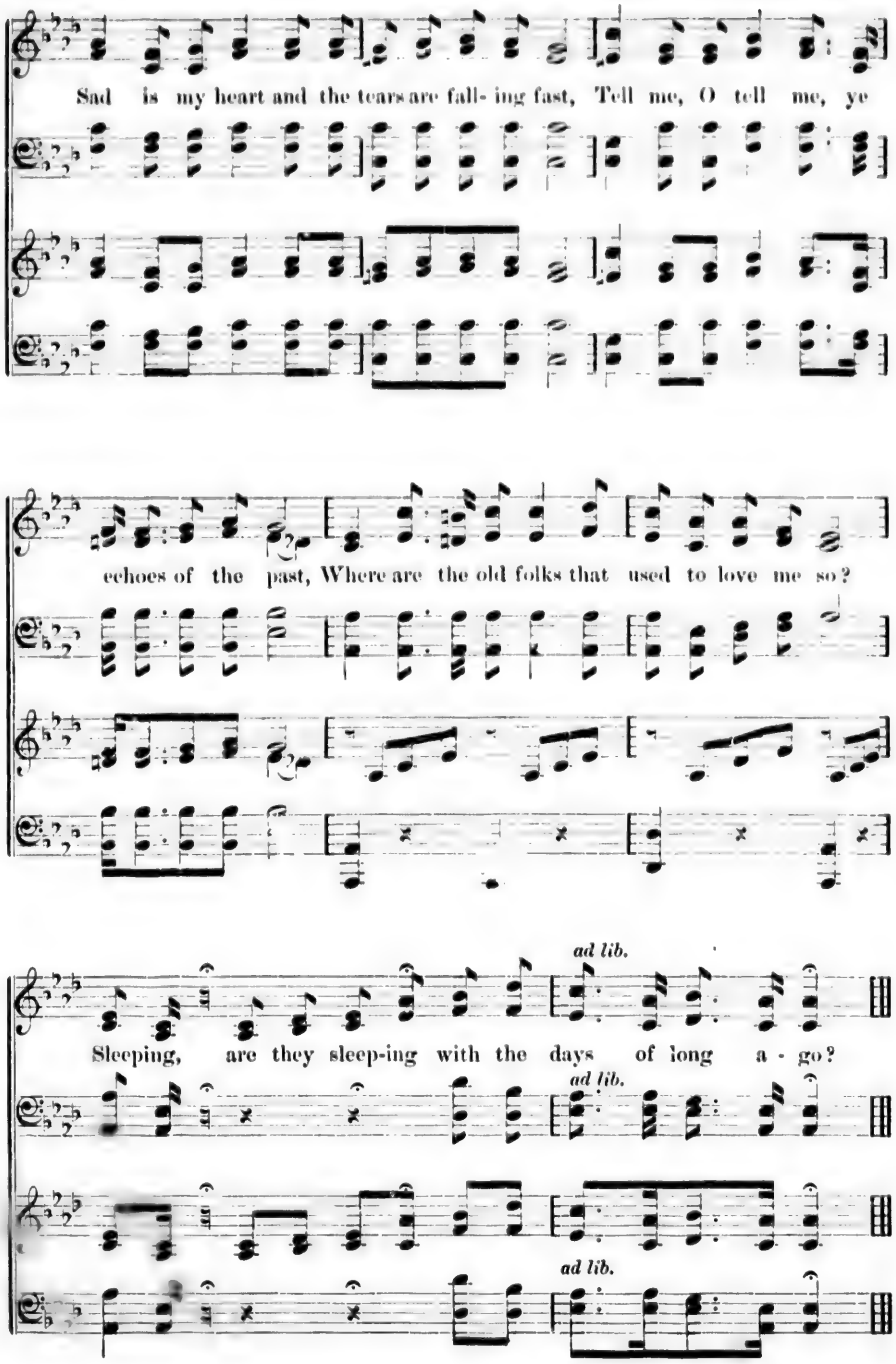
rit.

1. Take me back, take me back, where the sweet Magnolia trees Wave their white snowy
2. Take me back to the banks of a riv - er far a- way, Where I played on my
3. Take me back, take me back, let me see my mother's face, Though the frost and the
4. Take me back, take me back to my sun- ny southern home, To its fields and its

blossoms on the mer- ry laughing breeze, To the once hap- py home where I
ban- jo and I sang the live-long-day, To my own na - tive home by the
wrinkles on her brow have left their trace, How her dear eyes would blink with the
meadows where my mem'ry loves to roam, Though the dear ones are gone yet be -

ad lib.

nev- er knew a care; Take me back. Oh, I won-der, if the old folks are there.
orange grove so fair, Take me back. Oh, I won-der, if the old folks are there.
smile they used to wear Could she know how I won-der, if the old folks are there.
yond the reach of care, I will look nev-er doubting that the old folks are there.


Sad is my heart and the tears are fall- ing fast, Tell me, O tell me, ye
echoes of the past, Where are the old folks that used to love me so?
ad lib.
Sleeping, are they sleep-ing with the days of long a - go?
ad lib.
ad lib.

BABY'S GONE TO SLEEP.

SMITH. MURRAY.

1. There's a pair of lit - tle hands Laid to rest for-ev - er - more;
2. There's an-oth-er bud re-moved, Ere it felt the blight of sin;
3. She will wake in fair - er lands, Where the an - gel voi-ces sing;

There's two pear-ly dim-pled cheeks, Whose rich blossom-ing is o'er;
Thro' the door the an-gels made Dar-ling ba - by has pass'd in;
There the flow'rets shall ex-pand, There shall love per-fec-tion bring;

rit. *a tempo.*

Death has seal'd two lit-tle eyes, That will no more smile or weep; Ti - ny
Far beyond the a-zure skies, Where the ti - ny star-eyes peep, From all
She has reach'd the golden shore, Thro' the riv-er cold and deep; An - gels

rit. *a tempo.*

rit. e dim. *a tempo.*

windows of the soul; Little baby's gone to sleep, Little baby's gone to sleep.
earth's sad doubts and fears, Little baby's gone to sleep, Little baby's gone to sleep.
bore her safe-ly there; Little baby's gone to sleep, Little baby's gone to sleep.

rit. e dim. *a tempo.*

rit.

An-gels bore her safe-ly home; So for her we may not weep; Soft-ly

rit. e dim. *pp* *a tempo.*

to the doorway come, Little baby's gone to sleep; She has on-ly gone to sleep.

SO I CAN WAIT.

THOMPSON. SWENEY. By per.

1. I know that heav'n lies just be-yond This earth-ly state, this earth-ly state;
2. I know the heart-aches of this life Will all be healed, will all be healed;
3. I know that when my time shall come To dwell a-bove, to dwell a-bove,

That Christ himself holds death's cold wand; So I can wait, so I can wait.
When the blest peace that ends earth's strife Shall be re-veal'd, shall be re-veal'd.
Je - sus his child will welcome home With tend'rest love, with tend'-rest love.

I know the dark mys-te-rious ways My feet may tread, my feet may tread
I know that 'mid the world's tur-moil God giv-eth rest, God giv-eth rest;
His an-gel guards will o-pen wide Heav'n's pear-ly gate, heav'ns pear-ly gate;

Will all be plain when heav'nly rays Are on them shed, are on them shed.
His arm is round me in its toil; And I am blest, and I am blest.
And I shall then be sat-is-fied: So I can wait, so I can wait.

THE DAY IS DONE.

LONGFELLOW. BALFE.

Moderato molto. *p*

The day is done, and the darkness Falls from the wings of night,

pp *cres.*

cres.

As a feath-er is wafted downward From an ea - gle in his flight, From an

pp

f *p*

ea - gle in his flight. I see the lights of the

pp animando un poco.

poco rit.

vil - lage Gleam thro' the rain and the mist, And a

cres.

feel - ing of sadness comes o'er me That my soul cannot re-sist; A

col canto. *cres.* *f*

Andante.

feeling of sadness and longing That is not a-kin to pain, And re-

p *pp* *cres.*

slower. *Moderato animato.*

sembles sorrow on-ly As the mist re - sem - bles rain.

pp *pp* *cres.*

Come, read to me some poem, Some simple and heart-felt

fp *dim.* *pp*

lay, That shall soothe this restless feeling, And banish the tho'ts of day ;

cres.

Not from the grand old masters, Not from the bards sublime, Whose dis-tant foot-steps

cres.

accel.

e - cho thro' the cor - ri-dors of time, For like strains of mar - tial

cres. *cres.*

mu -sic, Their migh-ty tho'ts suggest Life's endless toil and endeavor, And to-

cres. *cres.*

f rall. *rit.* *a tempo.*

night I long for rest, To-night I long for rest.

f rall. *rit.* *pp a tempo.*

sotto voce.

Read from some humbler poet, Whose songs gushed from his heart, from his heart,

dol.

As showers from the clouds of sum-mer, Or tears from the eye-lids start, Or

pp

p

tears from the eyelids start; Who thro' long days of la-bor,

dim. *animando un poco.* *pp*

cres.

And nights de-void of ease, Still heard in his soul the mu-sic Of

cres.

Poco meno mosso.

won-derful mel - o - dies. Such songs have pow - er to qui-et The

pp staccato.

Solemnly and slow.

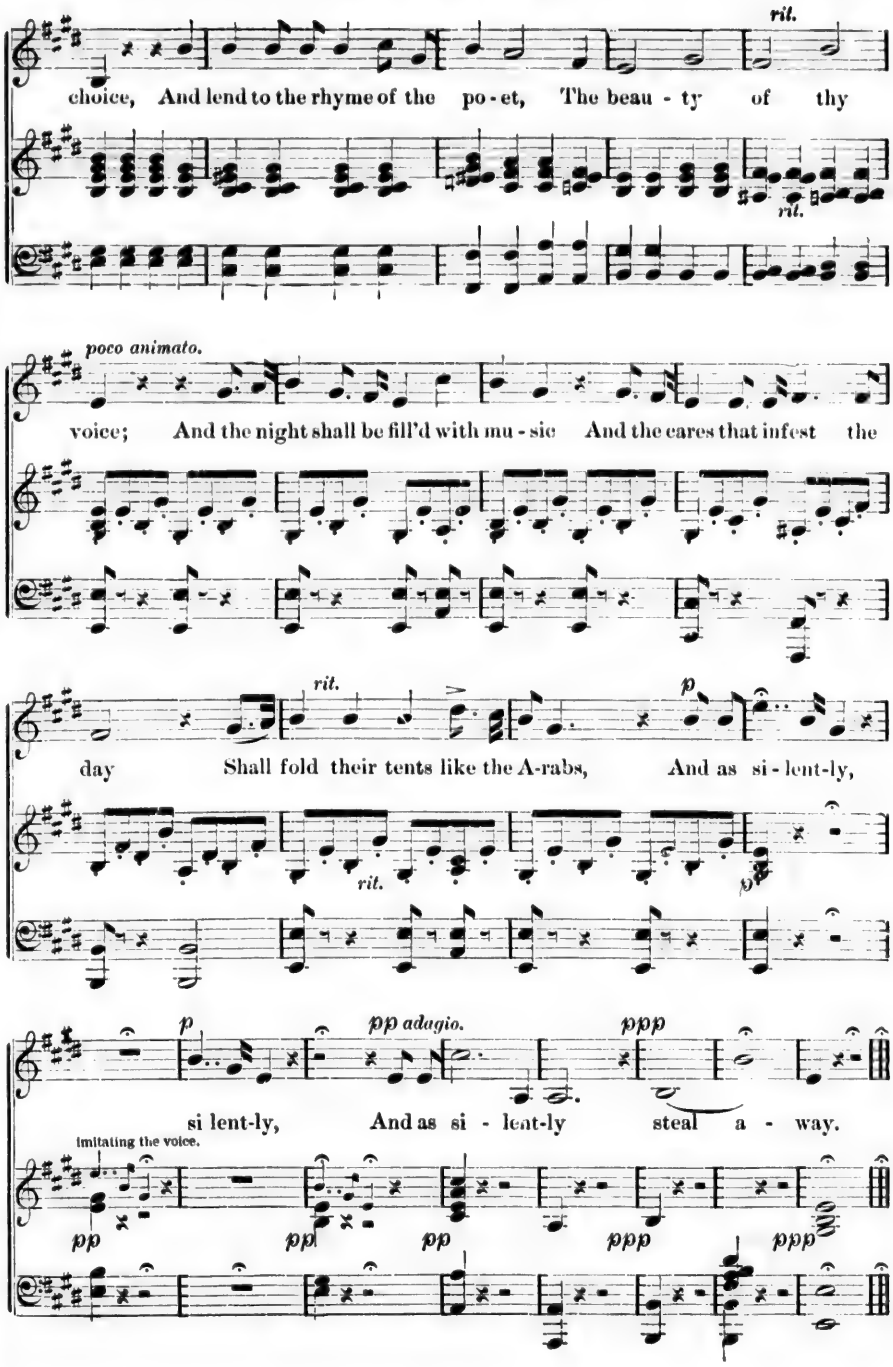
rest - less pulse of care, And come like the benediction, That follows

pp colla parte. *cres.*

rit.

af - - ter pray'r. Then read from the treasured volume, The po-em of thy

pp rit.


rit.
choice, And lend to the rhyme of the po-et, The beau-ty of thy
rit.
poco animato.
voice; And the night shall be fill'd with mu-sic And the cares that infest the
rit.
p
day Shall fold their tents like the A-rabs, And as si-lent-ly,
rit.
p
p
pp adagio.
ppp
si lent-ly, And as si-lent-ly steal a-way.
Imitating the voice.
pp
pp
pp
ppp
ppp

THE LITTLE ONES AT HOME.

LOCKWOOD. By per.

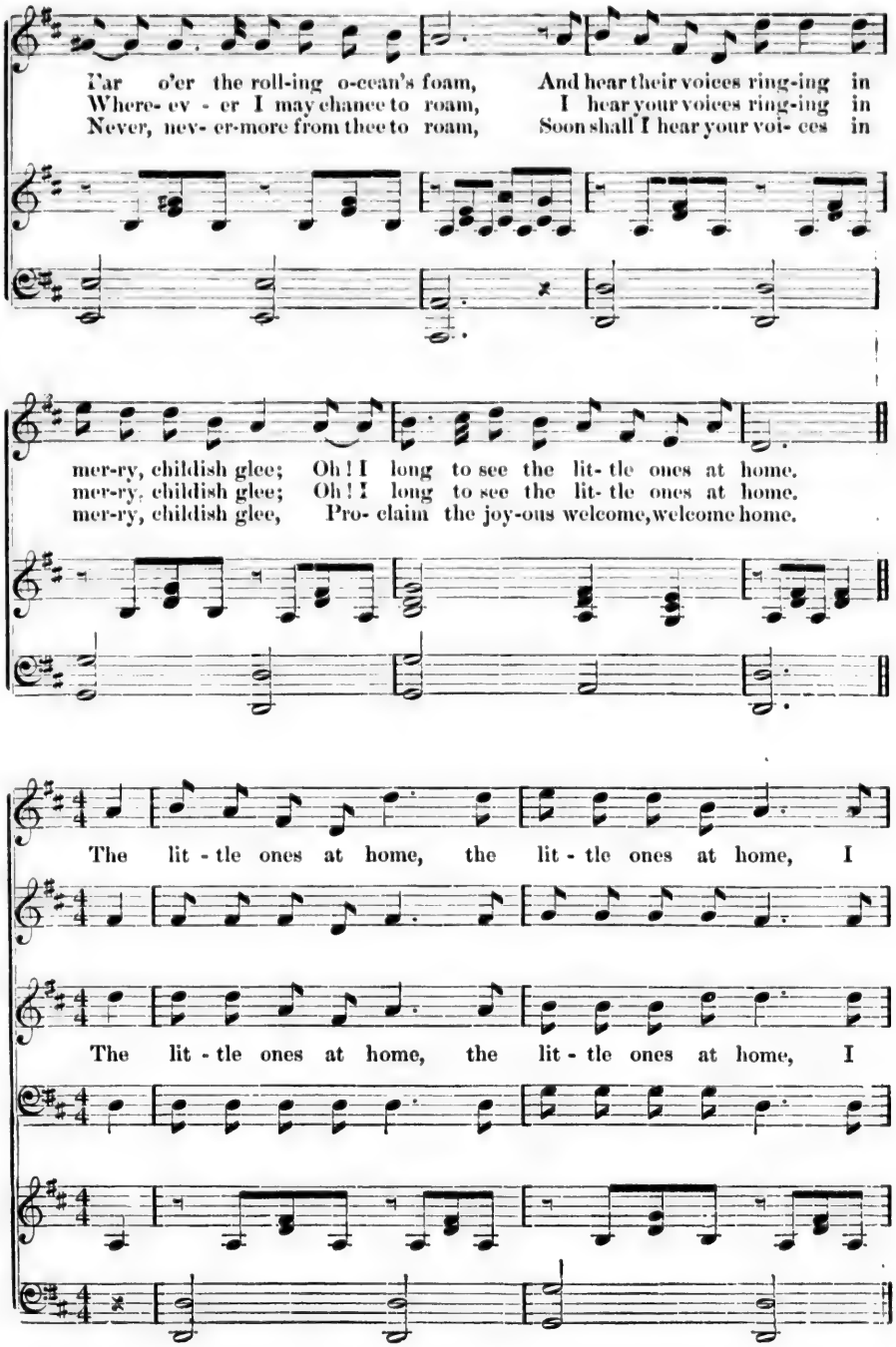
Espressivo.

1. I am think-ing now of home a - mong my na - tive hills, And
2. The moon looks mild- ly down, the same as oft be - fore, And
3. May guar- dian an- gels still their vig - ils o'er thee keep; May

though a- far thro' dis-tant lands I roam, The mem'ries of the past my
bathes the earth in floods of mel-low light, But its beams are r . so bright up-
heav-en's choicest blessings on thee rest, Till I am safe-ly borne a

heart with long- ing fills, To see the dar- ling lit - tle ones at
on this lone - ly shore As they seemed at home one year a - go to
cross the storm- y deep, And meet a- gain with those I love the

home. Ah! now their forms I seem to see,
night. Sad - - ly my heart still turns to thee,
best. Soon, soon your fa - ces I shall see,


Far o'er the roll-ing o-cean's foam, And hear their voices ring-ing in
Where- ev - er I may chance to roam, I hear your voices ring-ing in
Never, nev- er-more from thee to roam, Soon shall I hear your voi- ces in
mer-ry, childish glee; Oh! I long to see the lit- tle ones at home.
mer-ry, childish glee; Oh! I long to see the lit- tle ones at home.
mer-ry, childish glee, Pro- claim the joy-ous welcome, welcome home.
The lit - tle ones at home, the lit - tle ones at home, I
The lit - tle ones at home, the lit - tle ones at home, I

long to see the lit- tle ones at home, And hear their voi-ces ring-ing in
(Last time.) Soon shall I hear your voi-ces in

long to see the lit- tle ones at home, And hear their voi-ces ring-ing in
(Last time.) Soon shall I hear your voi-ces in

mer-ry, childish glee; Oh! I long to see the lit- tle ones at home.
mer-ry, childish glee, Pro- claim the joy-ous welcome, welcome home.

mer-ry, childish glee; Oh! I long to see the lit- tle ones at home.
mer-ry, childish glee, Pro- claim the joy-ous welcome, welcome home.

HOLY MOTHER, GUIDE HIS FOOT-STEPS.

FROM "MARITANA."

p

MARITANA.

Ho - ly Moth - er, guide his foot - steps,

p

Guide them at a mo - ment, guide them at a mo - ment sure.

LAZARILLO.

Ho - ly Moth - er, guide his foot - steps,

MARITANA.

Let this

LAZARILLO.

guide them at a mo - ment, at a mo - ment, a mo-ment sure. Let this

pp

wick - ed heart then per - ish, And the good, the good remains se-

wick - ed heart then per - ish, And the good, the good remains se-

cres.

ritard.

cure; Sainted Moth - er, oh, befriend him, And thy gentlest pity lend him.

cure; Sainted Moth - er, oh, befriend him, And thy gentlest pity lend him.

mf pp

Dolce.

Ah! Ho- - ly Moth - er, guide . . . . his . .

pp

foot-steps; Ah! guide them at a mo - ment, at a mo - ment

sure; Ah! Ho - ly Moth - er, guide his

foot-steps; Ah! guide them at a mo - ment, guide them at a mo - ment

Let the wick - ed heart then per - ish, Let the wick - ed heart then

sure. Let the wick-ed Let the wick - ed heart then

p

per - ish; Saint - ed Moth - er, oh! befriend him . . . . . And thy

per - ish; Saint - ed Moth - er, oh! befriend him . . . . . And thy

mf

gent - lest, and thy gent - lest pi - ty lend him. Let the lend him, and thy

gent - lest, and thy gent - lest pi - ty lend him. lend him, and thy

f

a piacere.

gentlest, thy gent-lest pi - - - ty lend him.

gentlest, thy gent-lest pi - - - ty lend him.

p *Dim.*

COME CLOSER, SOUL, TO ME.

WIRTH. O'KANE.

1. Me-thinks I hear my Saviour say, "Come clos-er, clos - er, soul, to-day; Of all my ful - ness, come, partake, And I thy joy will per - fect make.
2. Draw near, thou wea - ry one, nor fear; I am thy por - tion, rest thou here; Nor let one doubt thy peace al - loy; A - bide in Me, thy life, thy joy.
3. Come near - er, weep-ing one, My balm Shall soothe thy spir-it with such calm. Look up with faith; I know thy grief, And I will give thee blest re - lief.
4. Come clos - er, fear - ful one, and hide Be-neath My sha - dow; there a - bide Till the bright dawning of that day, When gloom and night shall flee a - way.

Come clos-er, come clos-er, Come clos - er, soul, to Me; Come
Come closer, come closer,

clos - er, come clos - er, Come clos - er, soul, to Me."
Come clos-er come clos - er,

RUTH AND NAOMI.

TOPLIFF.

RECITATIVE.

And they lift- ed up their voice

Ped.
pp
ppp

. . . and wept a- gain; and Or- pah kissed her mother- in-law; but

fz

Ruth clave un - to her. And she said, be-hold, thy

f
p cres.

sis- ter hath gone back un- to her people, and un - to her gods: re-

f
dim.

turn thou af - ter thy sis - ter, return, return, return, thou af - ter thy

p *ff* *dim.* *ppp*

sis - ter, re-turn, return, re-turn. And Ruth said,

p rall. *Ped.*

AIR.

Graizoso.

En-treat me not to leave thee, or to return from

fol-low- ing af - ter thee, For whither thou go - est, I will go, and

p

sf

where thou lodgest I will lodge. Thy peo- ple shall be

cres.

my peo-ple, and thy God, my God,

dim. *f* *dim.*

Thy peo- ple shall be my peo-ple, and thy God,

p *fz* *f*

my God. Where thou diest will I die, where thou diest will I die, and

pp

there will I be bur-ied . . . . . Entreat me not to leave thee,

ppp *cres.* *dim.* *p* *cres.* *dim.*

or to re-turn from fol-low - ing af - ter thee; for whither thou go - est,

cres. *fz* *dim.*

I will go, and where thou lodgest, I will lodge. The

sf *p* *sf* *pp*

Lord do so to me . . . and more al-so, The Lord do so to me, and

cres. *dim.* *p* *cres.*

more al-so, if aught but death part thee and me, ... En-

dim. *pp* *calando. a tempo.*

treat me not to leave thee, or to return from following af - ter thee, for

whither thou go - est. I will go, and where thou lodgest, I will lodge; En-

fz *pp* *fz*

treat me not to leave thee, entreat me not to leave thee, en - treat me

dim.

not, en- treat me not, en- treat . . . . me not.

cres. *calando.* *ppp*

LORD, TEACH A LITTLE CHILD TO PRAY.

M. By per.

Slow.

1. Lord, teach a lit - tle child to pray, And oh, ac- cept my prayer!
2. A lit - tle spar- row can - not fall Un - no- ticed, Lord, by Thee;
3. Teach me to do what-e'er is right, And when I sin, for - give;

Thou hear- est all the words I say, For Thou art ev - ry - where.
And tho' I am so young and small, Thou car - est still for me.
And make it still my chief de-light To love Thee while I live.

PRO PHUNDO BASSO.

BLISS. By per.

Pro Phundo Bas-so is my name, My voice is ve- ry loud and strong; I

TENOR.

sing the scales and psalm tunes too, And sometimes sing a song. I sing a - lone,—Why

TENOR.

sing a - lone? Because there's no one here can sing one-half so well as I. Let

TENOR.

me but try. What! you? Oh, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha! Mary, love, the world re - pos-es;

Soft the cool - ing breez - es blow,— Oh, ho, ho, ho, ho, ho, ho, ho! What a

SOP.

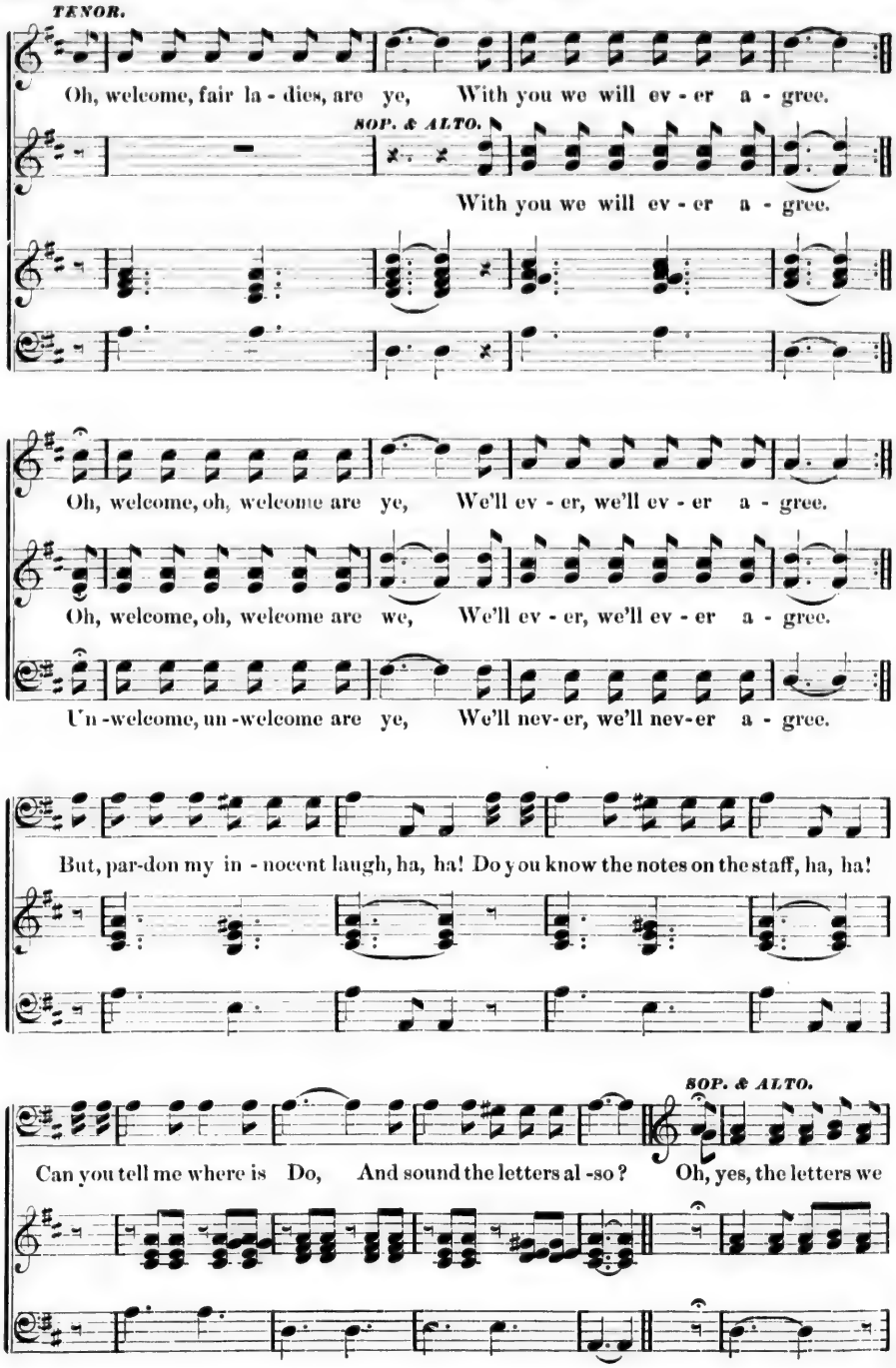
ter- ri -ble, ter-ri- ble "blow," But— Gentlemen, lis-ten to me, You'll nev-er, you'll

ALTO.

never a - gree; We'll join in a song with you, For four are better than two.

SOP. & ALTO.

We'll join in a song with you, For four are bet-ter than two.


TENOR.
Oh, welcome, fair la - dies, are ye, With you we will ev - er a - gree.
SOP. & ALTO.
With you we will ev - er a - gree.
Oh, welcome, oh, welcome are ye, We'll ev - er, we'll ev - er a - gree.
Oh, welcome, oh, welcome are we, We'll ev - er, we'll ev - er a - gree.
Un -welcome, un -welcome are ye, We'll nev- er, we'll nev- er a - gree.
But, par-don my in - nocent laugh, ha, ha! Do you know the notes on the staff, ha, ha!
SOP. & ALTO.
Can you tell me where is Do, And sound the letters al -so? Oh, yes, the letters we

know, The lines and the spaces al - so. (*Spoken.*) What,

But can you sound firmly the A . . .

A, A, A? (*Spoken.*) Yes, A, A, A.

TEN.

. . . . . No, no, you're wrong, sound A . . . . . No, no, try again, sound

(*Spoken.*) Well, A, A. A,

A, A, A, A, A, Too high, too high, too high, ha, ha! You're wrong, etc, wrong.

You're wrong, etc. . . . . wrong, wrong, You're wrong, etc.

You're wrong, etc. . . . . wrong, wrong, You're wrong, etc.

wrong, you're wrong, you're wrong, wrong, wrong.

wrong, you're wrong, you're wrong, wrong, wrong.

I tell you, you sounded too high, ha, ha! Oh,

ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha ha! We did n't, we did n't, we did n't, we did n't, we

We did n't, we did n't, we did n't, we did n't, we

You did, you did, you did, you did, you

didn't, we didn't; we didn't, we didn't, we didn't, we didn't, we didn't, we didn't.

didn't, we didn't; we didn't, we didn't, we didn't, we didn't, we didn't, we didn't, didn't.

did, you did, you did, you did, you did, you did, you did, you did.

EVENING SONG TO THE VIRGIN.

HEMANS

MUSIC BY HER SISTER.

A - - - ve sanc- tis - si - ma, We lift our souls to

A - - - ve sanc- tis - si - ma, We lift our souls to

p

thee, O - - - ra pro no - - - bis, 'Tis

thee, O - - - ra pro no - - - bis, 'Tis

night - fall on the sea. Watch us while

night - fall on the sea. Watch us while

shad - ows lie, Far o'er the wa - ters spread;

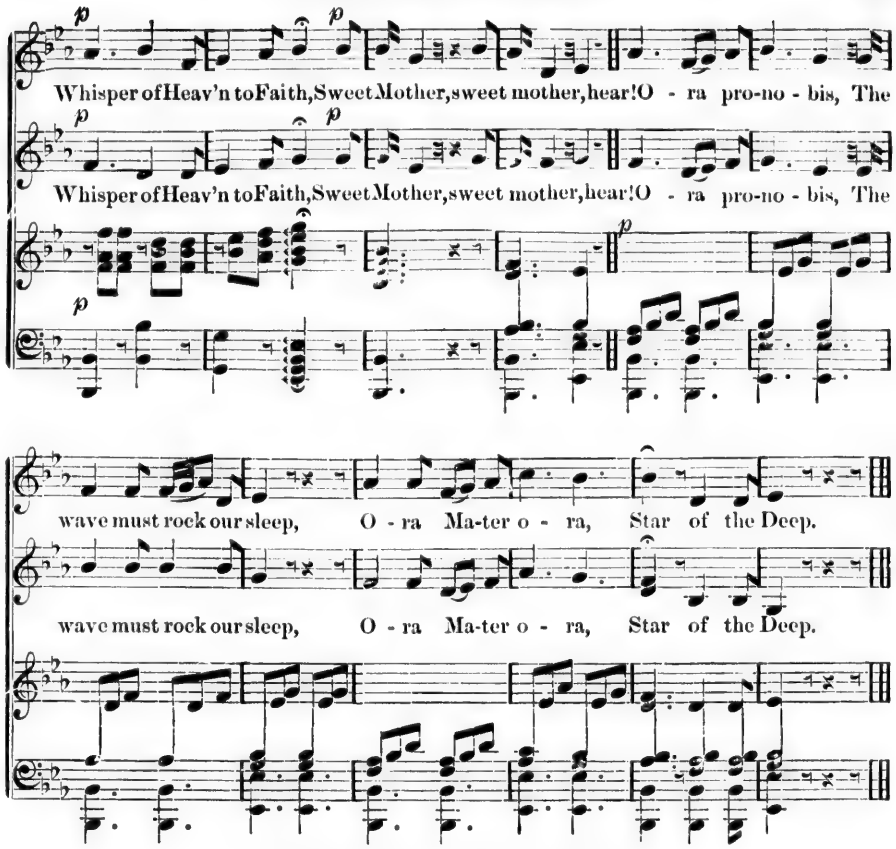
shad - ows lie, Far o'er the wa - ters spread;

Hear the heart's lone - ly sigh, Thine too hath

Hear the heart's lone - ly sigh, Thine too hath

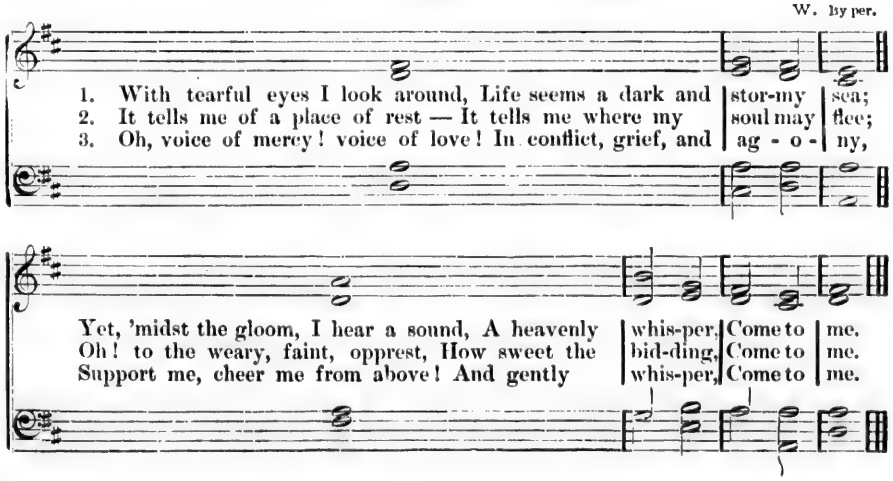
bled. Thou that hast look'd on Death, Aid us when Death is near;

bled. Thou that hast look'd on Death, Aid us when Death is near;



WITH TEARFUL EYES

W. By per.



WITH VERDURE CLAD.

HAYDN'S "CREATION."

RECITATIVE.

And God said, Let the earth bring forth grass, the herb yielding seed, and the fruit tree yielding

fruit af - ter his kind, whose seed is in - it - self up - on the earth, And it was

so.

AIR.

Andante.

With verdure clad, the fields appear, de-lightful to the ravish'd sense; By flow-ers

sweet and gay, en-hanced is the charming sight, en-hanc - - - ed

fz *f* *p*

is the charming sight. Here vent their fumes the

fz

fragrant herbs, here shoots the healing plant, here shoots the healing plant, . .

Here shoots the healing plant . . . . the healing plant . . .

Here shoots the heal - ing plant.

With co - pious fruit th'ex-panded boughs are hung;

In lea - fy arch-es twine the sha - dy groves; O'er lofty hills ma-

jes - tic for - ests wave, majestic forests wave.

Più. *f* *f* *p*

With verdure clad the fields appear, delightful to the

fz

ravish'd sense; By flow-ers sweet and gay, en - hanced is the

fz

charming sight, en - hanc - - - - ed is the charming sight.

f *p*

Here vent their fumes the fragrant herbs, here shoots the healing

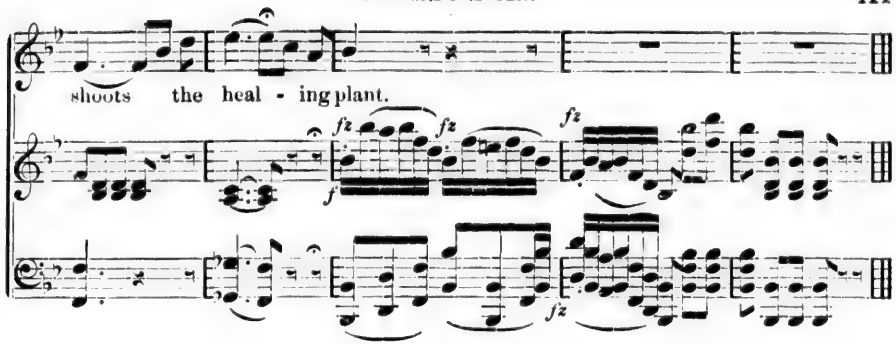
fz *p* *fz*

plant . . . . . here

shoots the heal . . ing plant, here vent their fumes the fragrant herbs; here shoots the

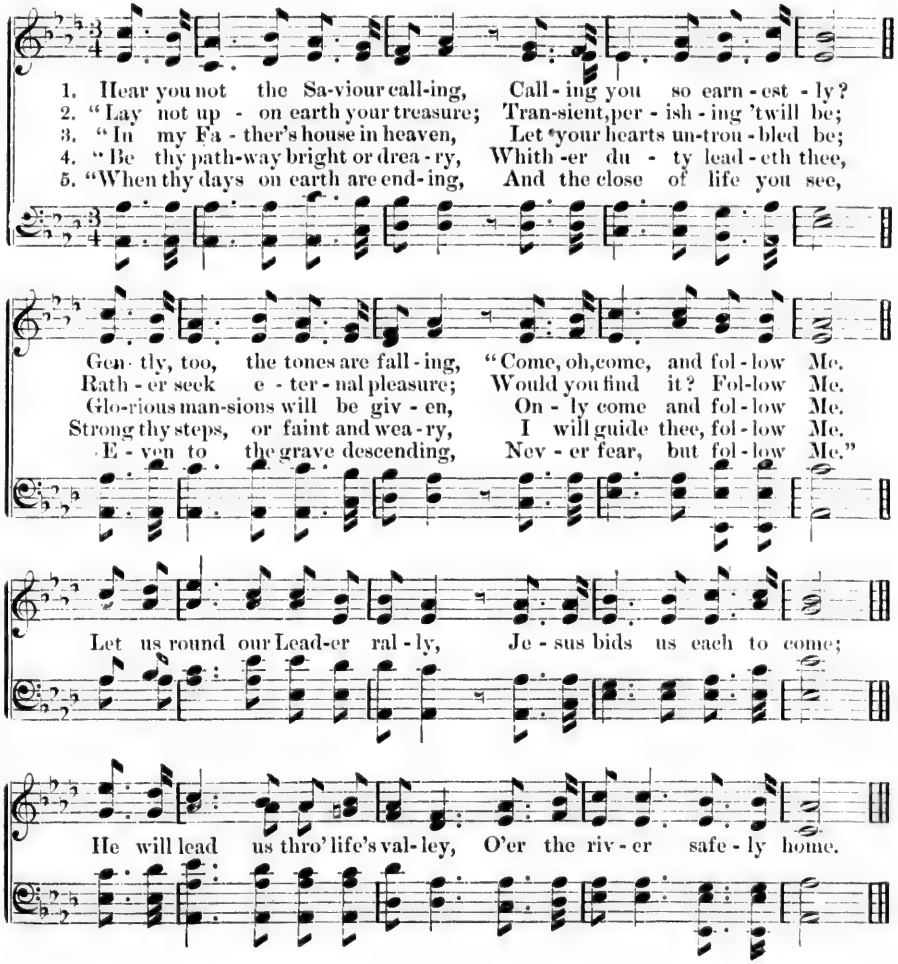
healing plant . . . . the healing plant . . . the healing plant . . . here

fz *pp*



FOLLOW ME.

O'KANE. O'KANE. By per.



EVE'S LAMENTATION.

KING.

Andante affettuoso.

Must I leave thee, must I leave thee, must I leave thee, Pa- ra- dise!

p *cres.* *p* *p*

Thus leave thee, leave thee, na - tive soil; these hap - py

tr *p* *fp* *fp* *fp*

hap - py walks, these walks and shades! Yet must I leave thee,

p

must I leave thee, must I leave thee, Pa- ra - dise.

p *cres.* *dim.* *dol.*

O flow'rs that never will in oth- er climate grow, Who now shall rear ye

fp *fp* *rf* *rf*

to the sun! From thee, from thee how shall I part,

p *cres.* *f* *fp* *fp*

how shall I part! Yet must I leave thee, must I leave thee,

p *p*

must I leave thee, Par - a - dise, ... must leave thee, Par- a dise.

rf *cres.* *rf* *rf*

THE MONARCH OF THE WOODS.

CHERRY.

Bold. *f* *fz*

1. Behold the monarch of the woods! The mighty old oak tree; He
2. How oft the monarch of the woods, Up - on a summer's day, Has

ff *f* *fz*

braves the rag - ing of the storm, On land or roll - ing sea; He
seen the mer - ry chil-dren sport, And 'neath its shad - ow play; From

f

mf *f*

waves his branches deck'd with green, In sum-mer's gol - den glow, And
youth to manhood they spring up, And old age comes at last, Then

rall. *slow.* *f*

I - vy clothes his leaf - less form Thro' win - ter's frost and snow: King
green grass waves up - on their graves, And all life's dreams are past! Yet

colla voce. *slow.* *a tempo.* *f*

a tempo con spirito.

Time, the con-quer-or of all, He bold - ly does de - fy, For
strong-er grows the mighty tree, In hale and hear - ty prime, And

f *ff*

green and hearty will he stand When a - ges have gone by.
stands the monarch of the woods, De - fy - ing age and time.

Repeat Chorus for ad lib. *cres.*

Green and hearty, green and hearty, hear-ty will he stand, When a-ges have gone
Stands the monarch of the woods, the monarch of the woods, De - fy- ing age and

cres.

fz *rall. ff*

by, When a - ges have gone by.
time, De-fy - ing age and time.

a tempo.

colla voce. *ff* *ff* *cres.*

THE CLARION NOW SOUNDS TO THE FIELD.

WALTON. MARSHALL. By per.

TENOR SOLO.

Maestoso.

1. The clar-ion now sounds to the field, The clarion now sounds to the
2. See the foe in his mar-tial ar-ray, See the foe in his martial ar-

f *TRUMPET.* *p*

field; Each heart, each heart, each heart to that summons must
ray, Each plume, each plume, each plume waving proudly and

cres. *FLUTE.*

yield. Farewell, my beloved, we must part; Bright honor now calls me a-
gay; Then weep not, my love, let a smile The reward of thy soldier still

fff *p*

cres. *FLUTE.*

way; Tho' thy im-age still fet-ters my heart, Yet
be, Ev'-ry fear, ev'-ry doubt to be-guile, I

hon-or for-bids me to stay, Then march, march,
fight for my home, love, and thee, Then march, etc.

ff CLARINET.

march we all dan-gers de-fy, To the field, to the

TRUMPET. CLAR.

field, To the field; we will conquer, or die; To the field; we will conquer, or

cres.

die.

TRUMPET. *ff* TRUMPET. *fff*

PRETTY AS A PICTURE.

COOPER. BISHOP. By per.

Moderato.

p

1. Oh, my heart is gone, And I'm forlorn, A
2. As we stray'd along, The sweet bird's song Was
3. When 'twas time to go, We talked so low The

dar-ling face has won me; Such a love-ly girl, With teeth of pearl, I
ring-ing o'er the meadow; And I cull'd a rose, You may suppose, To
ro - ses scarce could hear us; Then my heart in sport, 'Twas cu-pid caught, Like

met down by the brook! She's the pret-ti - est, And the wit- ti - est, Her
give my charm- er fair. So we'd gai-ly chat, While her Gyp-sy hat Half
fish- es near the shore. When I told her so, As I turned to go, She

smile has quite un-done me; I'm her on- ly beau, She told me so, When
hid her face in shad-ow; But whene'er I sigh'd, Her eyes replied, They
fond- ly lin-gered near me; And she drooped her head, And sweetly said, "I

first my arm she took; She's as pret-ty as a pic-ture!
shone like diamonds there: She's as pret-ty as a pic-ture!
wish you *au re-voir.*" She's as pret-ty as a pic-ture!

p

And her voice is just a cage where lit-tle birds are singing! She's the
And you nev-er miss the sun when-ev-er she is near you! If you
And my heart's a golden frame, whenever you may find her; She's a

sweetest, And the neatest! She's as pret-ty as a picture all the
saw her, You'd a-dore her; She's as pret-ty as a picture all the
fai- ry, blithe and air- y; She's as pret-ty as a picture all the

while. Oh, my heart is gone, And I'm forlorn, A dar-ling face has

won me; Such a love-ly girl, With teeth of pearl, An an-gel without wings!

D.C.

CAST THY BURDEN UPON THE LORD.

FROM "ELIJAH."

pp Piu adagio.

Cast thy bur-den up-on the Lord, And He shall sus- tain thee; He

pp

pp

Ped.

cres. *p*

nev-er will suf-fer the right - eous to fall; He is at thy right hand. Thy

cres. *p*

pp *Ped.*

cres. *dim.*

mer-cy, Lord, is great, and far a-bove the heav'ns. Let none be made a -

cres. *dim.*

Ped. *Ped.*

p

sham - ed that wait up - on Thee!

p

Ped. *cres.* *pp* *Ped.*

THERE'S A LIGHT IN THE VALLEY.

BLISS. By per.

With expression.

1. Thro' the val-ley of the shadow I must go, Where the cold waves of Jor-dan
2. Now the rolling of the billows I can hear, As they beat on the turf-bound

roll; But the promise of my Shepherd will, I know, Be the rod and the staff to my
shore; But the beacon light of love so bright and clear, Guides my bark, frail and lone, safely

Slower.

soul. E-ven now down the valley as I glide, I can hear my Saviour say, "Follow
o'er. I shall find down the valley no alarms, For my Saviour's blessed smile I can

a tempo.

me!" And with him I'm not afraid to cross the tide, There's a light in the valley for me.
see; He will bear me in his loving mighty arms, There's a light in the valley for me.

f *p* *f* *p*

There's a light in the val-ley, There's a light in the val-ley, There's a

light in the val-ley for me, for me, And no e-vil will I fear, While my

repeat. pp

Shepherd is so near, There's a light in the val-ley for me, for me.

REST ON THE BOSOM OF LOVE.

ROOT.

Andantino.

1. Pil-grim, tho' la - den with sor - row, Look from the clouds and the gloom;
2. Here, tho' thy heart may be wea - ry, Long with temp-ta-tions op-pressed,
3. Safe from tempta- tion and tri - al, Safe from all sor - row and woe,

Bright-ly the gleam of the mor - row Shines on the path to the tomb;
Here, tho' thy path may be drear - y, Sweet is the prom-ise of rest;
Safe from the cut - ting de - ni - al, Mer - it oft meets with be - low,

Soon shall thy spir - it a - wak - ing, Gaze on the rap-tures a - bove;
Rest from thy la - bor for - ev - er; Rest in the mansions a - bove;
Safe "as a brand from the burn - ing," Thanks to the Sa-viour a - bove;

Then all its sor - row for - sak - ing, Rest on the bo - som of love.
Naught shall dis-turb thee, oh, nev - er, Safe on the bo - som of love.
Safe from all trou - bles re - turn - ing, Here, on the bo - som of love.

Rest, Rest, Yes, rest on the bo - som of love.
Rest, Rest, Yes, rest on the bo - som of love.
Rest, on the bo - som of love, Yes, rest on the bo - som of love.

Rest,

TAKE ME HOME.

RAYMOND. By per.

Andante affettuoso.

mp

Ped. * *Ped.* *

1. Take me home to the place where I first saw the light, To the sweet sunny South take me home, Where the mocking bird sung me to rest ev'-ry night, Ah! why was I tempted to roam? I think with re-gret of the
2. Take me home to the place where the orange trees grow, To my cot in the ev - er-green shade, Where the flow-ers on the river's green mar - gin may blow Their sweets on the banks where we played, The path to our cot - tage they
3. Take me home, let me see what is left that I know; Can it be that the old house is gone! The dear friends of my child - hood in-deed must be few, And I must lament all a - lone; But yet I'll re-turn to the

dear ones I left, Of the warm hearts that shelter'd me then, Of the
say has grown green, And the place is quite lone - ly a - round; And I
place of my birth, Where my chil - dren have play'd at my door; Where they

wife and the dear ones of whom I'm bereft, And I sigh for the old place a - gain.
know that the smiles and the forms I have seen, Now lie deep in the soft mossy ground.
pull'd the white blossoms that garnish'd the earth, Which will echo their footsteps no more.

Take me home to the place where my little ones sleep, Poor massa lies bu-ried close

by; O'er the graves of the lov'd ones I long to weep, And among them to rest when I die.

rall.

THE JOVIAL FARMER BOY.

ARR. FROM "TRUMPET OF REFORM." By per.

Allegretto.

1. A jo- vial farm-er boy I'll be, As free as birds that sing, And car-ol forth my
2. No place for me the crowded town With pavements hard and dry With lengthened streets of
3. The squirrel leaping from the limb, Upon the tree- top high, The lark that soars with

songs of glee A-mong the flow'rs of spring; I'll plow, and sow, and drive my team, Be-
dus-ty brown, And gloomy hous-es high, Where ev-' ry boy must bound his ball Up-
ma-tin hymn, Is not more gay than I. I'll go and come a farm-er boy, From

fore the ris-ing sun, I'll swim and sail in silvery stream, When all my work is done.
on a neighbor's ground, And ev-'ry shout and ev'ry call Disturbs the folks a- round.
cit - y trammels free, I'll live the life that I en-joy, A farmer boy I'll be.

Interlude to be whistled.

ACCOMPANIMENT.

Repeat pp after last verse.

HEAR THE ANGELS.

O'KANE. By per.

1. Ho - ly an-gels in their flight, Trav-el o - ver earth and sky, Acts of
2. Tho' their forms we can not see, They at- tend and guard our way, Till we
3. Had we but an an-gel's wing, And an an-gel's heart of flame, Oh, how

Interlude, to be played very softly

kindness their delight, Winged with mer-cy as they fly. Ju - bi - la - te, ju- bi -
join their com-pa - ny, In the fields of heavenly day. Ju - bi - la - te, etc.
sweet-ly would we sing, Thro' the world the Saviour's name. Ju - bi - la - te, etc.

on the organ, or sung by a quartet in an adjoining room.

la - te, ju - bi - la - te, A - men. Coming,
Don't you hear the an-gels

Com - ing,
Ov - er hill and plain, Hear the an - gels com- ing With sweet

Com - ing
mu - sic in their train? Yes, we hear the an - gels

Com-ing
From their heavenly home, Hear the an - gels sing- ing as they come.

GOOD-BYE!

BENNETT. HATTON.

SOPRANO.
p Andante.

Good-bye! the word is light-ly spo- ken, When ties but light-ly bound are

ALTO.

Good-bye! the word is light-ly spo- ken, When ties but light-ly bound are

TENOR. 8va lower.
p

Good-bye! the word is light-ly spo- ken, When ties but light-ly bound are

BASS.

Good-bye! the word is light-ly spo- ken, When ties but light-ly bound are

p *p*

bro-ken; But in that word, to you and me, Is all that nev-er more may

p *p*

bro-ken; But in that word, to you and me, Is all that nev-er more may

p *p*

bro-ken; But in that word, to you and me, Is all that nev-er more may

p

bro-ken; But in that word, to you and me, Is all that nev-er more may

be. And you and I would sooner die,

be. And you and I would sooner die,

be. And you and I would sooner die, . . . would sooner die, would sooner

be. And you and I would sooner die, . . . would sooner die, would sooner

Than ut - ter now . . . "Good-bye, Good-bye, Good-bye!"

Than ut - ter now "Good-bye, . . . Good-bye, Good-bye!"

die, Than ut - ter now "Good-bye, . . . Good-bye, Good-bye!"

Than ut - ter now . . . "Good-bye, Good-bye, Good - bye!"

Good-bye! to some, O joy, not sor - row! It speaks of meet-ing on some

Good-bye! to some, O joy, not sor - row! It speaks of meet-ing on some

Good-bye! to some, O joy, not sor - row! It speaks of meet-ing on some

Good-bye! to some, O joy, not sor - row! It speaks of meet-ing on some

mor-row. To us, that word can on - ly tell, A hope- less, end-less, last fare-

mor-row. To us, that word can on - ly tell, A hope- less, end-less, last fare-

mor-row. To us, that word can on - ly tell, A hope- less, end-less, last fare-

mor-row, To us, that word can on - ly tell, A hope- less, end-less, last fare-

well; And sob and sigh, Our heart's wild cry,

well; And sob and sigh, Our heart's wild cry,

well; And sob and sigh, Our heart's wild cry . . . Our heart's wild cry, Are in that

well; And sob and sigh, Our heart's wild cry . . . Our heart's wild cry,

p *pp*

Are in that word, . . "Good-bye, Good-bye, Good-bye!"

p *pp*

Are in that word, "Good-bye, . . . Good-bye, Good-bye!"

p *pp*

word, Are in that word, "Good-bye, . . . Good-bye, Good-bye!"

Are in that word, . . "Good-bye, Good-bye, Good - bye!"

HOW MANY MILES.

By per.

Gently

1. How ma - ny miles to Ba - by Land? A - ny one can tell:
2. What do they do in Ba - by Land? Dream, and wake, and play;
3. What do they do in Ba - by Land? Why, the odd - est things;
4. Who is the queen in Ba - by Land? Moth - er, kind and sweet;

Up one flight, To the right; Please to ring the bell.
Laugh and crow, Shout and grow; Jol - ly time have they.
Might as well Try to tell What a bir - die sings.
And her love, Born a - bove, Guides the lit - tle feet.

THE ROAD TO SLUMBER-LAND.

FROM "THE NURSERY." By per. ROOT. By per.

p Andantino. *m*

1. What is the road to Slum-ber-land, and when does the ba - by go? The
2. Two lit- tle tir - ed satin- y feet from the shoe and the stocking free,
3. And close and closer the blue-veined lids are hid- ing the ba - by eyes, As

dim.

road lies straight thro' mother's arms, when the sun is sink- ing low; He
Two little palms to - geth- er pressed at the pa - tient moth-er's knee, Some
over the road to Slum-ber-land the dear little trav'ler hies; And

Lentando. *m* *a tempo.*

goes by the drows-y "land of nod," to the mu-sic of "lul - la - by," When
ba - by words that are drowsily lisped in the ten - der Shepherd's ear, And a
this is the way, thro' moth-er's arms, the pree - ious dar- lings go To the

p *pp* *rit.*

all wee lambs are safe in the fold, un- der the eve-ning sky.
kiss that only a moth-er can place on the brow of her ba - by dear.
beautiful city of Slum - berland when the sun is sink-ing low.

MR. LORDLY AND I;

BLISS. By per.

Moderato.

1. Mis-ter Lord-ly keeps a wal-let, so do I. He has piles of Greenbacks in it, none have I. He's no happier with his coupons than am I With my lit - tle *emp-ty* wal -let light and dry. I hide my purse, lest he should see The emp - ty thing, and pi - ty me.

2. His fine wife has dain-ty fingers, mine has not; But she gives him "curtain lectures," mine does not. He goes home and gets a scolding, I, a kiss. She a frown, but mine a smile and perfect bliss. She rules his house, her rights demands, And holds "pos - ses - sion" in her hands.

3. Mis-ter Lord-ly has his failings, so have I; But he wears his in his
4. He has those who court his fa-vor, none have I; But I've wondrous sat - is-

bosom, out-side I. He will leave the world his money, by and by; I shall
faction, glad am I; I'd not change it for his millions, no, not I. We must

leave my friends my mem'ry when I die. He's worlds of wealth, his own to call, I've
both "return our income" by and by; Then, pray, what diff'rence will there be 'Twixt

Love and Hope, and that is all.
Mis - ter Lord - ly's self and me.

ONE MORNING SWEET IN MAY.

PHILIPS. LESLIE.

Allegro marziale.

TREBLE. *mf*

While walking near a riv - er clear, One morning sweet in . . . May, When

ALTO.

While walking near a riv - er clear, One morning sweet in May, . . . When

TENOR. *mf*

While walking near a riv - er clear, One morning sweet in May, ... When

BASS.

While walking near a riv - er clear, One morning sweet in May, When hawthorn

p

haw-thorn trees perfum'd the breeze, And birds sang on each spray; A

p

haw-thorn trees perfum'd the breeze, And birds sang on each spray; A

p

haw-thorn trees perfum'd the breeze, And birds sang on each . . . . spray; A

trees . . . . perfum'd the breeze, And birds sang on each spray; . . .

cres - - - - - - - *cen* - - - - - - - *do.*

maid - en fair, with gold - en hair, By chance that way did pass; Her

maiden fair, with golden hair, By chance that way did pass; . . . Her

cres - - - - - - - *cen* - - - - - - - *do.*

maid - en fair, with golden hair, By chance that way did pass; . . . Her

cres.

A maiden fair . . . . that way did pass; Her

f *mf*

queen-ly grace and love - ly face, No god - dess could sur - pass. Like

f

queen-ly grace and love - ly face, No god - dess could sur - pass. Like

f *mf*

queenly grace and love - ly face, No goddess could . . . . sur-pass. Like

queenly grace and love - ly face, No god - dess could sur - pass. Like

stars at night, her eyes shone bright, And with love's fire did . . . glow. A

stars at night, her eyes shone bright, And with love's fire did glow. A

stars at night, her eyes shone bright, And with love's fire did glow. . . . A

stars at night, her eyes shone bright, And with love's fire did glow. . . A ro - sy,

p

ro - sy blush her cheeks did flush, Her neck was white as snow, A

p

ro - sy blush her cheeks did flush, Her neck was white as snow, A

p

ro - sy blush her cheeks did flush, Her neck was white as . . . . snow, A

ro - sy blush her cheeks did flush, Her neck was white as snow,

cres . . . . . *cen* . . . . . *do.*

co - ral beam each lip did seem, Her teeth were rows of pearl; And

. . co-ral beam each . . lip did seem, Her . . teeth were rows of pearl; And

cres . . . . *cen* . . . . . *do.*

co - - ral beam each lip did seem, Her teeth were rows of pearl; And

cres.

Her teeth were rows . . . . of pearl; . . And

f *mf*

fresh and bright as morning light Appear'd this charming girl. At her I gaz'd, I

fresh and bright as morning light Appear'd this charming girl. At her I gaz'd, I

f *mf*

fresh and bright as morning light Appear'd this charm - ing girl. At her I gaz'd, I

fresh and bright as morning light Appear'd this charming girl. At her I gaz'd, I

was amaz'd, Her beauty was so . . rare! And with love sweet my heart did beat For

was amaz'd, Her beauty was so rare! And with love sweet my heart did beat For

was amaz'd, Her beauty was so rare! . . And with love sweet my heart did beat For

was amaz'd, Her beauty was so rare! And with love, with love sweet my heart did beat For

p *cres* *cen* *do.*

this dear maid so fair. I told her this, and oh! what bliss In - to my soul did

p

this dear maid so fair. I told her this and, oh! what bliss In - to my soul did

p *cres* *cen* *do.*

this dear maid so fair. I told . . her this, and oh! what bliss In - to my soul did

mf

this dear maid so fair. And oh! what bliss . . Into my

f

glide! With gen - tle sighs and downcast eyes, She said she'd be my

f

glide! With gen - tle sighs and downcast eyes, She said she'd be my

f

glide! With gen - tle sighs and downcast eyes, She said she'd be . . . . my

f

soul did glide! With gen-tle sighs and downcast eyes, She said she'd be my

bride, . . . She said she'd be my bride, She said she'd be my bride.

bride, . . . She said she'd be my bride, She said she'd be my bride.

bride, . . . She said she'd be my bride, She said she'd be my bride.

bride, . . . She said she'd be my bride, She said she'd be my bride.

KILLARNEY.

BALFE. (Last song.)

Moderato.

1. By Killarney's lakes and fells, Em'rald isles and
2. In - nis-fal-len's ruined shrine May suggest a
3. No place else can charm the eye With such bright and
4. Mu-sic there for echo dwells, Makes each sound a

f

winding bays, Mountain paths and woodland dells, Mem'ry ever fondly strays;
passing sigh; But man's faith can ne'er decline Such God's wonders floating by;
varied tints; Ev'ry rock that you pass by, Verdure broiders or besprints;
har-mo-ny; Many-voiced the chorus swells, Till it faints in ecs-ta-sy;

sf

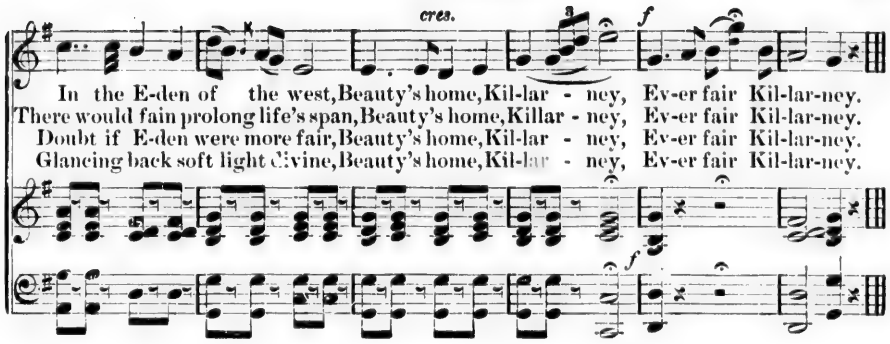
Bounteous nature loves all land, Beauty wanders everywhere, Footprints leaves on
Cas - tle Lough and Glena bay, Mountains Tore and Eagles' nest, Still at Mucross
Virgin there the green grass grows, Ev'ry morn springs na-tal day, Bright-hued berries
With the charmful tints be-low, Seems the Heav'n above to vie; All rich col - ors

pp

rall. *dim.* *pp a tempo.*

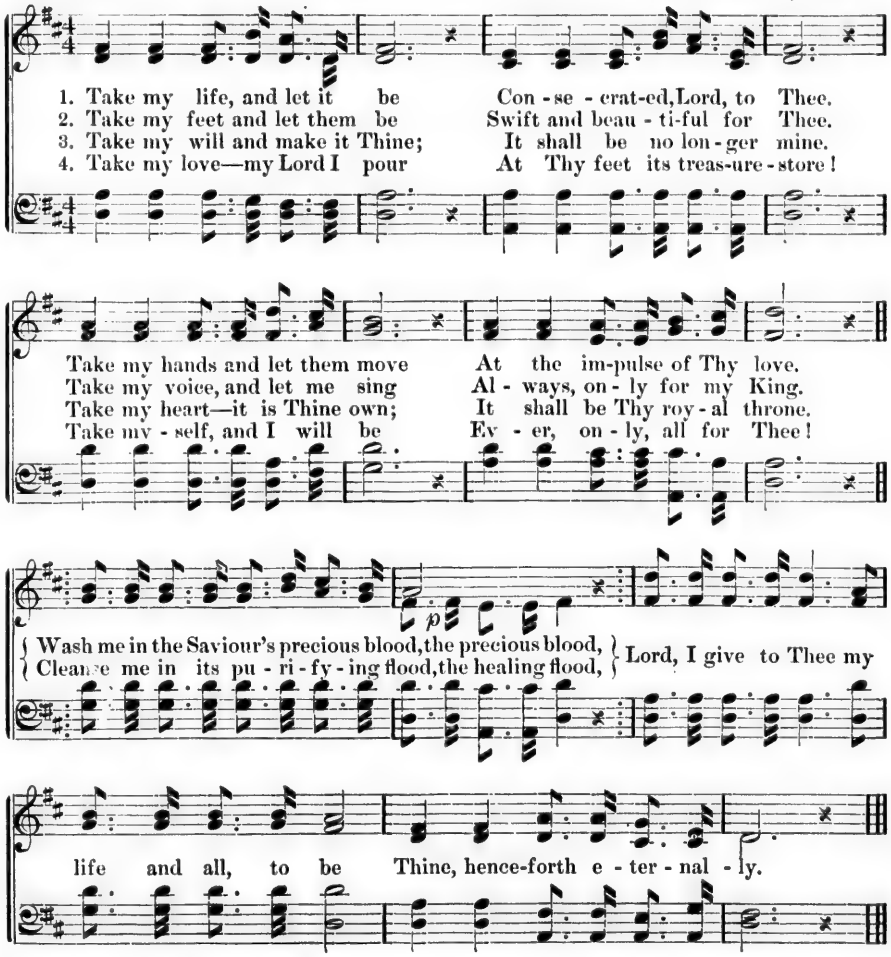
ma-ny strands, But her home is sure - ly there; Angels fold their wings and rest
you must pray, Tho' the monks are now at rest. An - gels wonder not that man
daff the snows, Smil-ing winter's frown a - way. An - gels oft-en paus-ing there,
that we know, Tinge the cloud-wreaths in that sky. Wings of angels so might shine,

colla parte. *rit.* *pp a tempo.*



CONSECRATION.

HAVERGAL. KIRKPATRICK, By per.



JOSIAH'S COURTSHIP.

MARKSTEIN. By per.

Allegro.

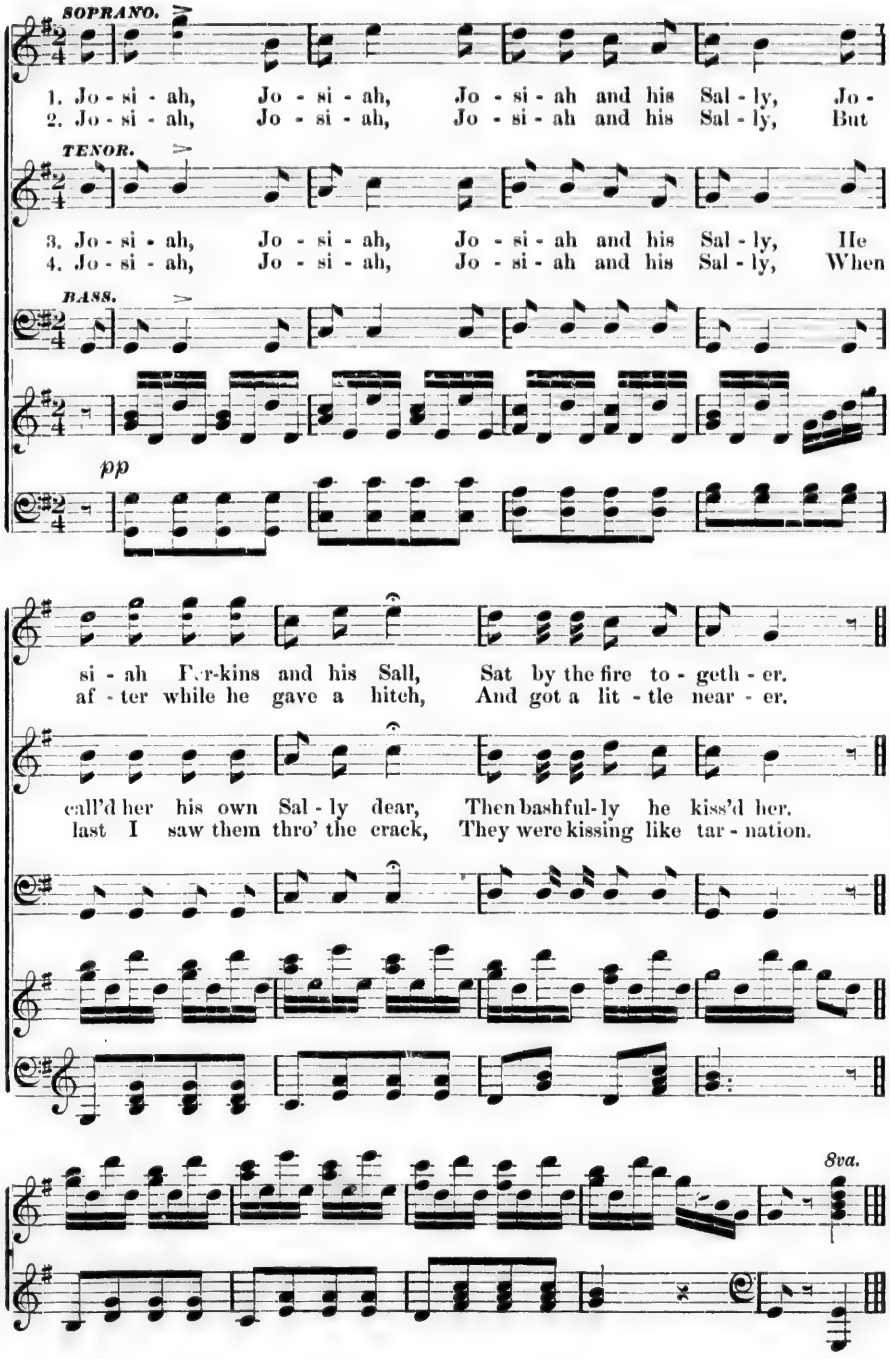
1. 'Twas Sunday night in Podunk valley, In
2. A wood-en settle firm and good, Their
3. Sall cast her eyes down, look'd quite tame, Tho'
4. Good gracious; she gave a start from him; Her

f

clear cold win-try weather, Jo - si - ah Per-kins and his Sall, Sat by the fire to-
loving forms supporting, T'was made of season'd, white pine wood, And just the thing for
ve - ry sweet-ly blush-ing, While all the blood in Josh's frame, Seem'd to his face a
an- ger did not smother; She said "if you do that a-gain, Now, Josh, I'll tell my

geth- er. The ap - ples by the chim - ney rug Were slow-ly get- ting
court-ing. At one end Sal - ly stuck like pitch, While Jo - si - ah seem'd to
gush-ing; He hitch'd a - gain and got quite near, He could not then re -
moth- er." They soon made up, and she came back, And calm'd her ag - i -

warm-er, The ci - der in the pew - ter mug, Was bubbling in the cor-ner.
fear her, But af - ter while he gave a hitch, And got a lit - tle near- er.
sist her, He call'd her his own Sal - ly dear, Then bash-ful-ly he kiss'd her.
ta- tion; When last I saw them thro' the crack, They were kissing like tarnation.


SOPRANO.
1. Jo - si - ah, Jo - si - ah, Jo - si - ah and his Sal - ly, Jo -
2. Jo - si - ah, Jo - si - ah, Jo - si - ah and his Sal - ly, But
TENOR.
3. Jo - si - ah, Jo - si - ah, Jo - si - ah and his Sal - ly, He
4. Jo - si - ah, Jo - si - ah, Jo - si - ah and his Sal - ly, When
BASS.
pp
si - ah Fer-kins and his Sall, Sat by the fire to - geth - er.
af - ter while he gave a hitch, And got a lit - tle near - er.
call'd her his own Sal - ly dear, Then bashful-ly he kiss'd her.
last I saw them thro' the crack, They were kissing like tar - nation.
8va.

MAY-DAY.

MULLER. NOVELLO.

SOPRANO.
Moderato.f

Spring's delights are all re - viv - - ing, Verdant leaflets clothe each spray, Hawthorn
These delights but last a sea - - son, Fad-ing quickly with the year, Still these

ALTO.

Spring's delights are all re - viv - - ing, Verdant leaflets clothe each spray, Hawthorn
These delights but last a sea - - son, Fad-ing quickly with the year, Still these

TENOR, 8va lower.

Spring's delights are all re - viv - ing, Verdant leaflets clothe each spray,
These delights but last a sea - son, Fad-ing quickly with the year,

BASS.

Spring's delights are all re - viv - ing, Verdant leaflets clothe each spray,
These delights but last a sea - son, Fad-ing quickly with the year,

buds give joy-ful tidings, Welcome news! 'tis blythe May-day, Hawthorn
hours, if spent with reason, Sure-ly bring us Au-tumn cheer, Still these

buds give joy-ful tidings, Welcome news! 'tis blythe May-day, Hawthorn
hours, if spent with reason, Sure-ly bring us Au-tumn cheer, Still these

Hawthorn buds give joyful tiding, Welcome news! 'tis blythe May-day,
Still these hours, if spent with reason, Surely bring us Au-tumn cheer.

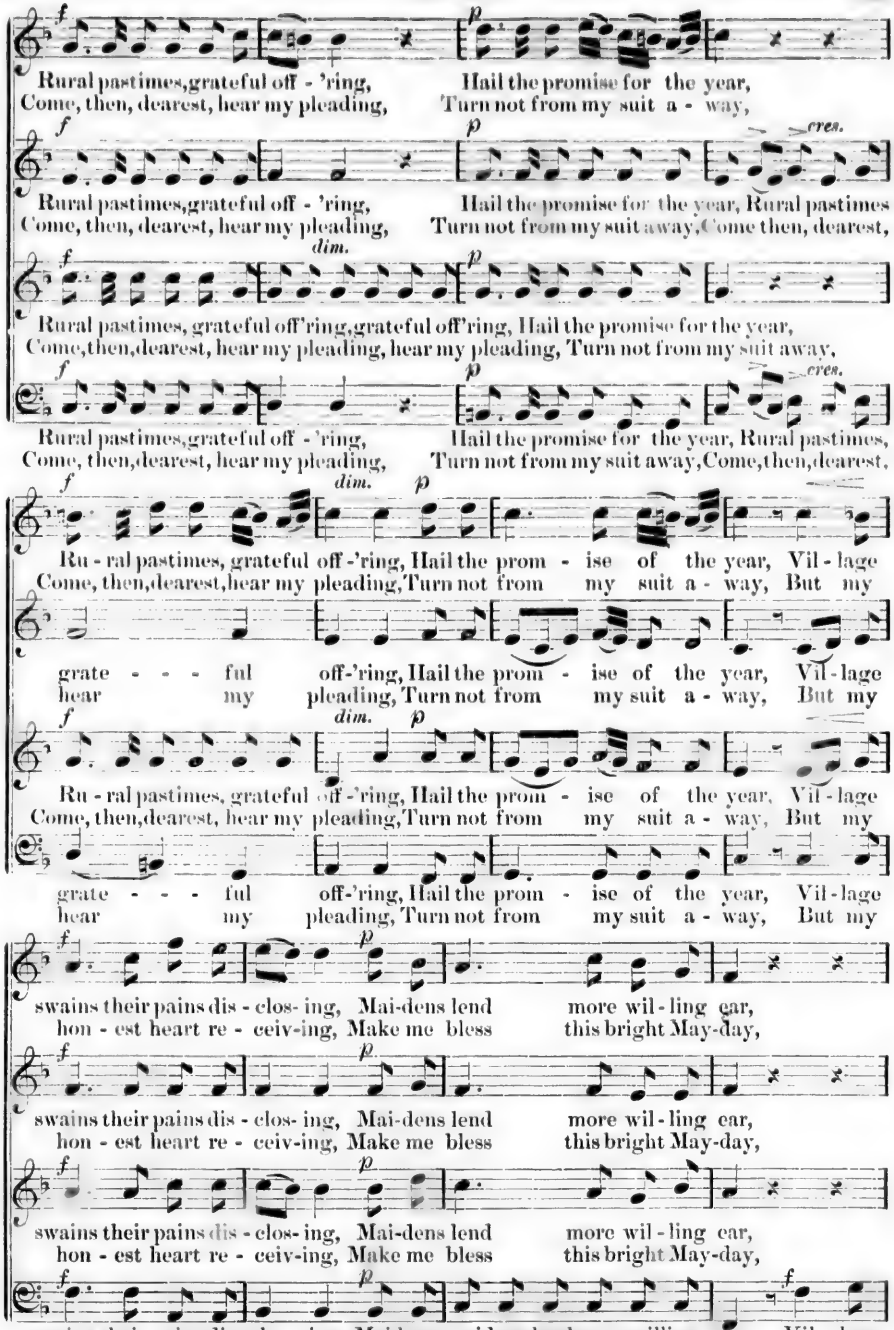
Hawthorn buds give joyful tidings, Welcome news! 'tis blythe May-day, 'tis blythe May-day,
Still these hours, if spent with reason, Surely bring us Autumn cheer, bring Autumn cheer,

buds, give joy-ful tid-ing, Welcome news! 'tis blythe May-day.
hours, if spent with rea - son, Sure-ly bring us Autumn cheer.

buds, give joyful tiding, Welcome news! 'tis blythe May-day, 'tis blythe May-day.
hours, if spent with reason, Surely bring us Autumn cheer, bring Autumn cheer.

Hawthorn buds give joyful tiding, Welcome news! 'tis blythe May-day, 'tis blythe May-day.
Still these hours, if spent with reason, Surely bring us Autumn cheer, bring Autumn cheer.

Hawthorn buds give joyful tiding, Welcome news! 'tis blythe May-day, 'tis blythe May-day.
Still these hours, if spent with reason, Surely bring us Autumn cheer, bring Autumn cheer.


Rural pastimes, grateful off - 'ring, Hail the promise for the year,
Come, then, dearest, hear my pleading, Turn not from my suit a - way,
Rural pastimes, grateful off - 'ring, Hail the promise for the year, Rural pastimes
Come, then, dearest, hear my pleading, Turn not from my suit away, Come then, dearest,
Rural pastimes, grateful off'ring, grateful off'ring, Hail the promise for the year,
Come, then, dearest, hear my pleading, hear my pleading, Turn not from my suit away,
Rural pastimes, grateful off - 'ring, Hail the promise for the year, Rural pastimes,
Come, then, dearest, hear my pleading, Turn not from my suit away, Come, then, dearest,
Ru - ral pastimes, grateful off -'ring, Hail the prom - ise of the year, Vil - lage
Come, then, dearest, hear my pleading, Turn not from my suit a - way, But my
grate - - - ful off-'ring, Hail the prom - ise of the year, Vil - lage
hear my pleading, Turn not from my suit a - way, But my
Ru - ral pastimes, grateful off -'ring, Hail the prom - ise of the year, Vil - lage
Come, then, dearest, hear my pleading, Turn not from my suit a - way, But my
grate - - - ful off-'ring, Hail the prom - ise of the year, Vil - lage
hear my pleading, Turn not from my suit a - way, But my
swains their pains dis - clos- ing, Mai-dens lend more wil - ling ear,
hon - est heart re - ceiv-ing, Make me bless this bright May-day,
swains their pains dis - clos- ing, Mai-dens lend more wil - ling ear,
hon - est heart re - ceiv-ing, Make me bless this bright May-day,
swains their pains dis - clos- ing, Mai-dens lend more wil - ling ear,
hon - est heart re - ceiv-ing, Make me bless this bright May-day,
swains their pains dis - clos - ing, Maidens, maidens lend more willing ear, Vil - lage
hon - est heart re - ceiv-ing, Make me, make me bless this bright May-day, But my

mf dolce.

Mai - dens, mai - - dens
Make me, make me

dolce. *pp*

Mai-dens lend more willing ear, Village swains their
Make me bless this bright May-day, But my hon-est

Mai-dens lend more willing ear, Village swains their
Make me bless this bright May-day, But my hon-est

pp

swains their pains dis - clos- ing, Maidens lend more willing ear, Village swains their
hon - est heart re - ceiv- ing. Make me bless this bright May-day, But my hon-est

lend . . . . . more wil - - - ling ear,
bless . . . . . this bright May - day,

pains dis-closing, Maidens, maidens lend more willing ear,
heart re-ceiving, Make me, make me bless this bright May-day,

pains dis-closing, Maidens, maidens lend more willing ear,
heart re-ceiving, Make me, make me bless this bright May-day,

f

pains dis-closing, Maidens, maidens lend more willing ear, Village swains their pains dis-
heart re-ceiving, Make me, make me bless this bright May-day, But my hon - est heart re-

mf dolce.

Mai - dens, mai - - dens lend . . . . . more
Make me, make me bless . . . . . this

dolce. *pp*

Mai-dens lend more willing ear, Village swains their pains disclosing, Maidens
Make me bless this bright May-day, But my hon-est heart re-ceiving, Make me

Mai-dens lend more willing ear, Village swains their pains disclosing, Maidens
Make me bless this bright May-day, But my hon-est heart re-ceiving, Make me

dolce. *pp*

clos-ing, Maidens lend more willing ear, Village swains their pains disclosing, Maidens
ceiving, Make me bless this bright May-day, But my honest heart receiving, Make me,

cres.

will - ing ear, Maid - ens lend more willing ear, Maid - ens ear.
bright May - day, Make me bless this bright May-day, Make me day.

Maidens lend more willing ear, Maid-ens lend more willing ear, Maid - ens ear.
Make me bless this bright May-day, Make me bless this bright May-day, Make me day.

cres.

Maidens lend more willing ear, Maidens lend more willing ear, ear.
Make me bless this bright May-day, Make me bless this bright May-day, day.

Maidens lend more willing ear, Maidens lend more willing ear, ear.
Make me bless this bright May-day, Make me bless this bright May-day, day.

CALLING US AWAY.

KITTRIDGE. By per.

SOLO.

1. Give me the wings of faith to rise, With-in the veil and see
The saints a - bove, how great their joys,
2. Once they were mourners here be-low, And pour'd out cries and tears;
They wres-tled hard, as we do now,
3. I ask them whence their vict -'ry came: They, with u - ni - ted breath,
As-cribe their con - quests to the Lamb,

DUET.

How bright their glories be! Many are the friends who are waiting to-day,
With sins, and doubts, and fears. Ma- ny are, etc.
Their triumph to His death. Ma- ny are, etc.

CHORUS.

Hap-py on the gol -den strand; Ma- ny are the voi -ces Call-ing us a-way, To

Repeat pp.

join their glorious band; Calling us away, Calling us a-way, Calling to the better land.

OLE NICKER DEMUS.

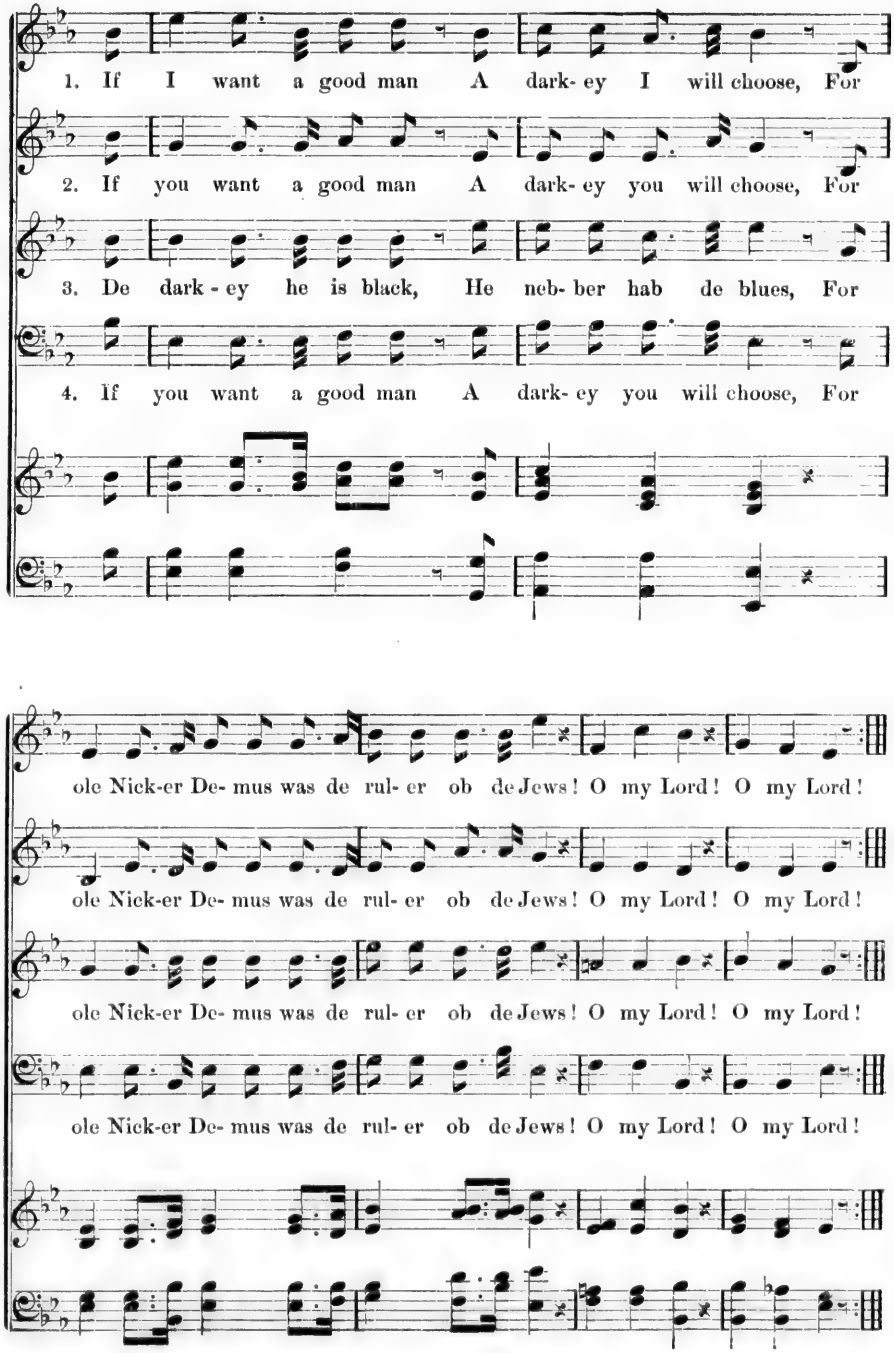
LUCAS. By per.

Allegro moderato.

1. You talk about your white folks, O my Lord! You talk about your white folks,
2. Den come a-long you white folks, O my Lord! Den come along you white folks,
3. De dark-ey he is faith-ful, O my Lord! De dark-ey he is faith-ful,
4. De dark-ey he is hand-some, O my Lord! De dark-ey he is hand-some,

O my Lord! Dey say dat de dark-ey can't stand in der shoes, But
O my Lord! Be friends to de dark-ey you nebb'r kin re-fuse, For
O my Lord! He'll shave you, and dress you, an' pol - ish yer shoes, For
O my Lord! To do you a good turn he nebb'r will re-fuse, For

ole Nick-er De-mus was der rul- er ob de Jews! O my Lord! O my Lord!
ole Nick-er De-mus was der rul- er ob de Jews! O my Lord! O my Lord!
ole Nick-er De-mus was der rul- er ob de Jews! O my Lord! O my Lord!
ole Nick-er De-mus was der rul- er ob de Jews! O my Lord! O my Lord!


1. If I want a good man A dark- ey I will choose, For
2. If you want a good man A dark- ey you will choose, For
3. De dark - ey he is black, He neb- ber hab de blues, For
4. If you want a good man A dark- ey you will choose, For
ole Nick-er De- mus was de rul- er ob de Jews! O my Lord! O my Lord!
ole Nick-er De- mus was de rul- er ob de Jews! O my Lord! O my Lord!
ole Nick-er De- mus was de rul- er ob de Jews! O my Lord! O my Lord!
ole Nick-er De- mus was de rul- er ob de Jews! O my Lord! O my Lord!

THE DEAD MARCH.

LATHROP. KIRKPATRICK. By per.

m

1. Tramp, tramp, tramp, in the drunkard's way March the feet of a million men.
2. Tramp, tramp, tramp, to a drunkard's doom, Out of boyhood pure and fair,
3. Tramp, tramp, tramp till a drunkard's grave Hides the broken life of shame,

tramp, tramp, tramp,

If none shall pity and none shall save, Where will all this marching end?
O - ver the tho'ts of love and home, Past the check of a mother's pray'r,
While souls that Jesus has died to save Meet a future we dare not name, tramp, tramp, tramp,

The young, the strong, and the old are there, In woe-ful ranks as they
On - ward and swift to a drunk-ard's crime, O - ver the plea of the
God help us all—there's a cross to bear, tramp, tramp, tramp, And work to do for the

hur - ry past, With not a mo - ment to think or care What the
wife and child, O - ver the ho - li - est ties of time, Rea - son
mighty throng; tramp, tramp, tramp, God gives us strength, till the toil and pray'r Shall give

pp *mp*

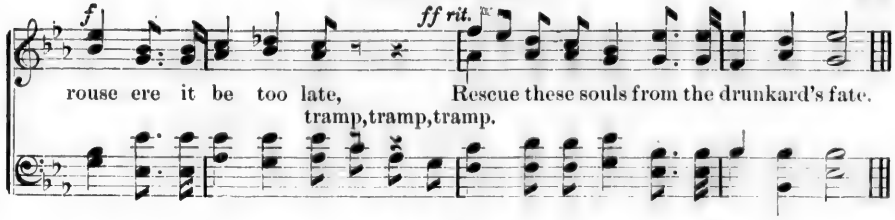
fate that comes at last. Tramp, tramp, tramp, tramp, tramp, tramp, tramp,
lost, and soul gone wild. They are rushing madly on,
place to the vic-tor's song.

tramp, tramp, tramp,

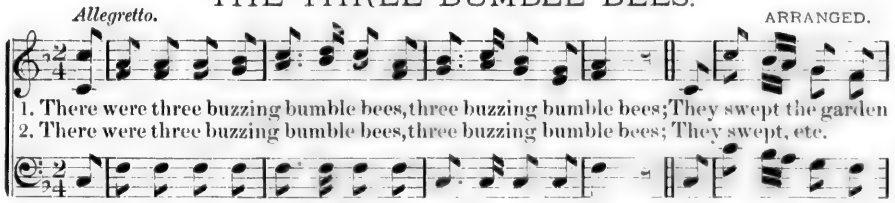
f

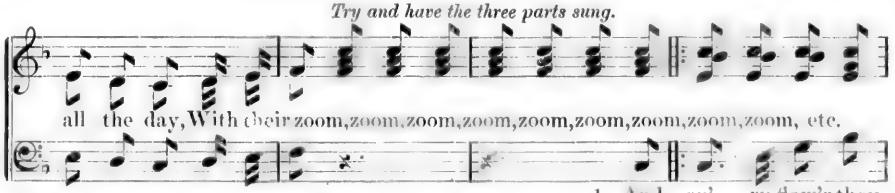
Tramp, tramp, tramp, tramp, What a fearful ghast - ly throng; Rouse, Christian

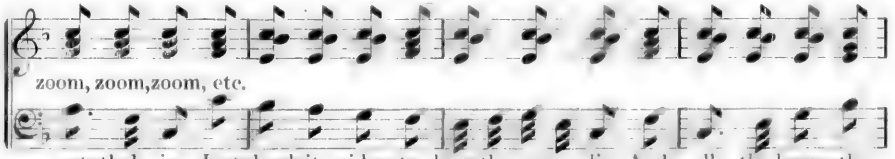
tramp, tramp, tramp, tramp, tramp, tramp,

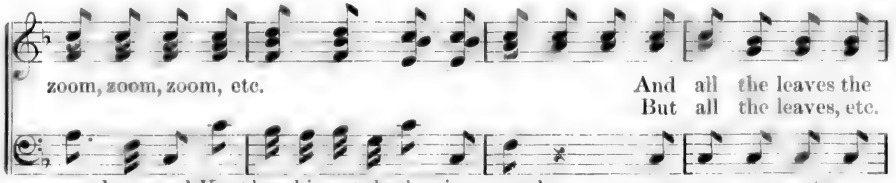


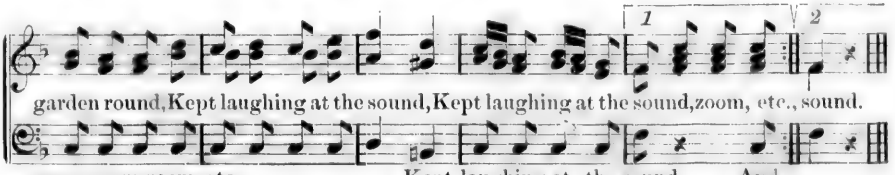
THE THREE BUMBLE BEES.











LULLABY.

AS SUNG IN "FRITZ."

EMMET.

1. Close your eyes, Le - na my darling, While I sing your lul-la-
2. Bright be de morn - ing my darling, Ven you ope your eyes;

by; Fear thou no danger, Le - na, Move not, dear Le - na, my darling,
Sunbeams glow all 'round you, Lena, Peace be with thee, love, my darling,

For your brooder watches nigh you, Le-na dear. An - gels guide thee,
Blue and cloudless be the sky for Le-na dear. Birds sing their bright

Le - na dear, my dar - ling, Noth-ing e - vil can come near; Brightest flow - ers
songs for thee, my dar - ling, Full of sweetest mel - o - dy. Angels ev - er

rit.

blow for thee, Dar - ling sis - ter, dear to me. Go to sleep, go to sleep, my
hov - er near, Dar - ling sis - ter, dear to me. Go to sleep, etc.

ba - by, my ba - by, my ba - by; Go to sleep, my ba - by,

ba - by, oh, by, Go to sleep, Le - na, sleep.

pp *dim.*

HOME AGAIN.

QUARTET. PIKE.

NOTE. — This can be used as a Duet by singing the two upper lines

SOPRANO.

1. Home a-gain, Home a-gain, from a foreign shore, And oh, it fills my soul with

ALTO.

2. Happy hearts, Happy hearts, With mine have laugh'd in glee, But oh, the friends I loved in

TENOR.

3. Mu - sic sweet, mus - ic soft, Lingers round the place, And oh, I feel the childhood

BASS.

joy, To meet my friends once more; Here I dropp'd the parting tear, To

youth, Seem hap - pi - er to me; And if my guide should be the fate, Which

charm That time can-not ef- face; Then give me but my homestead roof, I'll

cross the o - cean's foam, But now I'm once a - gain with those Who

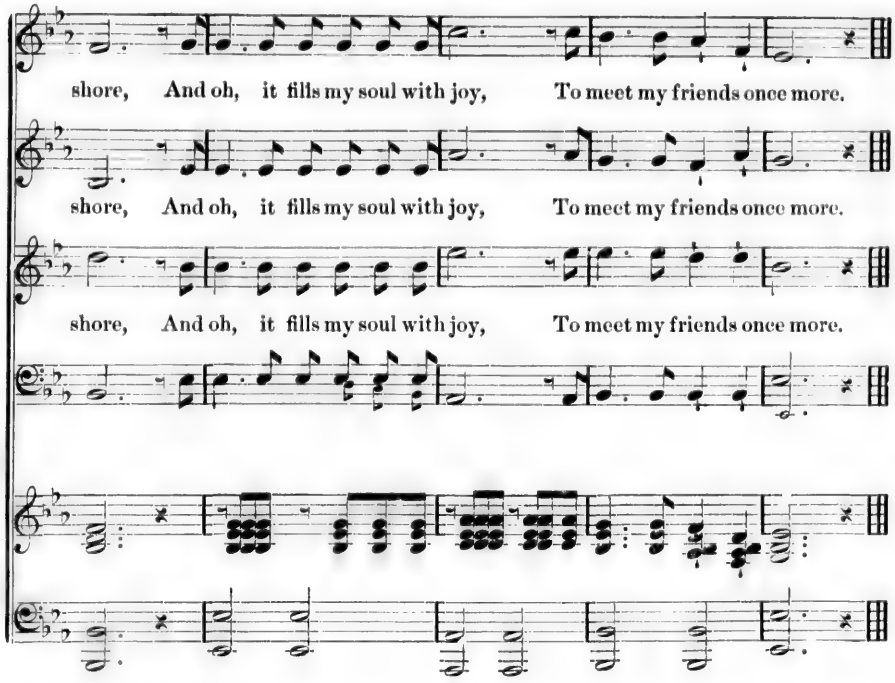
bids me lon - ger roam; But death a - lone can break the tie That

ask no pal - ace dome; For I can live a hap - py life With

kindly greet me home. Home a-gain, Home again, from a foreign

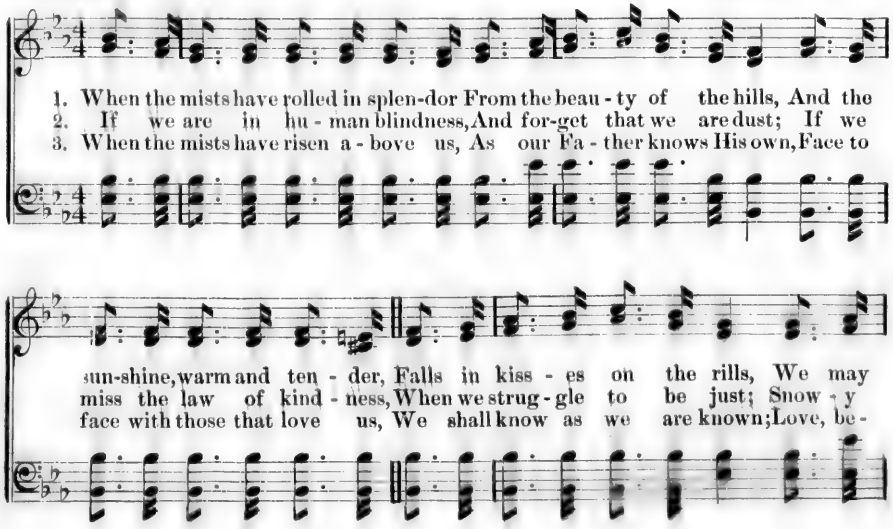
binds my heart to home. Home a-gain, Home again, from a foreign

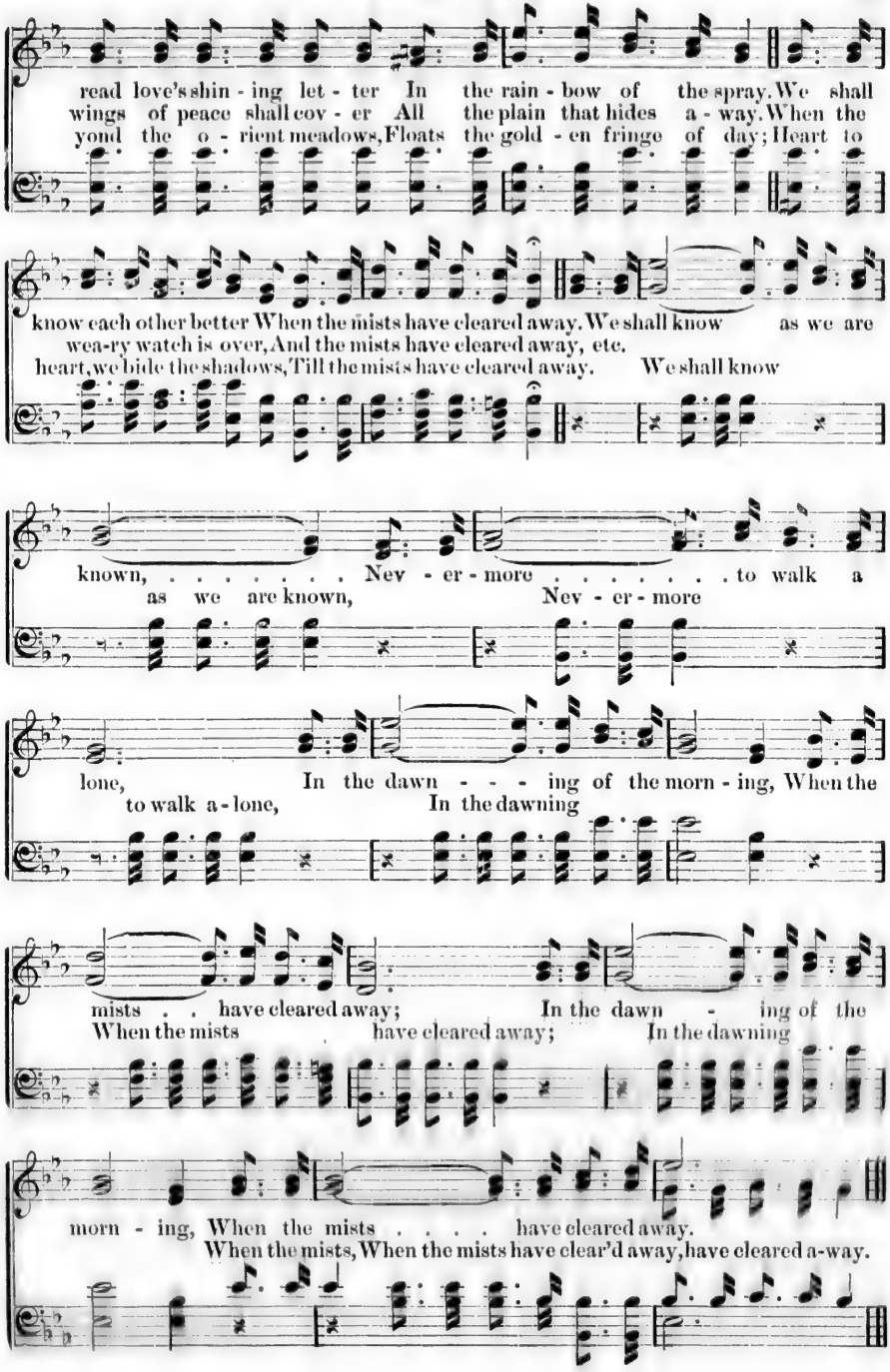
those I love at home. Home a-gain, Home again, from a foreign



WE SHALL KNOW.

HERBERT. ANDERSON. By per.




read love's shin - ing let - ter In the rain - bow of the spray. We shall
wings of peace shall cov - er All the plain that hides a - way. When the
yond the o - rient meadows, Floats the gold - en fringe of day; Heart to
know each other better When the mists have cleared away. We shall know as we are
wea-ry watch is over, And the mists have cleared away, etc.
heart, we bide the shadows, Till the mists have cleared away. We shall know
known, ... Nev - er - more . . . . . to walk a
as we are known, Nev - er - more
lone, In the dawn - - - ing of the morn - ing, When the
to walk a - lone, In the dawning
mists . . have cleared away; In the dawn - ing of the
When the mists have cleared away; In the dawning
morn - ing, When the mists . . . . have cleared away.
When the mists, When the mists have clear'd away, have cleared a-way.

OLD JOE'S DREAM.

GARDNER. ALIXA. By per.

p

1. De od-der dark night ole Joe had a dream, An' it's made his ole heart ber- ry

p

sore; Once mo' he saw de cab-ins in de sha-dy lane, An' de

lit-tle black niggers in de doah, Ole mas-sa on de stoop in his

mf

big rock-in' cheer, An' ole mis-sus with a kind word for all, While de

cabins of de niggers had plenty hoe cake, An' de bes' kind o' ba-con in de fall.

ff

p

Oh! whar am gone dem good ole days, Oh! whar has de pickanin-ies fled? An' de

p

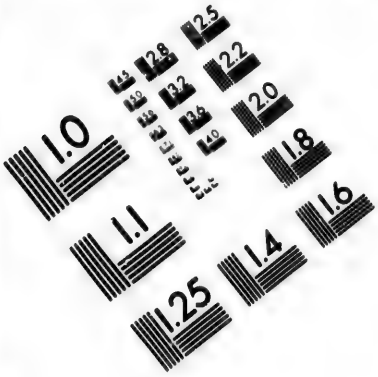
p

f *p* *p*

warm souf wind am say-ing un - to me Dat de meadow grass kiv-ers my dead.

f *p* *p*

f *p* *p*



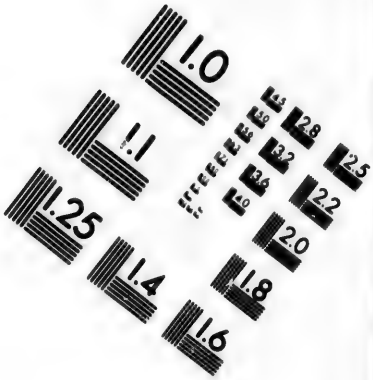


IMAGE EVALUATION
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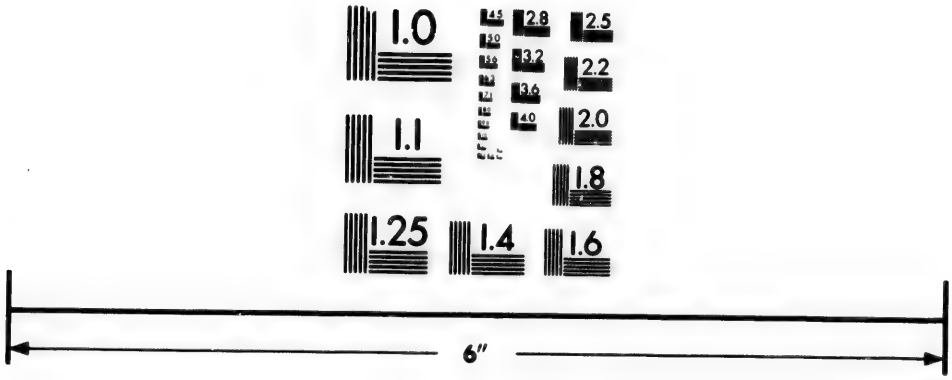

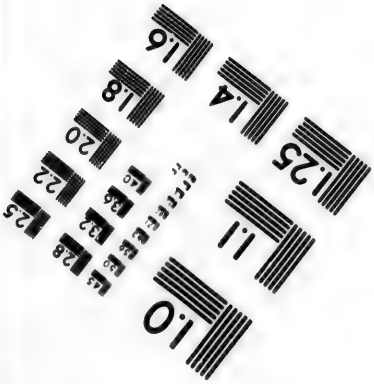

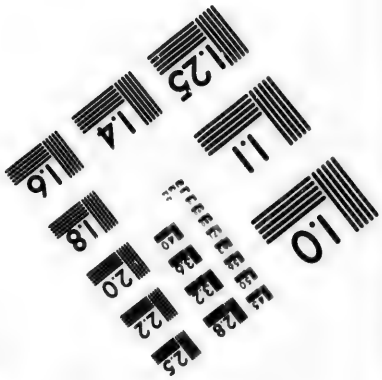

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2.8
2.5
3.2
2.2
2.0
1.8
1.0

2nd Verse.

2. Dar was heaps to do, but de days was long, An' we had n't an - y whip fur to fear; An' each nig-ger he was rea - dy at de brake ob day, Fur de horn ob de pushin' o - ber-seer. But de days am fled, dey'll neb-er return; No, we neb - er shall see dem an - y mo', Till de an - gels gibs de word, an' we all step a - way Fur de hills on dat Heav - en - bless - ed sho'.

NOTHING BUT LEAVES.

VAIL. By per.

1. Nothing but leaves, the spir- it grieves O - ver a wast - ed life; O'er sins indulged while conscience slept, O'er vows and prom - i - ses un - kept, And reap from years of strife— Nothing but leaves, Nothing but leaves.
2. Nothing but leaves, no gathered sheaves Of life's fair rip'n- ing grain; We sow our seeds, lo! tares and weeds, Words, i - dle words for earn - est deeds, We reap with toil and pain— Nothing but leaves, Nothing but leaves.
3. Nothing but leaves, sad memory weaves No veil to hide the past, And as we trace our wea - ry way, Count-ing each lost and mis-spent day, Sad- ly we find at last— Nothing but leaves, Nothing but leaves.
4. Ah! who shall thus the Mas- ter meet, Bear-ing but with- er'd leaves? Ah! who shall at the Sa-viour's feet, Be - fore the aw - ful judg-ment seat, Lay down for gol - den sheaves— Nothing but leaves, Nothing but leaves.

BE HAPPY.

Moderato.
SOLO.

KIRKPATRICK. By per.

1. This life is not all sunshine, Nor is it yet all show'rs; But storms and calms al-
2. This life has hea-vy cross-es As well as joys to share; And griefs and dis-ap-
3. The sum of our en-joy-ment, Is made of lit-tle things,—As oft the broadest
4. Perchance we may not fol-low Am-bi-tion to its goal; So let us an-swer

ter-nate, As thorns a-mong the flow'rs; And while we seek the ros-es, The
pointments Which you and I must bear. Yet, if mis-for-tune's la-va En-
riv-ers Are form'd from smallest springs, P. treas-ur-ing small wa-ters The
"Pres-ent!" When du-ty calls the roll. What-ev-er our ap-point-ment, Be

thorns full oft we scan: Still let us, tho' they wound us, Be hap-py as we can.
tombs hope's dearest plan, Let us, with what is left us, Be hap-py as we can.
riv-ers reach their span; So we in-crease our pleasures En-joy-ing what we can.
noth-ing less than man; And, cheerful in sub-mis-sion, Be hap-py as we can.

Faster.

1 2

Be hap-py, be hap-py, be hap-py as we can, hap-py as we can.

Much faster.

1 *ritard.* 2

Be happy, happy, hap-py, hap-py, happy as we can, hap-py as we can.

PARTING AND MEETING.

MACFARREN. MENDELSSOHN. ARRANGED BY LESLIE.

TREBLE.

p Poco sostenuto.

1. The heav'n-ly coun-cil hath de-creed To try us, if we love in-deed, By
3. And hast thou one, whom thou dost love, One dear to thee all else a-bove, Thine

TENOR. 8va lower.

p

2. If e'er thou has't a rose-bud fair, And if thou cher-ish it with care, Be -
4. But I would have thee hear aright, would have thee hear, yes, hear a-right; Wh

dim. *pp* *cres - - cen - - do.*

part - ing, by part-ing, Altho' 'twixt heav'n and earth there's nought, So bitter-ly with
on - ly, thine on - ly? Be-fore the ro-ses bloom again, For happy hours thou'lt

dim. *pp* *cres - - cen - - do.*

ware then, beware then, Thou'lt see the flow'r that bloom'd at dawn, Ere night is closing,
part - ing rends the heart in twain, 'Tis then we say; We

f *p* *pp* *morendo.* *ppp*

sor-row fraught As part - ing, as part - ing, yes, part - - - ing!
sigh in vain, So lone - ly, so lone - ly, so lone - - - ly!

f *p* *pp* *morendo.* *ppp*

dead and gone, Pre - pare then, pre - pare then, pre - pare then!
meet a-gain, we meet a-gain, we meet a - gain, we meet a - gain!

JAMIE'S ON THE STORMY SEA.

COVERT.

1. Ere the twi-light bat was flitting, In the sun-set, at her knitting,
2. Cur-few bells, re-mote-ly ringing, Min-gled with that sweet voice singing,
3. How could I but list, but lin-ger, To the song, and near the sing-er,

Sang a lone-ly maid-en, sit-ting Un-der-neath her thresh-old tree;
And the last red ray seemed clinging Lin-gering-ly to tower and tree.
Sweet-ly woo-ing heaven to bring her Ja-mie from the storm-y sea;

And, ere day-light died be-fore us, And the ves-per stars shone o'er us,
Near-er as I came, and near-er, Fi-ner rose the notes, and clearer;
And while yet her lips did name me, Forth I sprang—my heart o'ercame me—

Fit-ful rose her ten-der cho-rus—"Ja-mie's on the storm-y sea!"
Oh! 'twas heaven it-self to hear her—"Ja-mie's on the storm-y sea!"
"Grieve no more, sweet, I am Ja-mie, Home re-turned to love and thee!"

THE HARP THAT ONCE THRO' TARA'S HALLS.

MOORE.

1. The Harp that once thro' Ta - ra's halls The
2. No more to chief and la - dies bright The

Andante.

soul of mu - sic shed, Now hangs as mute on Ta - ra's walls As if that soul were
Harp of Ta - ra swells. The chord a-lone that breaks at night Its tale of ru - in

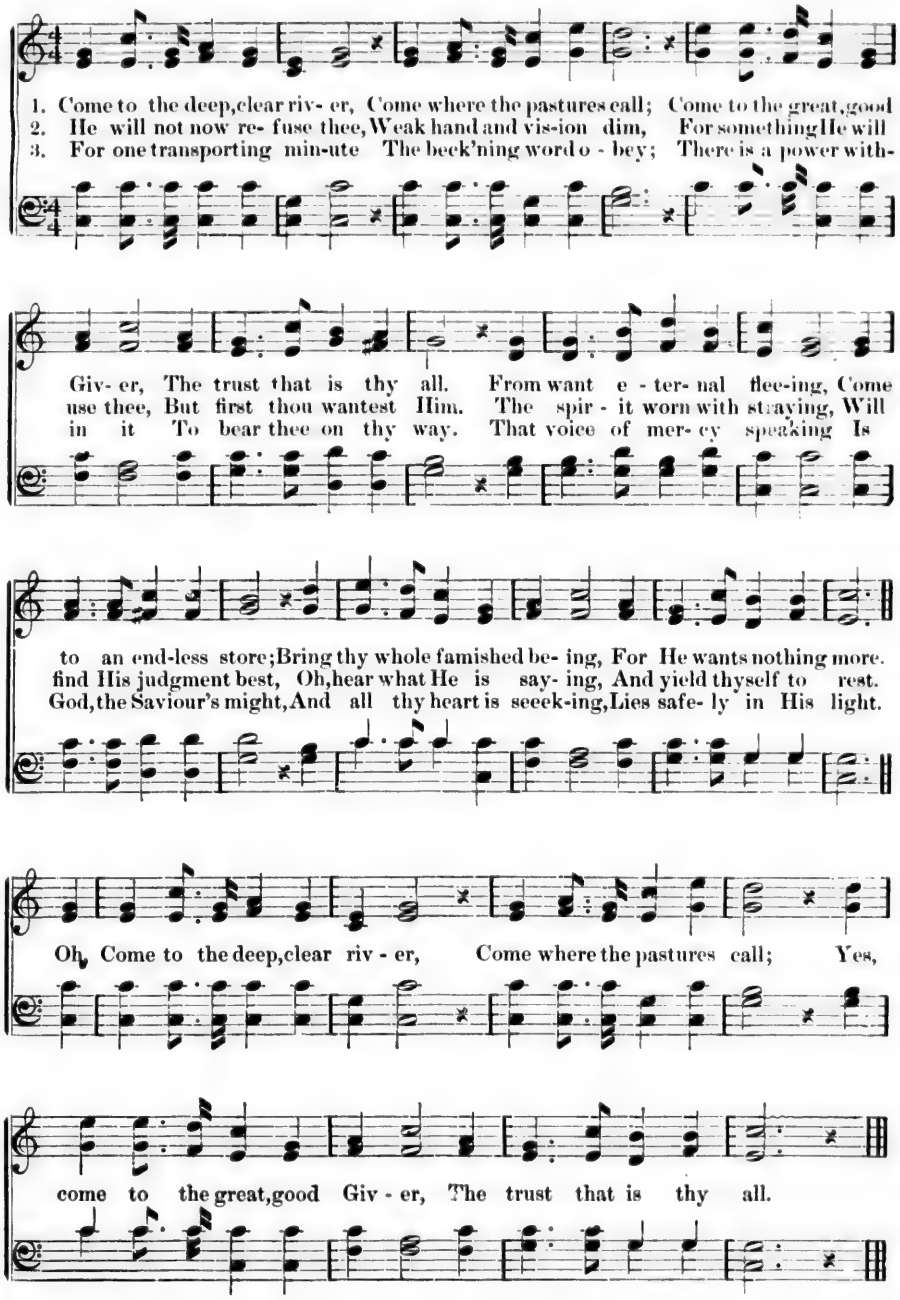
f

fled; So sleeps the pride of form - er days, So glo- ry's thrill is o'er, And
tells; Thus free-dom now so sel-dom wakes, The on - ly throb she gives Is

hearts that once beat high for praise, Now feel that pulse no more!
when some heart, in - dig-nant, breaks, To show that still she lives.

COME TO THE DEEP, CLEAR RIVER.

WARING. KIEFFER.



TENDER AND TRUE.

MULOCH. MARSTON.

Andante espressivo.

Could ye come back to me, Douglas! Douglas!

rall.

In the old like-ness that I knew, I'd be so lov-ing, so faithful, Douglas!

poco rall. *a tempo.*

Douglas! Douglas! ten-der and true. Nev-er a sorrowful word should grieve you;

I'd smile as sweet as the an-gels do, Sweet as your smile shone on me ev- er,

Doug-las! Doug-las! ten- der and true.

rall.

Oh, to call back the days that are not! Mine eyes were blind-ed; your

words were few. Do you know the truth now up in Heav-en? Douglas! Douglas!

poco rall. *a tempo.*

ten-der and true. I was not wor- thy of you, Douglas, Not half wor-thy the

like of you. Now all men seem to me as shadows, Douglas! Douglas!

CODA.
passionato.

ten - der and true. Stretch out your hand to me, Doug-las! Doug-las!

rall. *a tempo.* *con espressione.*

And drop for-giv- ness from heav'n like dew, As I lay my heart on your

dead heart, Doug-las! Doug-las! Doug-las! ten - der and true.

ERE THE SUN GOES DOWN.

POLLARD. KIRKPATRICK. By per.

1. I have work e-nough to do Ere the sun goes down, For myself and kin-dred
2. I must speak the loving word Ere the sun goes down, I must let my voice be
3. As I jour-ney on my way, Ere the sun goes down, God's commands I must o-

Ere the sun, ere the sun goes down,

too, Ere the sun goes down; Every i - dle whisper still-ing, With a
heard Ere the sun goes down; Every cry of pi - ty heeding, For the
bey, Ere the sun goes down. There are sins that need con- fessing, There are

ere the sun goes down,

purpose firm and will-ing All my dai-ly tasks ful-fill-ing, Ere the sun goes down.
in-jured in- ter-ced-ing, To the light the lost ones leading, Ere the sun goes down.
wrongs that need redressing, If I would o-btain the blessing Ere the sun goes down.

Ere the sun, ere the sun goes down.

Ere the sun goes down, Ere the sun goes down,

Ere the sun goes down, Ere the sun goes down,

I must do my dai - ly du - ty Ere the sun goes down.

Ere the sun goes down, goes down.

JACK AND JILL.

(NURSERY RHYME.)

CALDICOTT.

Vivace.

SOPRANO. *f*

Jack, Jack, ... Jack, Jack and Jill, Jack, Jack, . .

ALTO. *f*

Jack, Jack, . . . Jack, Jack and Jill, Jack,

TENOR. *f*

Jack, Jack, . . Jack, Jack and Jill,

BASS. *f*

Jack, Jack, Jack, Jack and Jill,

Vivace.

f

. . . . . Jack and Jill, Jack and Jill, Jack and Jill.

Jack, Jack, . . . Jack and Jill, Jack and Jill, Jack and Jill.

Jack, Jack, Jack, Jack and Jill,

May be sung without the accompaniment.

f

Jack and Jill went up the hill to fetch a pail of wa - ter, of wa - - - -

mf

Jack and Jill went up the hill to fetch a pail of wa - ter, of wa - ter,

mf

f

Jack and Jill went up the hill to fetch a pail of wa - ter, of

- ter; went up the hill . . . . to - geth - - er to fetch a pail, to

wa - - ter to - geth - er, Jack and Jill went up the

Jack and Jill went up the hill.

wa - - - - ter, went up the hill . . . to fetch a pail of

fetch a pail of wa - - - - - - ter, Jack and Jill went

hill to fetch a pail, to fetch a pail of wa - ter;

Jack and Jill went up the hill to fetch a pail of

wa - - - - - - - - - ter,

mf

up the hill to fetch a pail of wa- ter, went up the hill to

Jack and Jill went up the hill to

wa - ter, of wa - - ter, went up to fetch a pail,

f

Jack and Jill went up the hill,

fetch a pail . . . of wa - - ter, Jack and Jill went up the hill,

f

fetch a pail of wa - ter, of wa - - ter, Jack and Jill went up the hill,

Jack and Jill, went up the hill to - geth - er, Jack and Jill went up the hill,

f

ff

Jack and Jill went up the hill, went up, ... Jack and Jill went

ff

Jack and Jill went up the hill, Jack and Jill went up the hill, Jack and Jill went

Jack and

ff *ff*

up the hill to fetch a pail, to fetch a pail of wa - - ter,

up to fetch a pail, to fetch a pail of wa - - - -

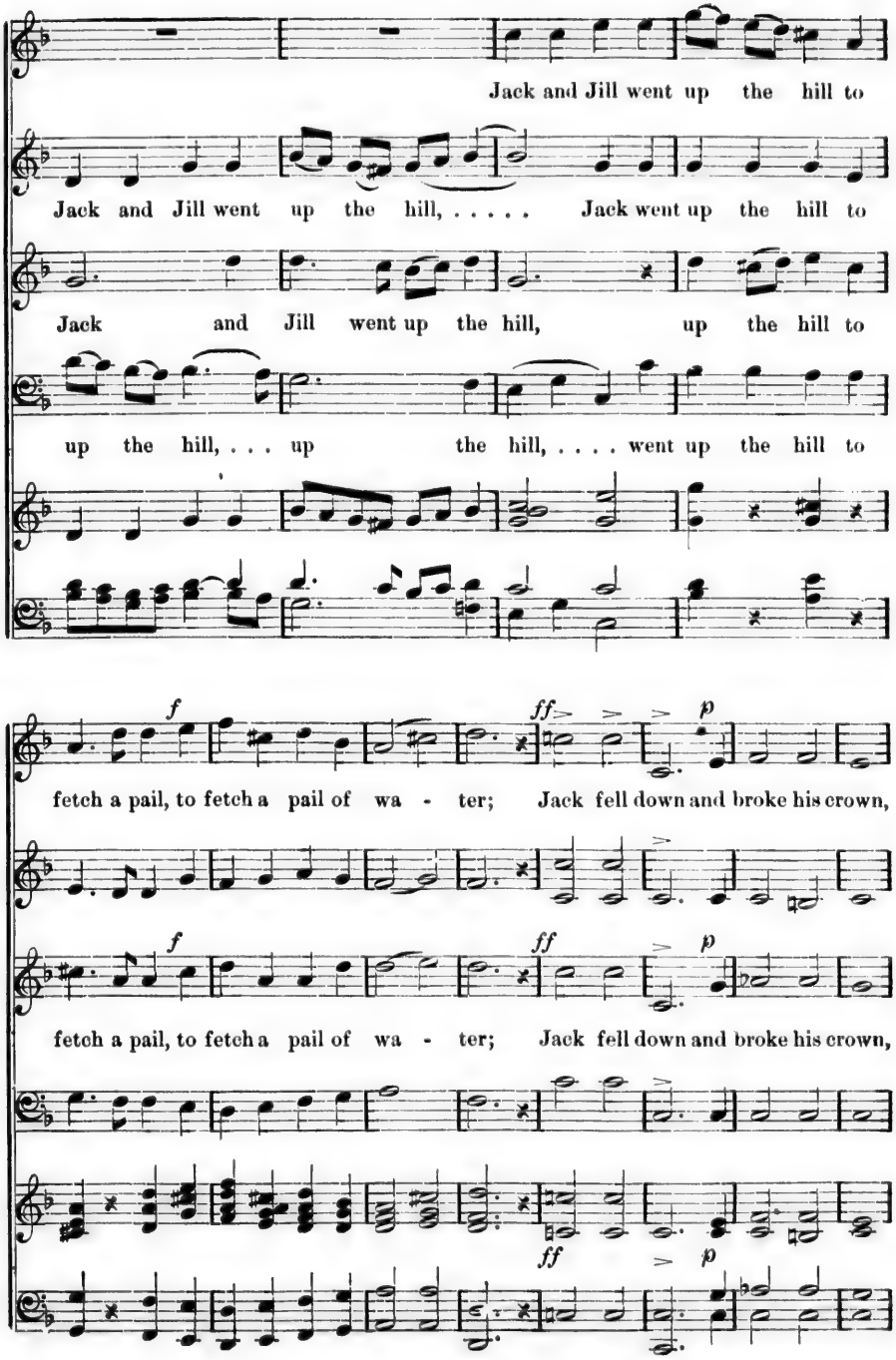
Jill went up the hill, up the hill,

Jack and Jill went up the hill, went up . . the hill, . . .

Jack and Jill went up the hill,

ter, Jack and Jill went up the hill, . .

Jack and Jill went up the hill, Jack and Jill went


Jack and Jill went up the hill to
Jack and Jill went up the hill, ... Jack went up the hill to
Jack and Jill went up the hill, up the hill to
up the hill, . . . up the hill, ... went up the hill to
f
ff
p
fetch a pail, to fetch a pail of wa - ter; Jack fell down and broke his crown,
f
ff
p
fetch a pail, to fetch a pail of wa - ter; Jack fell down and broke his crown,
ff
p

ff *p* *rall.* *f*

Jack fell down And broke his crown, And Jill came tumbling, tum - bling,

Jack fell down And broke his crown, And Jill came tumbling,

ff *p* *rall.*

Jack fell down And broke his crown, And

ff *p* *rall.*

ff

came tum - bling, tum - bling af - ter,

tum - bling, tum - bling af - ter, came tum- - bling, tum - bling

Jill came tumbling, tum - bling af - ter, came tum - bling,

And Jill came tumbling af - ter, came

cres. *f*

and Jill, and Jill; Poor Jack and Jill went up the

p *cres.*

af - ter. Poor Jack, poor Jack went up the hill, went up the

cres. *f*

tum - bling, Jack and Jill, and Jill went up the hill, ...

p

tum - bling tum-bling. Poor Jack and Jill went up the hill, ...

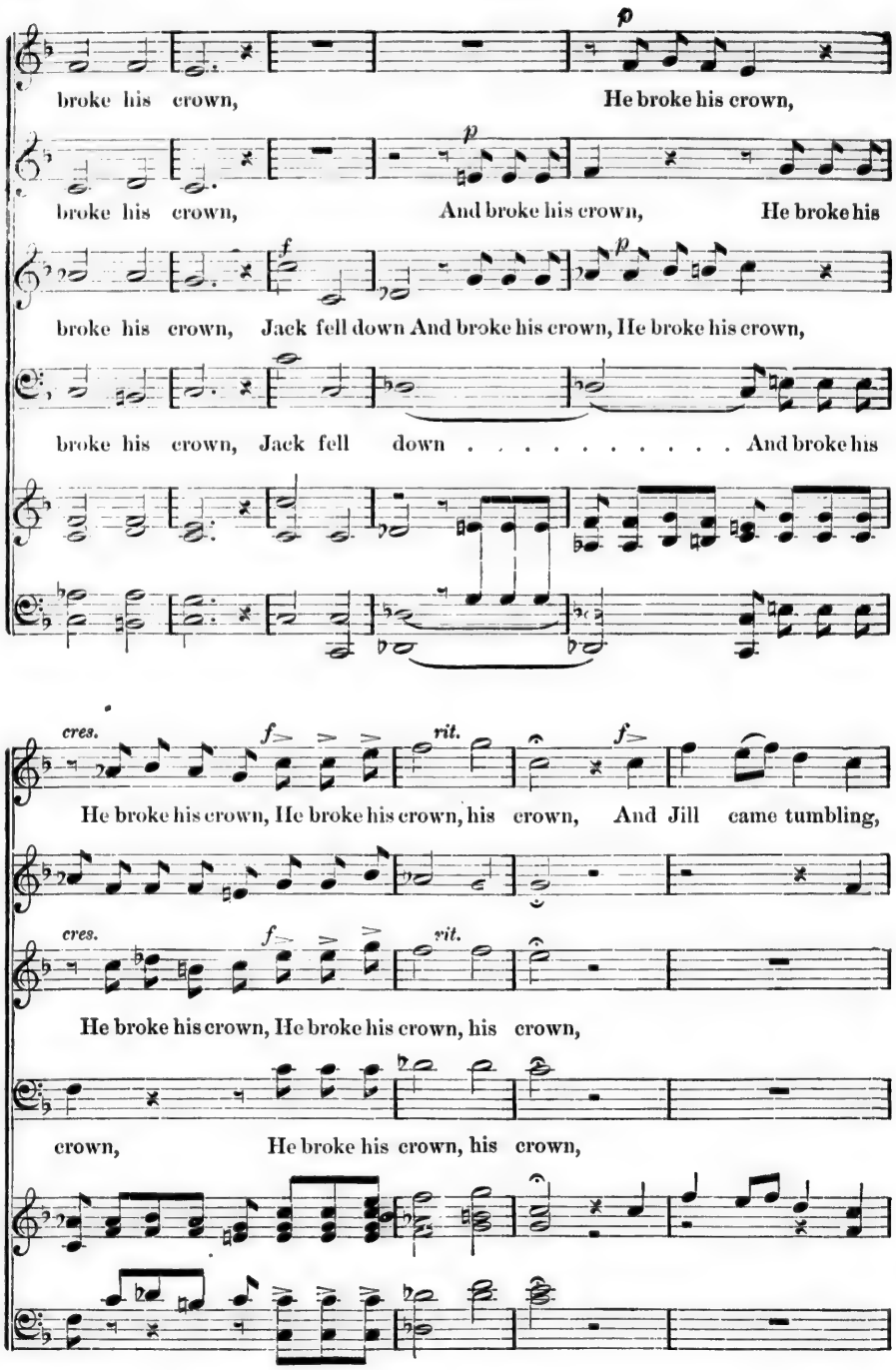
ff *p*

hill . . . . . to fetch a pail of wa - ter, Jack fell down and

ff *p*

. . . . . went up the hill to fetch a pail of wa - ter, Jack fell down and

p


p
broke his crown, He broke his crown,
p
broke his crown, And broke his crown, He broke his
f
p
broke his crown, Jack fell down And broke his crown, He broke his crown,
broke his crown, Jack fell down . . . . . And broke his
cres.
f
rit.
f
He broke his crown, He broke his crown, his crown, And Jill came tumbling,
cres.
f
rit.
He broke his crown, He broke his crown, his crown,
crown, He broke his crown, his crown,

tum - bling, came tum bling af - ter, came

Jill came tumbling, tum - bling tum - bling af - ter, tum - bling

And Jill came tumbling tum - bling, tum - - bling, tum -

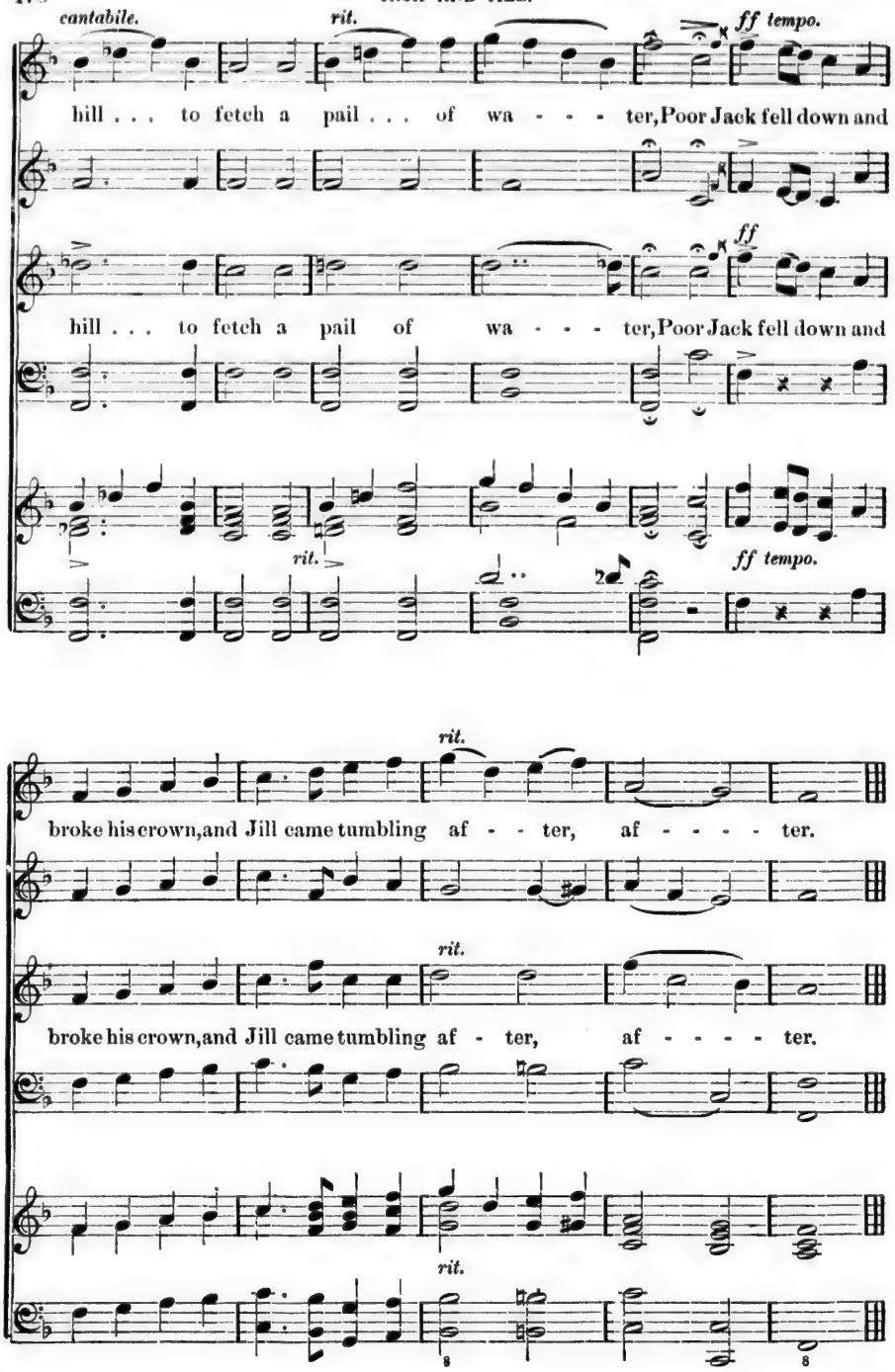
And Jill came tumbling af - ter, tum -

tum - - - - - bling af - - - ter. Jack and Jill . . went up the

af - - - - ter, went

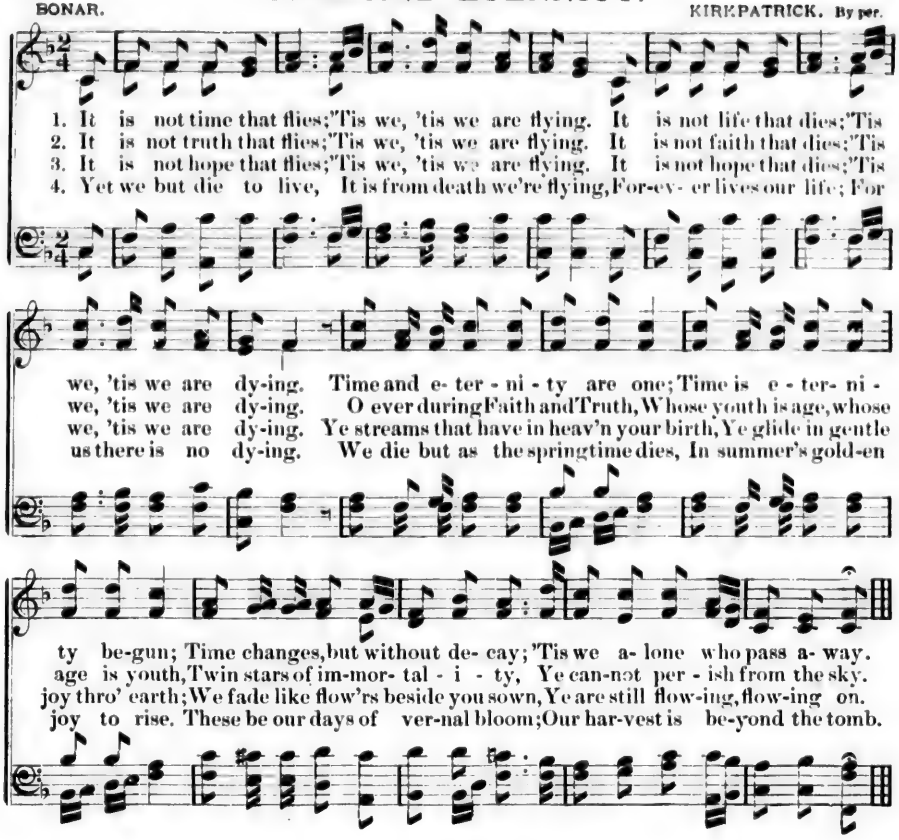
bling, came tum - - - bling af - - - ter. Jack and Jill . . went up the

- bling, tum - - - bling


cantabile.
rit.
ff tempo.
hill . . . to fetch a pail . . . of wa - - - ter, Poor Jack fell down and
ff
hill . . . to fetch a pail of wa - - - ter, Poor Jack fell down and
rit.
ff tempo.
rit.
broke his crown, and Jill came tumbling af - - ter, af - - - - ter.
rit.
broke his crown, and Jill came tumbling af - ter, af - - - - ter.
rit.

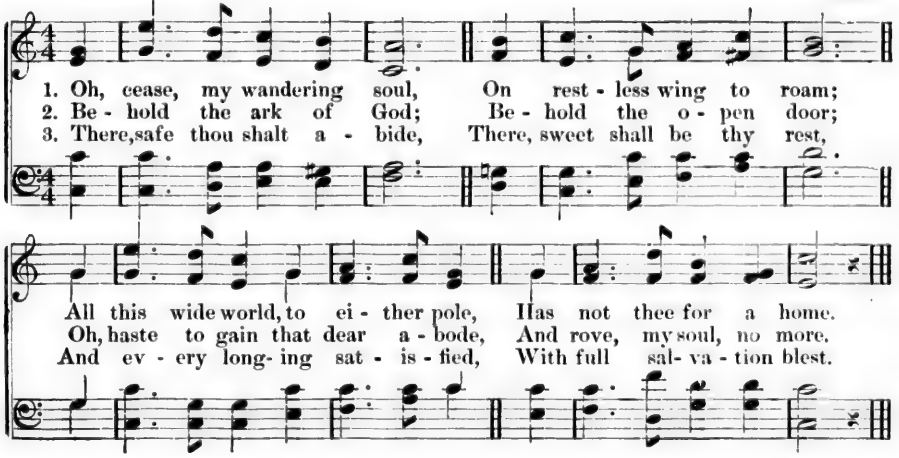
TIME AND ETERNITY.

BONAR. KIRKPATRICK. By per.



SAFETY.

Andante non troppo. M. By per.



AT THE DOOR.

TAYLOR. MALE VOICES. MARSHALL. By per.

FIRST TENOR.

Allegro moderato.

Omit second time.

1 My Saviour stands waiting, and knocks at the door, Has knocked and is knocking again;
I hear His kind voice, I'll reject Him no more, Nor

2 O Saviour, my Ransom, Redeemer, and Friend, The Life and the Truth and the Way,
On Thy precious merit a- lone I de-pend; Dwell

SECOND TENOR.

FIRST BASS.

Omit second time.

1 My Saviour stands waiting, and knocks at the door, Has knocked and is knocking again;
I hear His kind voice, I'll reject Him no more, nor

2 O Saviour, my Ransom, Redeemer, and Friend, The Life and the Truth and the Way,
On Thy precious merit a- lone I de-pend; Dwell

SECOND BASS.

let Him stand pleading in vain. In in- fi- nite mercy He came from a-bove, To
in me, and keep me, I pray. Thy goodness hath opened the door of my heart; 'Tis

let Him stand pleading in vain. In in- fi- nite mercy He came from a-bove, To
in me, and keep me, I pray. Thy goodness hath opened the door of my heart; 'Tis

ransom, to cleanse me from sin; I'll yield to the voice of His mer- ci - ful love, And
o-pened in welcome to Thee; Come in, bless-ed Saviour, and nev-er depart; Come

ransom, to cleanse me from sin; I'll yield to the voice of His mer- ci - ful love, And
o-pened in welcome to Thee; Come in, bless-ed Saviour, and nev-er depart; Come

let my dear Saviour come in. Saviour, come in; cleanse me from sin; Jesus, my Saviour, come in with Thy mer -cy to me.

let my dear Saviour come in. Saviour, come in; cleanse me from sin; Jesus, my Saviour, come in with Thy mer- cy to me.

in, come in; En-ter the door, wait-ing no more, Saviour, dear Saviour, come in.

in, come in; En-ter the door, wait-ing no more, Saviour, dear Saviour, come in.

SHALL WE MEET?

DUNBAR. By per.

1. I love to sing of heaven, Where white-robed an - gels are;
2. I love to think of heaven, Where my Re - deem - er reigns;
Cho. There'll be no sor - row there, There'll be no sor - row there;

D. C.

Where many a friend is gath - ered safe From fear, and toil, and care.
Where raptur-ous songs of tri - umph rise, In end-less joy - ous strains.
In heaven a - bove, where all is love, There'll be no sor - row there.

RANSFORD. **LUNA.** BARNBY.

SOPRANO. *mf*

1. Fair Lu - na forth is shed - ding Her beams up-on the
2. The night-in - gale is sing - ing Her plaintive ev'ning

ALTO. *pp*

1. Fair Lu - na forth is shed - ding Her beams up - on the sea, . . . the
2. The night - in- gale is sing - ing Her plain- tive even-ing song, . . . her

TENOR. *pp*

BASS. *pp*

1. Fair Lu - na forth is shed - ding Her beams up - on the sea, . . . up-
2. The night - in- gale is sing - ing Her plain- tive even-ing song, . . . her

f *p* *f*

sea, . . And spreading silv'ry lus - tre O'er mountain, grove, and lea, . . O'er
song, . . Whose warblings now come winging The gentle breeze a - long, . . The

f *p* *f*

sea, . . And spreading silv'ry lus - tre O'er mountain, grove, and lea, . . O'er
song, . . Whose warblings now come winging The gentle breeze a - long, . . The

f *p* *f*

on the sea, And spreading silv'ry lus - tre O'er mountain, grove, and lea, . . O'er
plaintive song, Whose warblings now come winging, The gentle breeze a - long, . . The

mf

moun-tain, grove and lea; Then come, let us be straying, While all around is
gen - tle breeze a - long; The balm - y air is la - den With perfume from the

mf

moun-tain, grove, and lea; Then come, let us be straying, While all around is
gen - tle breeze a-long; The balm - y air is la - den With perfume from the

mf

grove and lea; Then come, let us be straying, While all around is
breeze a - - long; The balm - y air is la - den With perfume from the

bright, And breathe out notes of pleas - ure, To hail the Queen of night, To hail . .
brier, Then, with such charms in-vit - ing, We'll tune the golden lyre, We'll tune . .

bright, And breathe out notes of pleas - ure, To hail the Queen of night, To
brier, Then, with such charms in-vit - ing, We'll tune the golden lyre, We'll

cres . . *cen* . . . . . *do.* *dim.* . . . . . *mf*

. . . . . the Queen of night. . . . . } Fair
. . . . . the gold - - - - en lyre. . . . . }

hail the Queen of night, To hail the Queen of night. } Fair Lu - na forth is
tune the gold - en lyre, We'll tune the gold-en lyre. }

To hail the Queen of night. } Fair Lu - na forth is
We'll tune the gold - en lyre. }

Cres . . . . . *cen* . . . . *do.*

Lu - na forth is shed - ding Her beams up-on the sea, . . . And spreading sil'vry

shed - ding Her beams up-on the sea, . . . the sea, . . . And spread-ing sil'vry

shed - ding Her beams upon the sea, . . . up-on the sea, And spreading sil'vry

dim. *piu lento.* *rall.*

lus - tre O'er mountain, grove, and lea, O'er mountain, grove, and lea. . .

dim. *piu lento.* *rall.*

dim. *piu lento.* *rall.*

lus - tre O'er mountain, grove, and lea, O'er mountain, grove, and lea. . .

dim. *piu lento.* *rall.*

WHISTLE AND HOE.

By per.

Allegretto.

1. There's a boy just o - ver the gar - den fence, Who is whistling a - long thro' the
2. Not a word be-moan-ing his task I hear; He has scarcely the time for a
3. But then, while you whis- tle be sure to hoe, For if i - dle, the bri - ers will

livelong day; And his work is not just a mere pretense, For you see all the weeds he has
growl, I know; For his whistle merry sounds out so clear, He must find it some pleasure in
thrive and spread; And the whistle only thro'out the row, May do well for the weeds, but is

Repeat. pp

cut away. Whistle and hoe, whistle and hoe, Shorten the row by the songs you know.
ev - ery row.
bad for the bread.

To be whistled.

Join 2d and 3d verses closely to this interlude.

COMPANIONSHIP WITH JESUS.

JAMES. KIRKPATRICK. By per.

1. Oh, bless - ed fel - low-ship di - vine! Oh, joy su-preme-ly sweet! Com-
2. I'm walk - ing close to Je - sus' side; So close that I can hear The
3. I'm lean - ing on His lov - ing breast, A - long life's wea - ry way: My
4. I know His shelt'ring wings of love Are al - ways o'er me spread, And

pan - ion - ship with Je - sus here Makes life with bliss re-plete. In
soft - est whis - per of His love, In fel - low-ship so dear, And
path, il - lu - mined by His smiles, Grows brighter day by day. No
tho' the storms may fierce - ly rage, All calm and free from dread, My

un - ion with the pur - est one I find my heav'n on earth be - gun.
feel His great, al - might - y hand Protects me in this hos - tile land.
foes, no woes my heart can fear, With my al - might - y Friend so near.
peace - ful spir - it ev - er sings, "I'll trust the co - vert of Thy wings."

Oh, won-drous bliss! oh, joy sublime! I've Je - sus with me all the time!

Oh, wondrous bliss! oh, joy sub - lime! I've Je - sus with me all the time!

HEAR OUR PRAYER.

RYDER. By per.

Andante.

p *dim.* *rit.* *pp*

p

Hear, O Father, hear our prayer, While on Thy great name we call, Hear our prayer, O

p *cres.* *mp*

Hear, O Father, hear our prayer, While on Thy great name we call, Hear our prayer, O

mf

Fa - ther, hear, Hear our prayer, Hear our prayer. Rock of a - ges, cleft for me,

pp

Rock of ages, cleft for me,

dim. *p* *rit.* *pp*

Fa - ther, hear, Hear our prayer, Hear our prayer. Rock of ages, cleft for me,

pp

Let me hide my-self in Thee, Let the wa - ter and the blood,

Let me hide my - self in Thee, Let the wa - ter and the blood,

Let me hide my - self in Thee, Let the wa-ter and the blood,

From Thy side a heal-ing flood, Be of sin the dou - ble cure,

From Thy side a heal-ing flood, Be of sin the dou - ble cure,

From Thy side a heal-ing flood, Be of sin the dou - ble cure,

SOPRANO SOLO OR QUARTETTE.

Quicker.

Save from wrath and make me pure. Should my zeal no lan - guor know, Should my

Save from wrath and make me pure. Should my zeal no lan - guor know, Should my

Quicker.

Save from wrath and make me pure. Should my zeal no lan - guor know, Should my

tears for-ev - er flow, All for sin could not a - tone; Thou must save, and Thou alone.

tears for-ev - er flow, All for sin could not a - tone; Thou must save, and Thou alone.

Moderato.

In my hand no price I bring; Sim - ply to Thy cross I

In my hand no price I bring; Sim- ply to Thy cross I

In my hand no price I bring; Sim- ply to Thy cross I

Slow and soft.

cling. While I draw this fleet-ing breath, When mine eye-lids close in death,

p *dim.* *pp*

cling. While I draw this fleet-ing breath, When mine eye-lids close in death,

f Tempo. *cres.* *rit.* *ff* *f*

When I rise to worlds un-known, See Thee on Thy judg-ment throne, Rock of

cres. *et accelerando.* *f Tempo.* *cres.* *rit.* *ff* *f*

When I rise to worlds un-known, See Thee on Thy judg-ment throne,

f

a - ges, cleft for me, Let me hide my-self in Thee.

Rock of a - ges cleft for me, Let me hide my - self in Thee.

f

Rock of a - ges cleft for me, Let me hide my - self in Thee.

I COME TO THEE.

BECK. By per.

1. Jesus, Thy love alone,—alone Thy love, Re - - fresheth me;
2. It is Thy cross alone,—alone Thy cross, That healeth me;
3. It is Thy blood alone,—alone Thy blood, That cleanseth me;
4. Jesus, Thy grace alone ,—alone Thy grace, Suf - fi - ceth me;
5. Saviour, 'tis Thou Thyself,—alone Thyself, Art all to me;

And for that love of Thine, that freshening love, I come to Thee.
And for that cross of Thine, that healing cross, I come to Thee.
And for that blood of Thine, that cleansing blood, I come to Thee.
And for that grace of Thine, that all-sufficing grace, I come to Thee.
And for that all, of every thing I need, I come to Thee.

rall.

JESUS, I MY CROSS HAVE TAKEN.

LYTE

GILCHRIST. By per.

SOLO.

Je-sus, I . . my cross have tak - en, All to leave and

p

fol- low Thee; Des - ti- tute, de-spised, for - sak- en, Thou from hence, my

Risoluto.

all shall be. Per- ish every fond am- bi-tion,

Ped.

appass. *sonore.*

All I've sought or hoped or known; Yet how rich is my con-di-tion! God and heav'n are

f

all my own; Yet how rich is my con-di-tion! God and heav'n are all my own.

TUTTI.

f *cres - cen -*

Per-ish ev-ery fond en-deav-or, All I've sought or hop'd or known; Yet how rich is

do. *cres* *cen -*

do. *f* *Last time only.*

my con-di-tion! God and heav'n are all my own. A - MEN.

do. *f* *Last time only.*

pp

SOLO.

Man may trouble and distress me, T'will but drive me to Thy breast; Life with tri- als

Alt.

Ped *Man.* *Ped* *Man.* *Ped.*

hard may press me, Heav'n will bring me sweet - er rest. Oh, 'tis not in

grief to harm me While Thy love is left to me; Oh, 'tis not in

f *f TUTTI.*

joy to charm me, Were that joy unmix'd with Thee. Oh, 'tis not in grief to harm me

f

While Thy love is left to me; Oh, 'tis not in joy to charm me, Were that joy un-

D.C.

mix'd with Thee.

rall.

Accomp. for chorus to last verse.

dim.

sf

Man.

KATHLEEN MAVOURNEEN.

CROUCH.

mf *mf* *mf*

1. Kath - leen Mavour - neen, the grey dawn is
2. Kath - leen Mavour - neen, a-wake from thy

Andante e penseroso.

mf

break-ing, The horn of the hunt-er is heard on the hill; The
slum-bers; The blue mountains glow in the sun's gol-den light; Ah!

Small notes to be sung to the 2nd verse.

mf

lark from her light wing the bright dew is shak - ing; Kath-leen Ma -
where is the spell that once hung on my numbers? A - rise in thy

vour-neen, what! slum - b'ring still? Kath - leen Ma-vour-neen, what!
beau-ty, thou star of my night; A-rise in thy beau-ty, thou

Slentando.

cres.

con amore affetto. *f*

slum - b'ring still! Or hast thou for-got-ten how soon we must
star of my night. Ma-vour - neen, Mavourneen, my sad tears are

mf *fz* *mf*

sev-er? Oh! hast thou for-got-ten this day we must
fall-ing, To think that from E-rin and thee I must

part? It may be for years, and it may be for ever; Then
part! It may be for years, and it may be for ever; Then

sempre legato.

mf *semplice.* *mf*

why art thou si - lent, thou voice of my heart? It may be for
why art thou si - lent, thou voice of my heart? It may be for

mf *mf* *mf*

years, and it may be for - ever, Then why art thou si - lent,

rallent.

Kath-leen Ma - vourneen.

diminuendo e piano.

IN THE QUIET GRAVE.

MONSELL. W. F. S. By per.

1. Lay the pre-cious bo - dy In the qui - et grave; 'Tis the Lord hath
2. Farewell, blessed bo - dy, Till the morn a - rise; Wel-come, hap - py
3. Here the cas - ket li - eth, Wait-ing for re - pair; There doth Christ the

ta - ken, 'Twas the Lord who gave; Till the re - sur - rec - tion
spir - it, In - to Par - a - dise; No more work or weep - ing,
jew - el In His bo - som wear. Wait a lit - tle sea - son,

Lay the treasure by; It will then a-wak - en, And as-cend on high.
Gone for-ev - er home; In Christ's ho-ly keep - ing Rest un-til He come.
And in Him shall be Both a - gain u - nit - ed, In e - ter - ni - ty!

SOMETHING FOR JESUS.

LOVELIGHT. KIRKPATRICK. By per.

1. Oh, to do something for Je - sus, Who suf-fered and died for me,
2. Oh, to do something for Je - sus, To go where He points the way,
3. Oh, to do something for Je - sus, Be it on - ly a little mite,

Fine.

To love Him and serve Him, my Saviour, And uphold Him where'er I may be!
And do with my might, in His service, What-so - ev - er my hands find to do;
A look or a smile for the Mas-ter, Or a stand for the truth and the right!

Oh, to do something, just something, That per - ish-ing sin-ners a - round May
Al - ways to speak at His bid - ding Or hush when He whispers "be still;" In
Hold - ing my light to the win - dow, That some one may welcome its rays; Re -

D.C. 1st verse.

come to the fountain of mer - cy, Where life and sal - va - tion are found.
patience to wait His ap - prov - al, In firm - ness to fol - low His will!
peat - ing my songs of thanks-giving, That some one may join me in praise.

GRACE.

M.

O God, who with the man-na fed, Who by the fie- ry pil- lar led,
Feed us and lead us day by day: Permit us not from Thee to stray. A - MEN.
Assembled at our fami-ly board, We ask Thy blessing, dearest Lord;
May soul and bo-dy both be fed As heav'nward by Thy hand we're led. A - MEN.

A LITTLE MOUNTAIN LAD.

WEATHERLY. ROECKEL.

Andantino semplice.

Over the moor-lands

dolce. *rall.* *p*

gay and glad, He pip'd the sweet day long; He was on -ly a lit- tle mountain lad; She

rall.

lov'd to hear his song. She lean'd from her window, weeping, sad, When he drove his flock a-

colla parte.

rall. *rall.*

way; He was on - ly a little mountain lad; She watch'd for him each day.

rall. *rall.*

pp

On - ly, on - ly a lit-tle mountain lad, . . . He was on - ly a lit - tle

p dolce. *colla parte.* *colla parte.*

rall. *rall.*

mountain lad; She watch'd for him each day.

rall. *cres.* *rall.*

Far from the gorse and babbling rills, She went away one day;

piangendo. *rall.* *cres.*

He is a-lone up-on the hills, Piping his lit-tle lay; And she has woo-ers

rall. *cres.*

rit.

at her feet, And all is rich and rare; He drives his flocks by her window seat, But

p *rit.*

rall. *pp sadly.*

she is not there, not there! Ah, me! Ah, me! She is not there, not

rall. *p dolce.* *colla parte.*

sadly. *rall.*

there! He drives his flock by her window seat, But she is not there, not there!

stretto.

rall. *cres.*

Un poco piu mosso. *agitato.* *cres.* *p*

Out on the moorlands, lone and sad, He weeps for the days that were; He is

f *f* *p*

cres. colla voce.

f marcato. *dolce.*

on-ly a lit-tle mountain lad, She is a la - dy fair; But there steals a hand into

f marcato. *dim.* *riten. dolce.*

espress. *accel.*

his so glad, She will be, will be his little bride. He is only a little mountain lad, But she

accel. *f*

con anima. *f* *dim. e rall.* *tempo 1.* *dolce.*

loves none else beside! . . . . . On - ly, on - ly a lit - tle mountain

con anima. *f* *colla parte.* *pp* *tempo.* *p*

cres. ed allarg. *ff con gioja.*

lad, He is only a little mountain lad, But she loves none else beside! . . . .

marcato. *f* *ff* *ff pesante.* *ff*

ANGELS EVER BRIGHT AND FAIR.

HANDEL.

Larghetto.

mf *cres.*

An-gels, ev-er bright and fair, An-gels, ev-er bright and

p

fair, Take, O take me, Take, O take me to your care, ...

p

Take me, take, O take me,— An - gels, ev - er bright and fair, Take, O

take me to your care; Take, O, take me to your care!

rall. *mf tempo.*

Speed to your own courts my flight, Clad in robes of virgin

p *cres.*

white Clad in robes of virgin white Clad in robes of virgin white Take me Angels ever bright and

p *mf*

fair, Take, O take me, Take, O take me to your care, ...

p

Take me, take, O take me,— An - gels, ev - er bright and fair, Take O

p *mf*

rall.

take me to your care; Take, O, take me to your care!

colla voce. *mf tempo.*

DEAR JESUS, LET ME LEAN ON THEE.

KIEFFER.

1. So dark the way, I can-not see. O, some time, smiling Face Divine Look down and make my . . . night to shine.
2. My bur-den bows me to the knee. O Lord, 'tis more than I can bear, Did'st Thou not come my . . lot to share?
3. One smile, and all my fears would flee, One whisper, and the storm would cease, And I should feel the . perfect peace,

So dark the way I can not see,
Dear Jesus, let me . . . lean on Thee, Dear Je- sus, let me lean on Thee.
My burden bows me to the knee
Dear Jesus, let me . . . lean on Thee, Dear Je- sus, let me lean on Thee.
One smile, and all my fears would
flee, Dear Jesus, let me . lean on Thee, Dear Je- sus, let me lean on Thee.

COMIN' THRO' THE RYE.

SCOTCH SONG.

1. Gin a bo-dy meet a bo-dy,
2. Gin a bo-dy meet a bo-dy,
3. A-mang the train there is a swain, I

Moderato.

comin' thro' the rye, Gin a bo-dy kiss a bo-dy, need a bo - dy
comin' frae the town, Gin a bo-dy meet a bo-dy, need a bo - dy
dearly love my - sel, But what's his name or where's his hame I dinna choose to

cry? Il - ka las - sie has her lad-die, nane they say ha'e
frown? Il - ka las - sie has her lad-die, nane they say ha'e
tell. Il - ka las - sie has her lad-die, nane they say ha'e

f *p*
I, Yet a' the lads they smile at me when comin' thro' the rye.
I, Yet a' the lads they smile at me when comin' thro' the rye.
I, Yet a' the lads they smile at me when comin' thro' the rye.

f *p*

FADING, STILL FADING.

PORTUGUESE MELODY.

Andante.

1. Fa - ding, still fa - ding, the last beam is shin - ing, Fa - ther in
2. Fa - ther in heav - en, oh! hear when we call, . . . Hear for Christ's

heav - en the day is de - clin - ing, Safe - ty and in - no-cence
sake, who is Sa - viour of all; . . . Fee - ble and faint - ing we

fly with the light, Temp-ta - tion and dan - ger walk forth with the
trust in Thy might, In doubt - ing and dark - ness Thy love be our

night; From the fall of the shade till the morn - ing bells chime,
light; Let us sleep on Thy breast while the night ta - per burns,

Shield me from dan - ger, and save me from crime. Fa - ther, have mer - cy,
And wake in Thy arms when morn-ing re - turns. Fa - ther, have mer - cy,

Fa - ther have mer - cy,

Fa - ther, have mer - cy, Fa - ther, have mer - cy thro' Je - sus Christ our Lord.

Fa - ther, have mer - cy, Fa - ther, have mer - cy thro' Je - sus Christ our Lord.

THE CONTRITE HEART.

AMBROSE.

Andante.

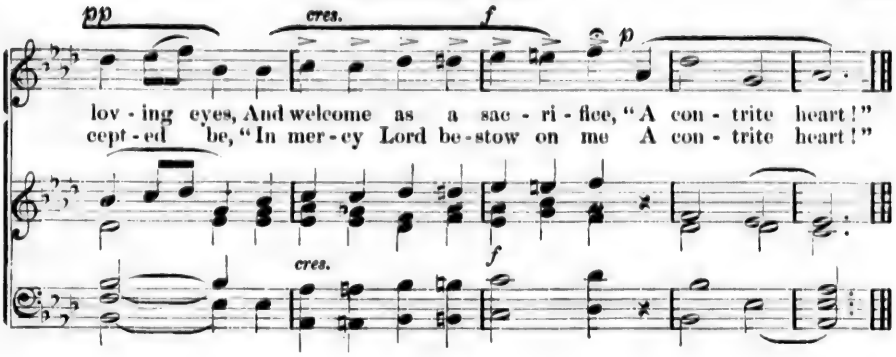
p

1. The Lof-ty One, be-fore whose throne The
2. The Ho-ly Spir - it, from on high, Will

shin-ing hosts of heav'n bow down, In tender love, will not disown, "A con - trite
lis - ten to its faintest cry, Will com-fort, aid, and pu- ri - fy, "The con - trite

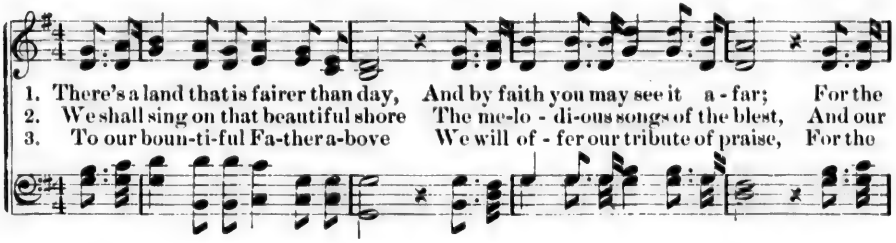
p

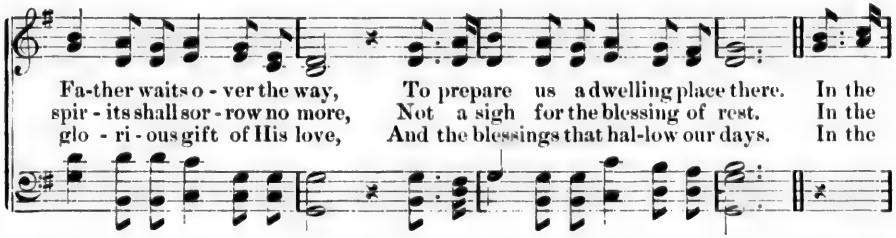
Heart." The pit - y - ing God will not de - spise, But will be - hold with
Heart." O Sa - viour of the world! by Thee, May this, my pray'r ac -

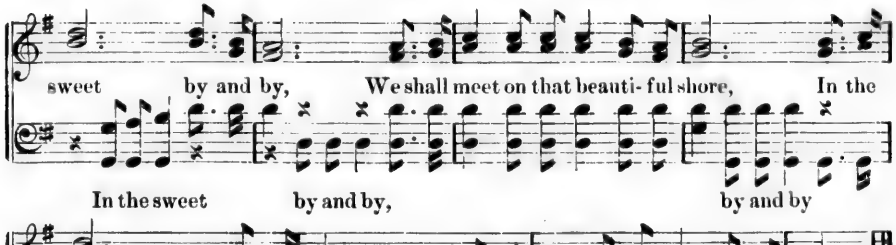


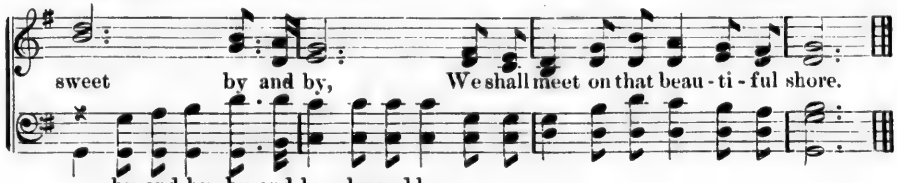
SWEET BY-AND-BY.

BENNETT. WEBSTER. By per.









WHILE THE YEARS ARE ROLLING ON.

MCKEEVER. SWENEY. By per

Recitante.

1. In a world so full of weeping, While the years are roll-ing on, Chris-tian souls the watch are keeping, While the years are rolling on; While our jour-ney we pur-sue, With the ha-ven still in view, Th[illegible] work for us to do, While the years are roll-ing on. Are roll - ing on, are roll - ing on, are roll - ing on, Oh, the joy that we may scatter, While the years are rolling on.

2. There's no time to waste in sigh-ing While the years are roll-ing on; Time is fly - ing, souls are dy - ing, While the years are rolling on. Lov - ing words a soul may win From the wretched paths of sin; We may bring the wand'rers in, While the years are roll-ing on. Are roll - ing on, are roll - ing on, are roll - ing on, Oh, the joy that we may scatter, While the years are rolling on.

3. Let us strengthen one an - oth - er, While the years are roll-ing on; Seek to raise a fall - en broth-er, While the years are rolling on; This is work for ev - ery hand, Till, throughout cre - a - tion's land, Ar - mies for the Lord shall stand, While the years are roll-ing on. Are roll - ing on, are roll - ing on, are roll - ing on, Oh, the joy that we may scatter, While the years are rolling on.

4. Friends we love are quick-ly flying, While the years are roll-ing on; No more part-ing, no more dy-ing, While the years are rolling on. In the world beyond the tomb Sor - row nev - er more can come, When we meet in that blest home, While the years are roll-ing on. Are roll - ing on, are roll - ing on, are roll - ing on, Oh, the joy that we may scatter, While the years are rolling on.

WHY DO SUMMER ROSES FADE.

CARPENTER. BARKER.

1. Why do summer ros - es fade, If not to show how fleet-ing,
2. Then while summer ros - es last, Oh! let's be friends to - geth - er;
3. But though summer ros - es die, And love gives way to ren - son,

All things bright and fair are made, To bloom a-while as half a-fraid, To
Sum-mer time will soon be past, When autumn leaves around us cast, And
Friendship pass without a sigh, And all on earth pass coldly by, 'Tis

cres.

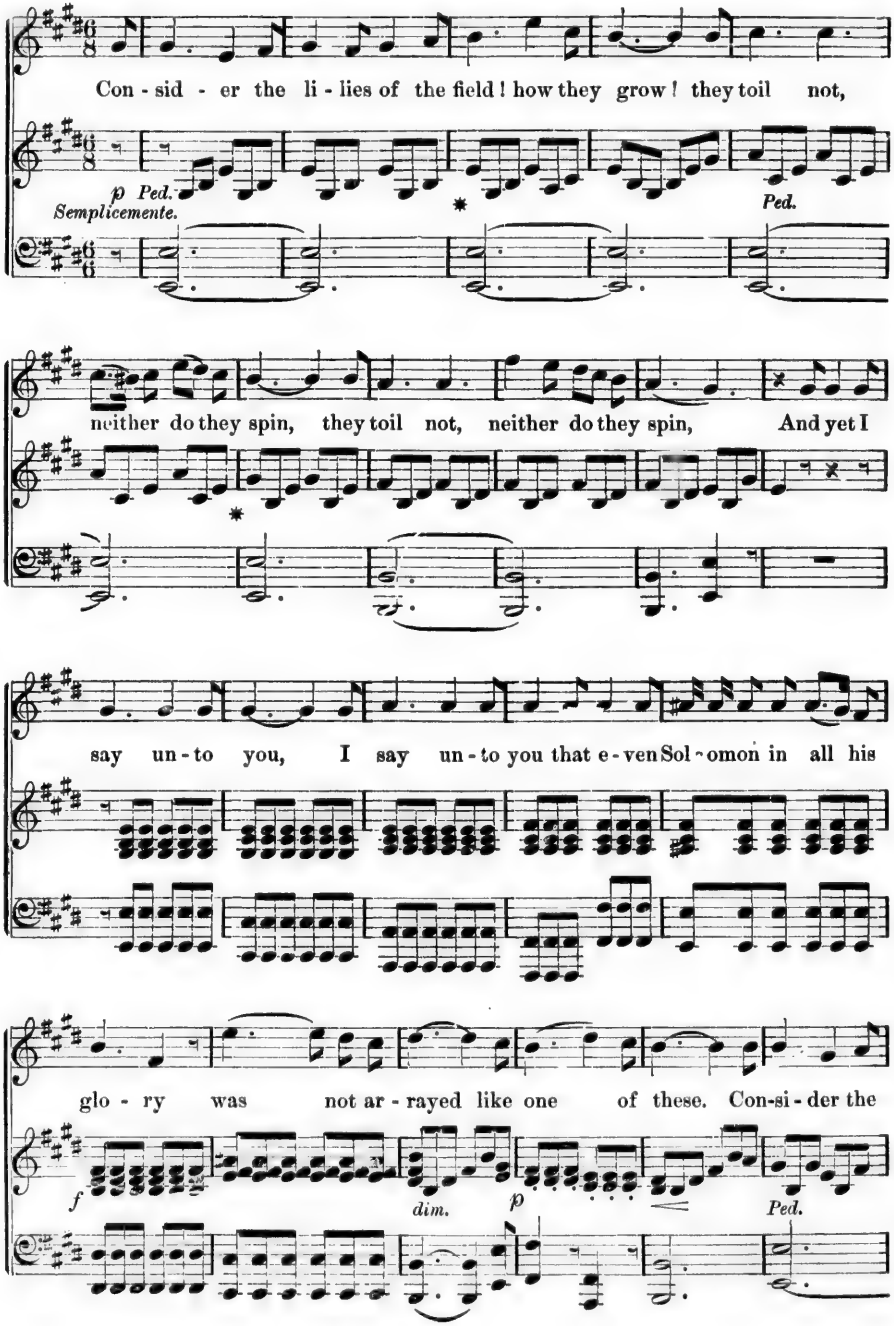
join our summer greeting? Or do they on - ly bloom to tell How brief a sea-son
then comes wintry weather. Surely as the summer's day, Friendship, too, will
but a win-try sea-son, And friendship, love, and ros-es too, The springtime shall a-

p

love may dwell, Or do they on - ly bloom to tell How brief a sea-son love may dwell?
pass a-way, Sure - ly as the summer's day, Friendship, too, will pass a-way.
gain renew, And friendship, love, and ros- es too, The springtime shall again renew.

CONSIDER THE LILIES.

TOPLIFF.



li-lies, how they grow, Con-sid - er the lilies, how they grow; they toil not, they

Ped. * *Ped.*

toil not, neith - er do they spin, yet, I say un - to

* *cres.* *dim.*

you, Solomon in all his glo - ry was not arrayed,

f *dim.*

p

was not arrayed like one of these, ...

was not arrayed, was not arrayed,

8va *tr* *loco.* *8va* *tr*

Ped. *p*

like one of these, and yet, I say un - to you, Sol-o-mon in all his

loco. *cres.* *dim.* *f*

tr *tr*

glo - ry was not arrayed, was not arrayed, was not arrayed like one of

dim. *p* *cres.* *p*

these, like one of these, like one of these.

Calando. *pp* *Ped.*

IF WITH ALL YOUR HEARTS.

FROM "ELIJAH."

Andante con moto. ♩ = 72.

"If with all your hearts ye tru-ly seek me,

p

ye shall ev-er surely find me." Thus saith our God. "If with

all your hearts ye tru-ly seek me, ye shall ev-er surely find me."

cres.

Thus saith our God, thus saith our God. Oh! that I

p

knew where I might find Him, that I might even come before His presence!

cres.

Oh! that I knew where I might find Him, that I might even come before His presence,

p *cres.*

f *p* *dim.*

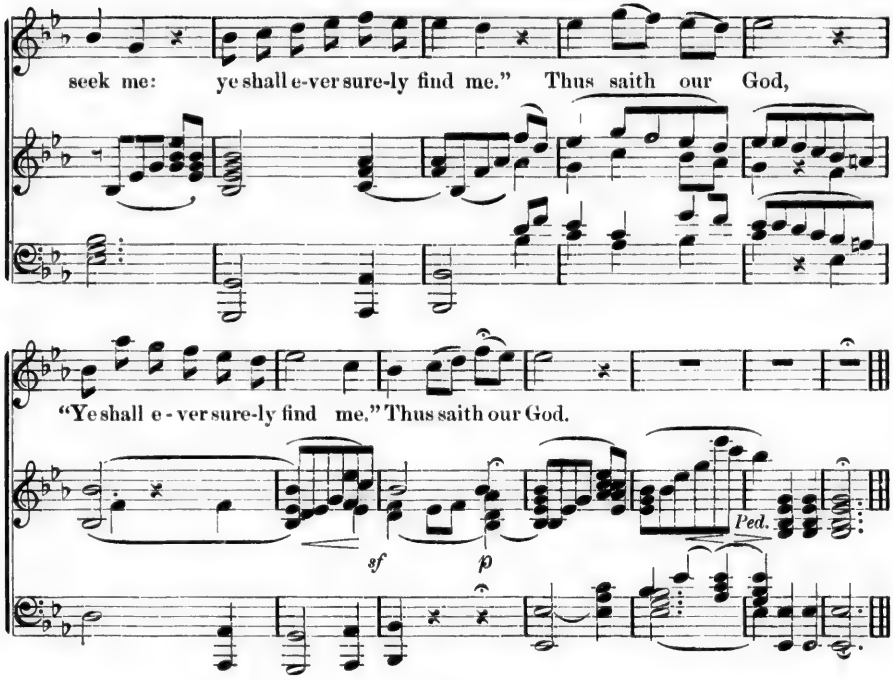
come before His presence! Oh, that I knew where I might

sf *p* *dim.*

pp *f*

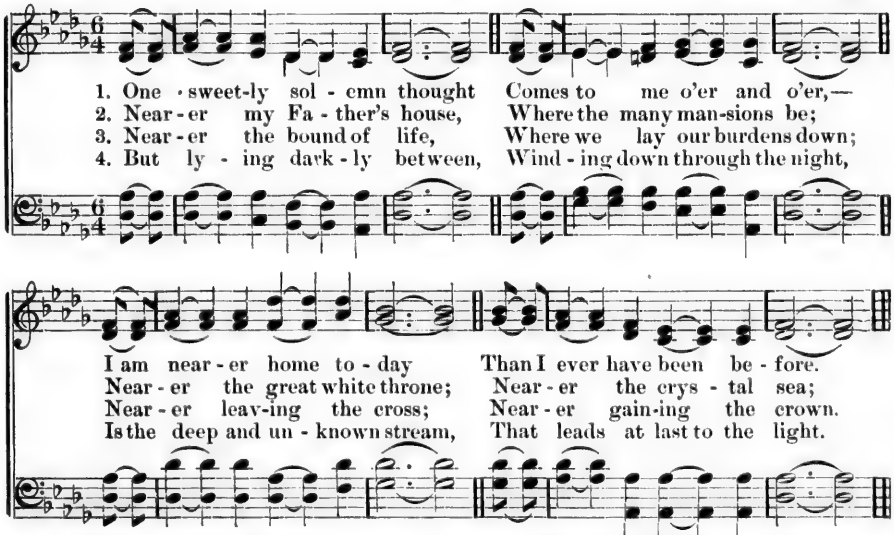
find Him! "If with all your hearts ye tru-ly

pp *p*



CARY.

CARY. TOURJÉE. By per.



5 Father, perfect my trust!
Strengthen the might of my faith;
Let me feel as I would when I stand
On the rock of the shore of death:

6 Feel as I would when my feet
Are slipping over the brink;
For it may be, I am nearer home—
Nearer now than I think!

THE CHAPEL.

KREUTZER.

Moderato.

f

1. What friendly light shines from yonder hill, While stars the heav'ns with splendor fill? What
What heav'nly strains from the chapel resound, And fill with joy the hearts thither bound What

f *f*

3. What sil-v'ry tones are those we hear, Whose e-cho sounds a - far and near, What

f *f*

dim. SOLO. *pp*

friend - ly light shines from yon - der hill, While stars the heav'ns with splendor fill? It
heav'n-ly strains from the chapel resound, And fill with joy the hearts thither bound? Sweet

dim. SOLO. *pp*

sil - v'ry tones are those we hear, Whose e - cho sounds a - far and near? They

dim. SOLO.

hill, ...
-sound, ...
hear, ...

CHORUS. *pp*

gleams from the house of God a - far, In- vit - ing the pil-grim to ev'ning pray'r, It
voic- es we hear come floating nigh, Uplift - ing a psalm to the Lord on high, Sweet

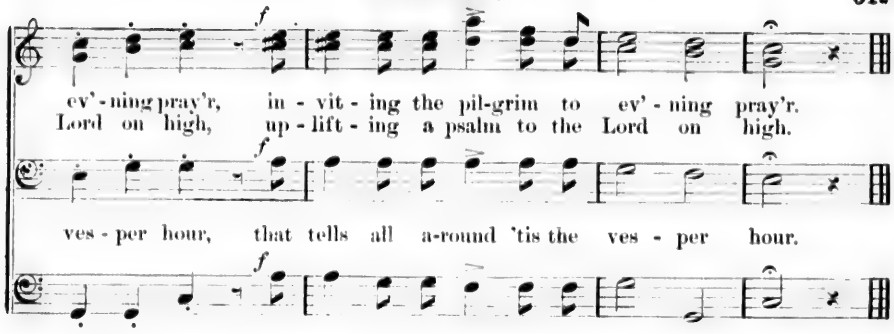
CHORUS. *pp*

come from the bell in yon - der tow'r, That tells all a - round 'tis the ves - per hour, They

CHORUS. *pp*

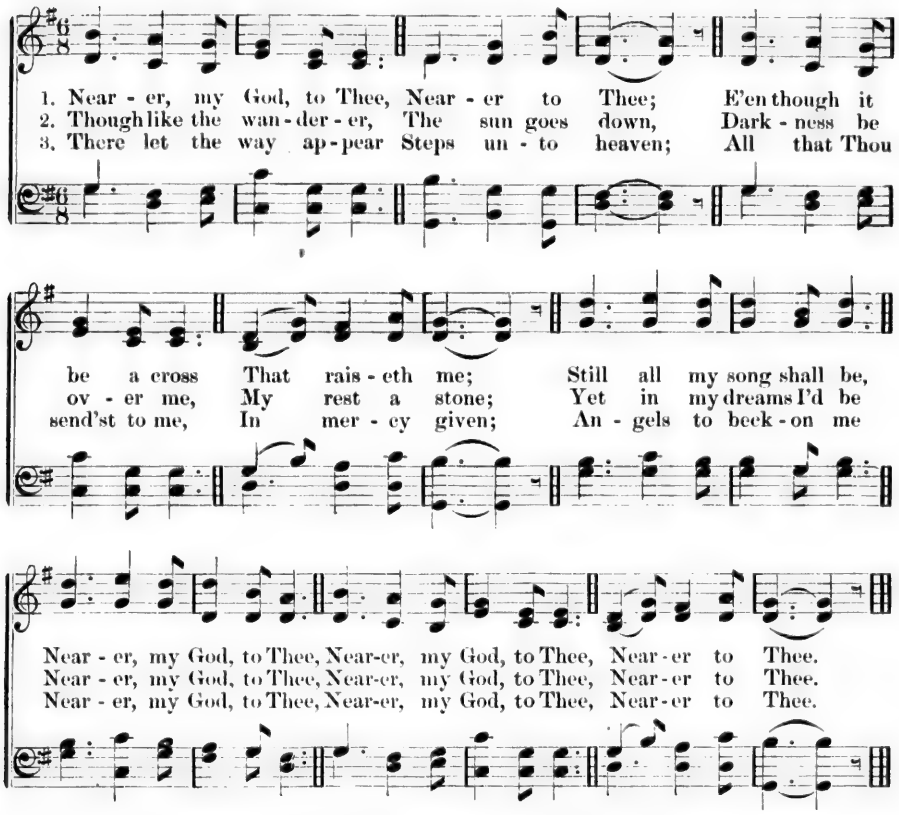
gleams from the house of God a - far, In - vit - ing the pilgrim to
voic - es we hear come float - ing nigh, Up - lift - ing a psalm to the

come from the bell in yon - der tow'r, That tells all a - round 'tis the



NEARER, MY GOD, TO THEE.

ARR. BY MASON. By per.



4 Then with my waking thoughts
Bright with Thy praise,
Out of my stony griefs
Bethel I'll raise;
So by my woes to be
Nearer, my God, to Thee,
Nearer to Thee.

5 Or if on joyful wing
Cleaving the sky,
Sun, moon, and stars forgot,
Upwards I fly,
Still all my song shall be,
Nearer, my God, to Thee,
Nearer to Thee.

THE LOST BOAT.

STUDLEY. By per.

Allegretto con moto.

1. O - ver the bar, in the gleam of the sun, They

f *mf*

sailed a - way to the northern sea; I could tell you the names of the crew, each one, And

cantabile.

which was the dear-est of all for me. Hail, brave boat! hail, brave boat! But

cantabile.

sad is my heart as I say good-bye! Sail, brave boat! sail, brave boat!

Hid by the mist of a tear-ful eye.

Tempo 1mo.

f

2. With ea - ger eyes, by night and by day, We

mf

women gazed towards the northern sea; We fear'd to think, and we fear'd to say, Each

cantabile.

murmur'd: "my love stays long from me." Hail, brave boat! hail, brave boat!

cantabile.

Would that my heart were not bow'd with fear; Sail, brave boat! sail, brave boat!

Oh, that my love, and his boat were here!

Tempo 1mo.

f

3. Man-y a night when the moon is high, And there's

mf

ne'er a boat that the shore-men see, I see my Willie come sailing nigh, With the

cantabile.

boat and the crew that were lost at sea; Hail, brave boat! hail, brave boat!

cantabile.

ff *ac*

Nobod-y sees you at night but I; Sail, brave boat! sail, brave boat! I shall meet him a-

ff *ac*

cel . . er . . an . . do.

gain, and the time is nigh, I shall meet him again, and the time . . is nigh.

cel . . er . . an . . do. *a tempo.*

GRACE.

M. W. W. G.

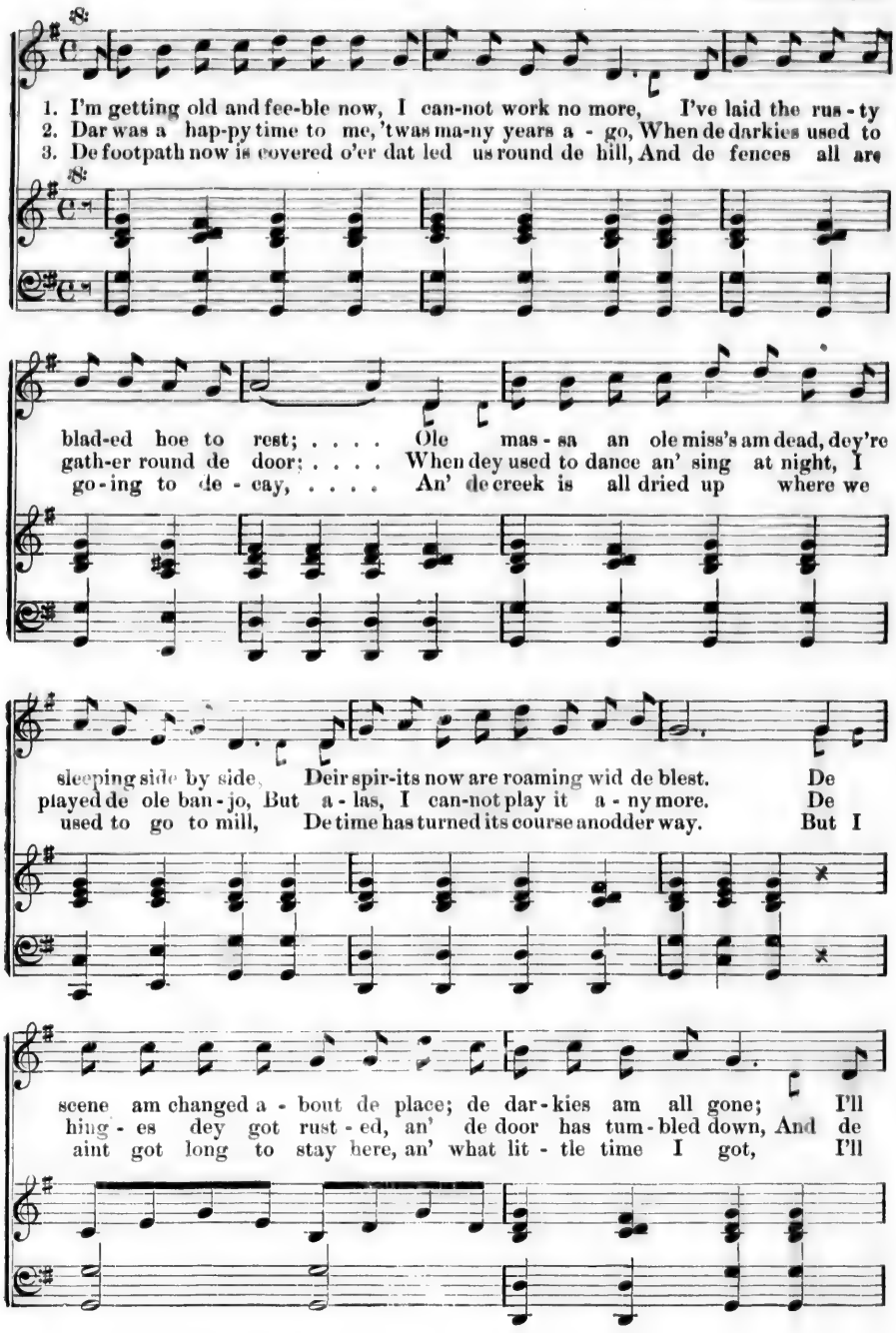
Give us this day our dai-ly bread; Let us with Thy rich grace be ev-er fed;

Accept our thanks for that we now receive, Make us in Thy rich graces still to live. AMEN.

THE LITTLE OLD CABIN IN THE LANE.

HAYS. By per.

1. I'm getting old and fee-ble now, I can-not work no more, I've laid the rus - ty blad-ed hoe to rest; . . . . Ole mas - sa an ole miss's am dead, dey're sleeping side by side, Deir spir-its now are roaming wid de blest. De scene am changed a - bout de place; de dar - kies am all gone; I'll
2. Dar was a hap-py time to me, 'twas ma-ny years a - go, When de darkies used to gath-er round de door; . . . . When dey used to dance an' sing at night, I played de ole ban - jo, But a - las, I can-not play it a - ny more. De hing - es dey got rust - ed, an' de door has tum - bled down, And de
3. De footpath now is covered o'er dat led us round de hill, And de fences all are go - ing to de - cay, ... An' de creek is all dried up where we used to go to mill, De time has turned its course anodder way. But I aint got long to stay here, an' what lit - tle time I got, I'll



nebber hear dem singing in de cane; And I'se de on - ly one dat's left wid
roof lets in de sunshine an' de rain, An' de on - ly friend I've got now is dis
try and be content-ed to remain Till death shall call my dog an' me to

dis ole dog ob mine, In de lit - tle old log cab - in in de lane.
good ole dog ob mine, In de lit - tle old log cab - in in de lane.
find a bet - ter home Dan dat lit - tle old log cab - in in de lane.

SOPRANO AND ALTO.

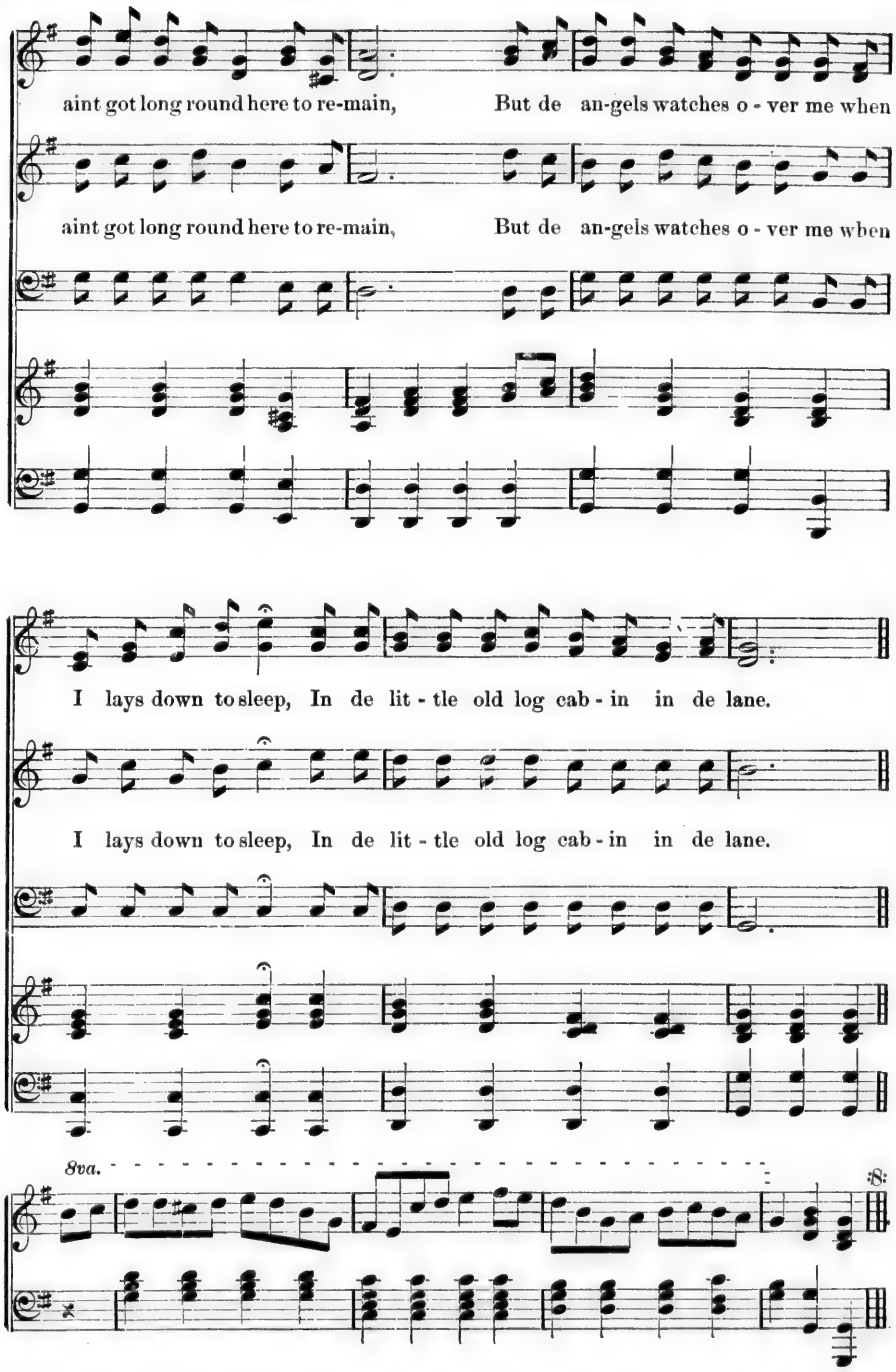
De chim - ney's fall - ing down, and de roof is cav - in' in; I

TENOR.

De chim - ney's fall - ing down, and de roof is cav - in' in; I

BASS.

ACCOMP.


aint got long round here to re-main, But de an-gels watches o - ver me when
aint got long round here to re-main, But de an-gels watches o - ver me when
I lays down to sleep, In de lit - tle old log cab - in in de lane.
I lays down to sleep, In de lit - tle old log cab - in in de lane.
8va.

COME THIS WAY, MY FATHER.

MARTIN. By per.

1. I re-mem-ber a voice which once guided my way, When tossed on the sea, fog en-shrouded I lay; 'Twas the voice of a child, as he stood on the shore, It sounded like music o'er the dark billows roar: "Come this way, my father; steer straight for me; Here, safe on the shore I'm waiting for thee."
2. I re-mem-ber that voice, as it led our lone way, 'Midst rocks and thro' breakers and high dashing spray; How sweet to my heart did it sound from the shore, As it echoed so clearly o'er the dark billows roar, "Come this way, my father; steer straight for me; Here, safe on the shore I'm waiting for thee."
3. I re-mem-ber my joy, when I held to my breast The form of that dear one, and soothed it to rest; For the tones of my child whispered soft to my ear, "I called you, dear father, and knew you would hear The voice of your darling far o'er the sea, While safe on the shore I was waiting for thee."
4. That voice is now hushed which then guided my way, The form I then pressed is now mingling with clay; But the tones of my child still sound in my ear, "I am calling you father, oh! can you not hear The voice of your darling as you toss on life's sea? For on a bright shore I am waiting for thee."

THE TWO ROSES.

F. R. W. WERNER.

Andante.

mf FIRST TENOR. *cres.*

1. On a bank two ros - es fair, Wet with morn - ing show - ers,
2. Thou in white art all ar-ray'd, Not a speck to mar thee;
3. Thou art like the blush-ing cheek Which her love dis - clos - es;

mf SECOND TENOR. *cres.*

mf FIRST BASS. *cres.*

1. On a bank two ro - es fair, Wet with morn - ing show - ers,
2. Thou in white art all ar-ray'd, Not a speck to mar thee;
3. Thou art like the blush - ing cheek Which her love dis - clos - es;

mf SECOND BASS. *cres.*

p

Sweet to view in fragrance grew; I, then, pen - sive, full of care, Gather'd both the
Thus I find the spot-less mind, Which adorns my love-ly maid; Would she soon may
Nought with her can I com-pare, But of charms if I should speak, Ye'll be jeal - ous

p

p

Sweet to view in fragrance grew; I, then, pen - sive, full of care, Gather'd both the
Thus I find the spot-less mind, Which adorns my love-ly maid; Would she soon may
Nought with her can I com-pare, But of charms if I should speak, Ye'll be jeal - ous

p

mf *cres.* *p*

flow - ers. Tell me, ros - es, tru - ly tell, If my fair one loves me well.
wear thee. Tell me, ros - es, tru - ly tell, If my fair one loves me well.
ros - es. Tell me, ros - es, tru - ly tell, If my fair one loves me well.

mf *cres.* *p*

mf *cres.* *p*

flow - ers. Tell me, ros - es, tru - ly tell, If my fair one loves me well.
wear thee. Tell me, ros - es, tru - ly tell, If my fair one loves me well.
ros - es. Tell me, ros - es, tru - ly tell, If my fair one loves me well.

mf *cres.* *p*

FLEE AS A BIRD.

DANA.

1. Flee as a bird to yon moun - tain, Thou who art wea-ry of sin; . . Go to the clear flowing foun - tain, Where you may wash and be clean.
2. He will protect thee for-ev - - er, Wipe ev-'ry fall - ing tear; He will forsake thee, O nev - er, Sheltered so ten-der-ly there.

Moderato espressivo.

Fly, for th'avenger is near thee; Call and the Saviour will hear thee; He on His bosom will bear thee, Thou who art wea-ry of sin, O thou who art weary of sin.
Haste, then, the hours are flying; Spend not the moments in sighing, Cease from your sorrow and cry - ing, The Saviour will wipe ev'-ry tear, The Saviour will wipe ev'ry tear.

Un poco ritenuto.

WORK, FOR THE NIGHT IS COMING.

MASON. By per.

With vigor.

1. Work, for the night is coming, Work thro' the morning hours; Work while the dew is
2. Work, for the night is coming, Work thro' the sun-ny noon; Fill brightest hours with
3. Work, for the night is coming, Un-der the sun-set skies, While their bright tints are

spark-ling, Work 'mid springing flow'rs; Work when the day grows bright - er,
la - bor, Rest comes sure and soon; Give ev- ery fly - ing mo - ment
glow -ing, Work, for day-light flies; Work till the last beam fad - eth,

Work in the glowing sun; Work, for the night is coming, When man's work is done.
Something to keep in store; Work, for the night is coming, When man works no more.
Fadeth to shine no more; Work while the night is dark'ning, When man's work is o'er.

GRACE.

M. W. W. G.

Fa - ther, we own Thy presence here, Thy gifts de-mand our praise sin - cere;

Ac - cept the thanks we of - fer Thee, And let Thy name still hal-lowed be;

Thy bounties rich prolong our days, To Thee be ev - - er- last - ing praise. AMEN.
To Thee, to Thee be ev- er- last - ing praise.

"A BIRD IN HAND."

WEATHERLY. ROECKEL.

Allegretto. *2nd verse a little slower.*

1. There were three young maids of Lee, They were fair as fair can be, And they had lov-ers
2. There are three old maids at Lee, They are old as old can be, And one is deaf, and

rall e largamente.

three times three, For they were fair as fair can be, These three young maids of
one cannot see, And they all are cross as a gal-lows tree, These three old maids of

rall colla parte.

a little slower.

Lee. But these young maids they cannot find A lov-er each to suit her mind; The
Lee. Now if any one chanc'd, 'tis a chance remote, One single charm in these maids to note, He [need

f

cres.

plain spoke lad is far too rough, The rich young lord is not rich enough, And
not a poet nor handsome be, For one is deaf, and one can - not see; He

cres.

Tempo primo.

one is too poor, and one too tall, And one just an inch too short for them all.
need not woo on his bend- ed knee, For they all are willing as willing can be, He may

leggiero ma marcato.

rall.

"Others pick and choose, and why not we! We can ve-ry well wait," said the maids of Lee.
take the one, or the two, or the three, If he'll on - ly take them a-way from Lee.

rall.

1st verse a tempo.

There were three young maids of Lee, They were fair as fair can be, And they had lov-ers

a tempo.

p ma marcato.

f rit. largamente.

three times three, For they were fair as fair can be, These three young maids of Lee.

f rit. largamente. *ff*

2nd verse, tempo primo.

f

There are three old maids at Lee, They are cross as cross can be And there they are, and

tempo primo.

marcato.

f colla parte.

ff rit. ff largamente.

there they'll be, to the end of the chapter one, two, three, These three old maids of Lee!

ff *ff largamente.* *fff*

BRIDE BELLS.

WEATHERLY. ROECKEL.

Allegretto.

1. Maid El - sie roams by
3. A year by seas, a

mf *marc.*

lane and lea, Her heart beats low and sad, Her tho'ts are far a- way at sea, With her
year by lands, A year since then has died, And El- sie at the al- tar stands, Her

NOTE.— Use introduction for interlude.

bon- nie sai- lor lad, With her bon-nie sai- lor lad. But kling, lang, ling, She
sai - lor at her side, Her sai- lor at her side! While Kling, lang, ling, Their

pp

seems to hear her bride bells ring, Kling, lang, ling, Kling, lang, ling, . .
bon-nie bride bells gai- ly ring, Kling, lang, ling, Kling, lang, ling, . .

marc. *pp una corda.*

cres. *f*

. . . She seems to hear her bride bells ring, her bride bells ring.
. . . Their bon- nie bride bells gai - ly ring! Their bride bells gai-ly ring.

tre corde. *cres.* *f*

Piu lento.

2. That night her lov - er's good ship rode The

f

fu - rious Bis - cay foam, And as the stream- ing

deck he trod, He thought of her at home, He

thought of her at home; While kling, lang,

molto rit. colla parte. *dim.* *p* *p*

ling, He seem'd to hear his home bells ring! Kling, lang, ling. Kling, lang,

p *mf* *pp una corda.*

ling, . . . He seem'd to hear his home bells ring, his home bells ring!

tre corde. *f*

TRUNDLE-BED SONG.

FORM "DEW DROPS."

T. C. O'KANE. By per

Very slow.

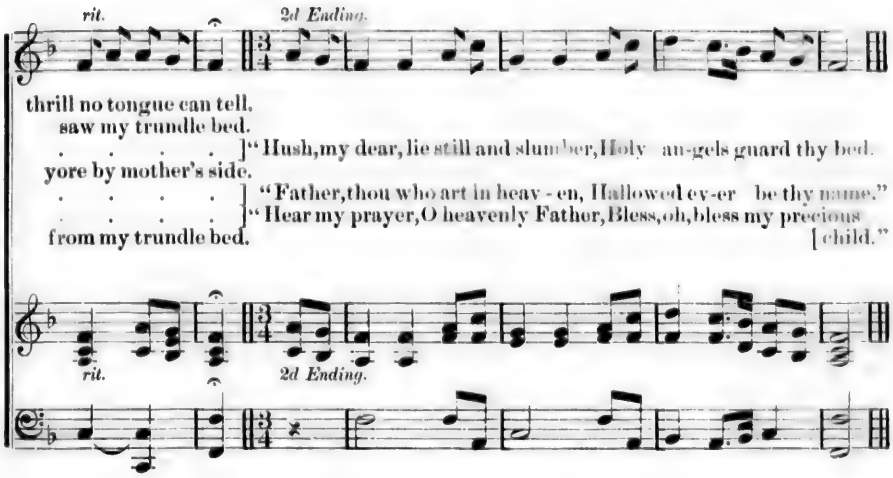
1. As I wandered 'round the homestead, Many a dear fa-mil- iar spot Bro't with-
2. Tho' the house was held by strangers, All remained the same with-in, Just as
3. Quick I drew it from the rubbish, Covered o'er with dust so long: When, be-
4. While I lis - ten to the mus-ic Steal-ing on in gen - tle strain, I am
5. Hands are on my head so lov-ing, As they were in childhood's days; I, with
6. Prayer is o - ver—to my pil-low, With a good-night kiss, I creep, Scarcely
7. Yet I am but on - ly dreaming, Ne'er I'll be a child a - gain, Ma - ny

rit.

in my re - co - lection, Scenes I'd seemingly for - got; There, the orchard, meadow
when a child I rambled Up and down, and out and in. To the gar-ret dark as-
hold, I heard in fancy, Strains of one fa - mil - iar song, Oft - en sung by my dear
car-ried back to childhood, I am now a child a - gain; 'Tis the hour for my re-
wea-ry tones, am trying To re-peat the words she says. 'Tis a prayer in language
waking while I whisper, "Now I lay me down to sleep." Then my mother, o'er me
years has that dear mother In the qui - et graveyard lain; But her blessed, an - gel

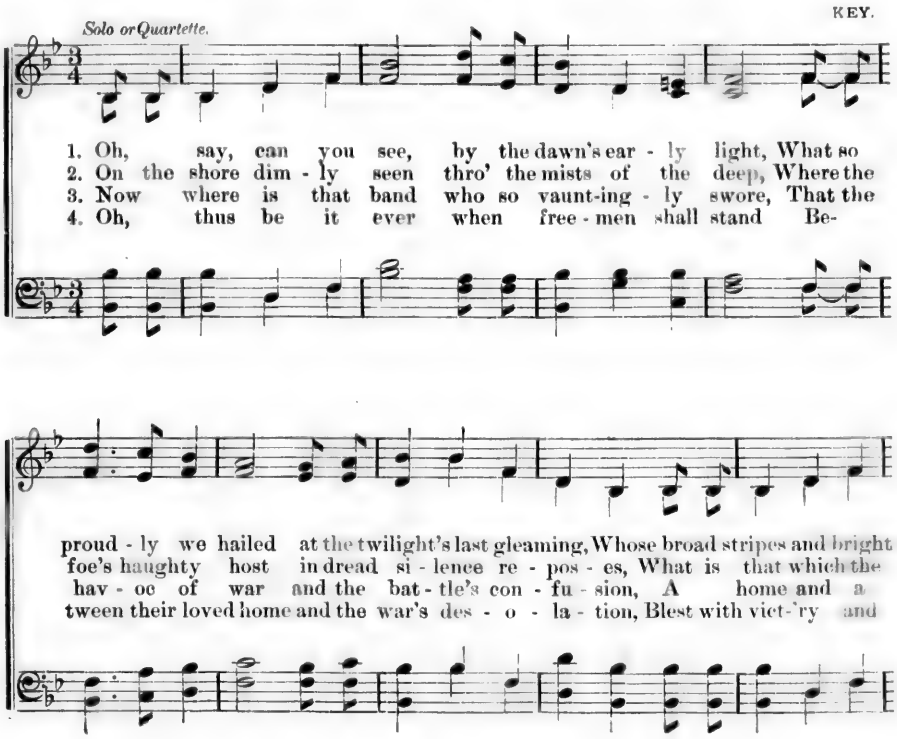
rit.

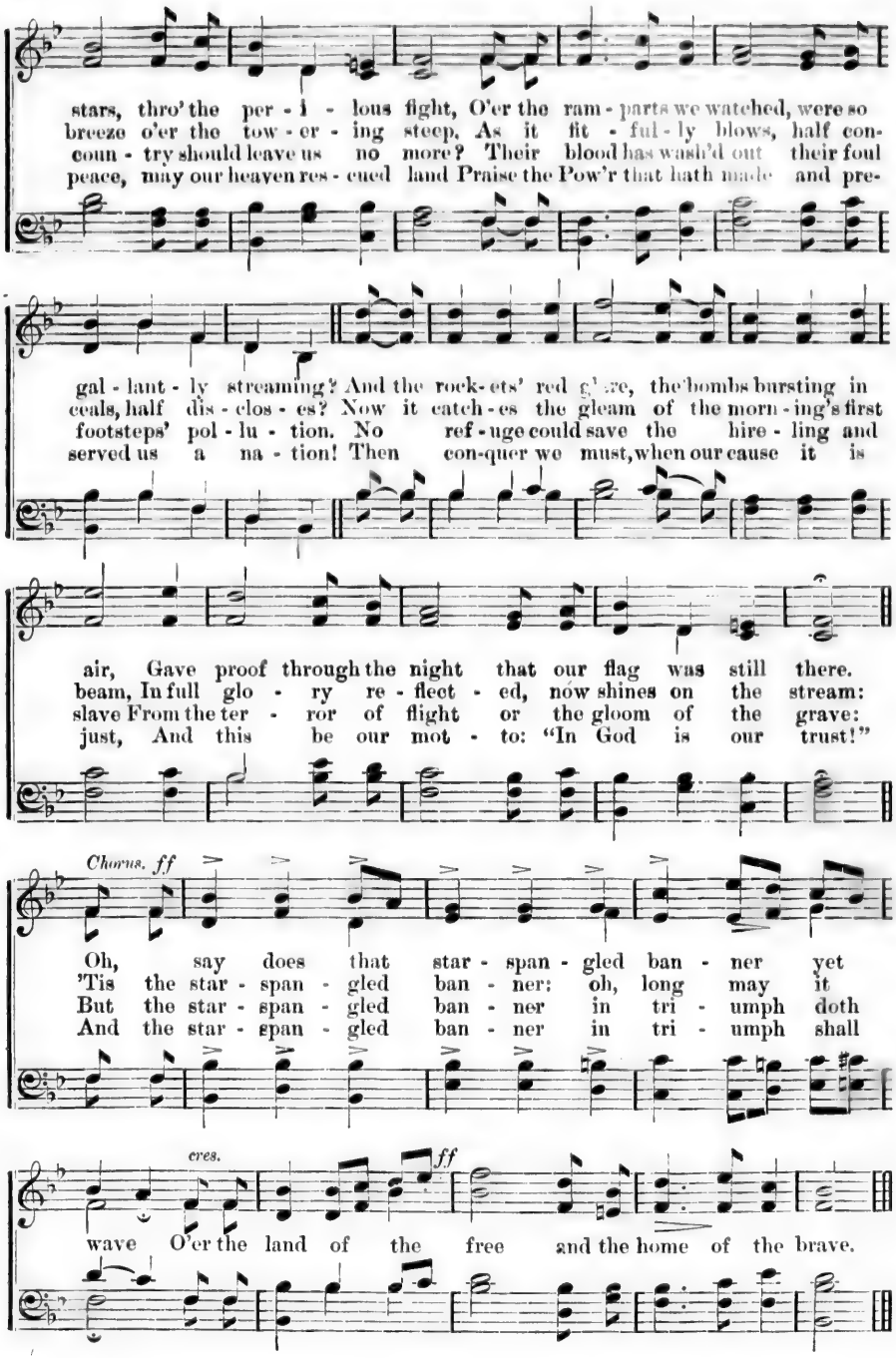
yonder, Here the deep, old-fashioned well, With its old moss-covered bucket, Sent a
cending (Once a scource of childish dread), Peering through the misty cobwebs, Lo! I
mother, To me in that trundle - bed, [Omit. . . . . .
tir-ing, At the dusk- y ev - en - tide; Near my trun-dle bed I'm kneeling, As in
sim-ple As a moth-er's lips can frame: [Omit. . . . . .
bending, Prays in earnest words, but mild: [Omit. . . . . .
spir-it Dai-ly hov - ers o'er my head, Call-ing me from earth to heaven, E - ven



THE STAR-SPANGLED BANNER

KEY.




stars, thro' the per - i - lous fight, O'er the ram - parts we watched, were so
breeze o'er the tow - er - ing steep, As it fit - ful - ly blows, half con-
coun - try should leave us no more? Their blood has wash'd out their foul
peace, may our heaven res - cued land Praise the Pow'r that hath made and pre-
gal - lant - ly streaming? And the rock - ets' red glare, the bombs bursting in
ceals, half dis - clos - es? Now it catch - es the gleam of the morn - ing's first
footsteps' pol - lu - tion. No ref - uge could save the hire - ling and
served us a na - tion! Then con-quer we must, when our cause it is
air, Gave proof through the night that our flag was still there.
beam, In full glo - ry re - flect - ed, now shines on the stream:
slave From the ter - ror of flight or the gloom of the grave:
just, And this be our mot - to: "In God is our trust!"
Chorus. ff
Oh, say does that star - span - gled ban - ner yet
'Tis the star - span - gled ban - ner; oh, long may it
But the star - span - gled ban - ner in tri - umph doth
And the star - span - gled ban - ner in tri - umph shall
cres.
ff
wave O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave.

THE BLOOM IS ON THE RYE.

FITZBALL. BISHOP

Andantino espressivo.

Dolce.

Sostenu.

1. My pret - ty Jane! my pretty Jane! . . . Ah! nev-er, nev-er look so
2. But name the day, the wedding day, . . . And I will buy the

shy, But meet me, meet me in the eve - 'ning, While the
ring. The lads and maids in fav - ors white, And

bloom is on the rye. . . . The spring is wan - ing
village bells, the village bell shall ring. . . The spring is wan - ing

mf

fast, my love, The corn is in the ear, The summer nights are
fast, my love, The corn is in the ear; The summer nights are

com - ing love, The moon shines bright and clear; Then pretty Jane, my
com - ing love, The moon shines bright and clear; Then pretty Jane, my

dear - est Jane, Ah! nev-er look so shy, But meet me, meet me in the
dear - est Jane, Ah! nev-er look so shy, But meet me, meet me in the

eve - - ning, While the bloom is on the rye. . . .
eve - - ning, While the bloom is on the rye. . . .

OFT IN THE STILLY NIGHT.

STEVENSON.

Oft in the stil-ly night, Ere
When I re-mem-ber all The

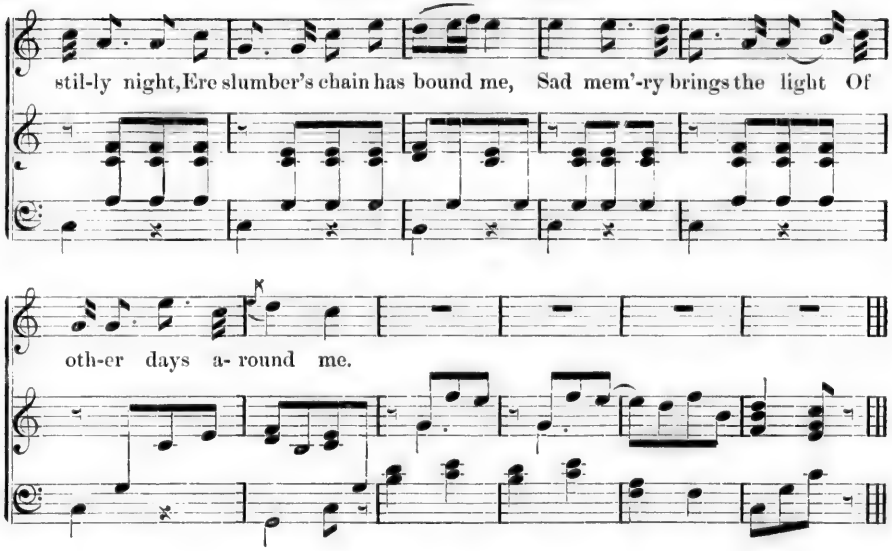
Affetuoso.
8va.

slumber's chain has bound me, Fond mem'ry brings the light Of oth-er days a-
friends, so link'd to-geth - er, I've seen a-round me fall, Like leaves in win - try

round me; The smiles, the tears, of childhood's years; The words of love then spoken, The
weath-er; I feel like one who treads a-lone Some banquet hall de - sert - ed, Whose

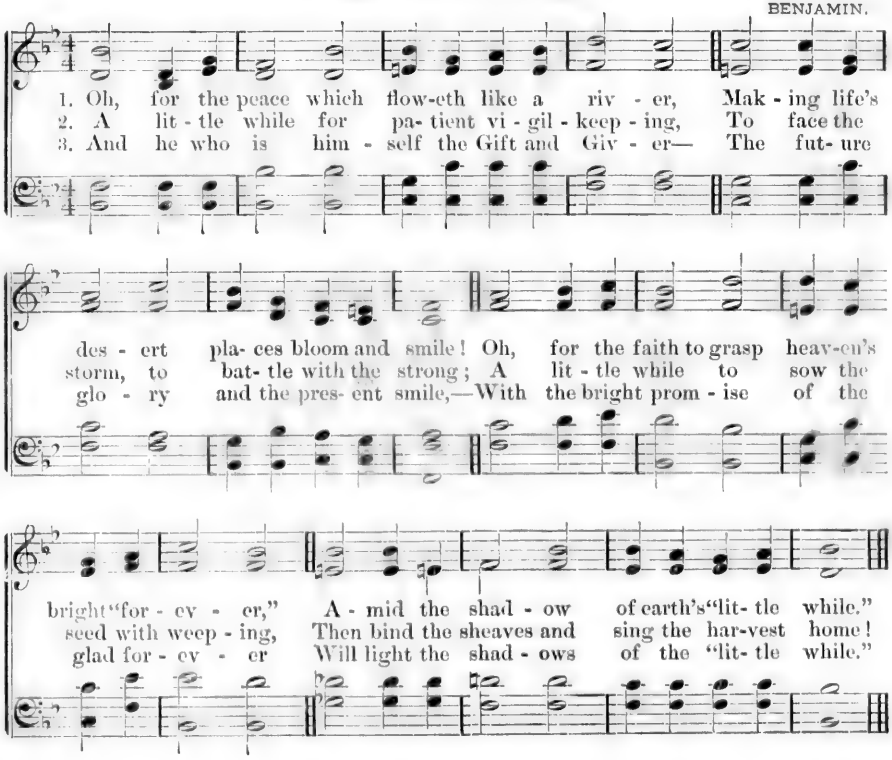
al segno.

eyes that shone, now dimm'd and gone, The cheerful hearts now bro - ken! } Thus in the
lights are fled, whose garlands dead, And all but he de - part - ed! }



A LITTLE WHILE.

BENJAMIN.



BONNIE DUNDEE.

SCOTT. RIMBAULT.

1. To the
2. There are
3. Dun-
4. A-

cres. *f*

Lords of convention 'twas Claverhouse spoke, Ere the King's crown go down there are
hills beyond Pentland and streams beyond Forth, If the're Lords in the Southland the're
dee he is mount-ed, he rides up the street; The bells are rung back-ward, the
wa to the hills, to the woods, to the rocks; Ere I own a u-surp-er I'll

p

crowns to be broke, So each ca-va-lier who loves hon-or and me, Let him
chiefs in the North; There are wild dun-nie wassals, three thousand times three, Will cry
drums they are beat; But the Provost, douce man, said just e'en let him be, The
couch with the fox; And tremble, false Whigs, tho' triumphant ye be, You have

follow the bonnet of Bonnie Dundee. Come fill up my cup, come fill up my can, Come
Hey for the Bonnets of Bonnie Dundee. Come fill up, &c.
town is weel quit of that deil of Dundee. Come fill up, &c.
not seen the last of my bonnet and me. Come fill up, &c.

sad- dle my hors- es and call up my men, Come o - pen the West Port and
4. Fling all your gates o - pen, and

cres.

let me gae free, And its room for the Bon-nets of Bonnie Dundee.
let me gae free, For 'tis up with the Bon-nets of Bonnie Dundee.

FREDERICK.

KINGSLEY. By per.

1. I would not live al - way: I ask not to stay Where storm af - ter
2. I would not live al - way, thus fet- tered by sin, Temp - ta - tion with-
3. Who, who would live al - way, a - way from his God! A - way from yon

storm ris - es dark o'er the way; The few lu - rid morn-ings that
out and cor - rup- tion with- in: E'en the rapture of par- don
heav- en, that bliss- ful a - bode, Where the riv - ers of pleas - ure flow

dawn on us here Are e-nough for life's woes, full e-nough for its cheer.
is mingled with fears, And the cup of thanks-giv- ing with pen - i -tent tears.
o'er the bright plains, And the noon-tide of glo - ry e - ter - nal- ly reigns.

WITHIN THIS SACRED DWELLING.

IL FLAUTO MAGICO. MOZART.

Larghetto.

1. Within this sacred dwelling, Revenge no ref-uge finds; Where joy each bo - som swell - ing, And love to du - ty binds.
2. These ho-ly walls a - round us, Confine but willing hearts; Re- leas'd from cares that bound us, We fear no trait'-rous arts;

Thus led by friendship's guid - ing hand, In peace we reach the bet - ter land;
Nor mor-tal har - b'ring thoughts un - kind, With - in these halls can ref - uge find;

Thus led by friendship's guiding hand, In peace we
Nor mortal harb'ring tho'ts unkind Within these

reach the bet- ter land, Thus led by friendship's guid-ing hand, In peace we
halls can ref- uge find, Nor mor-tal har-b'ring thought un-kind Within these

reach the better land, the better, the bet - ter land.
halls can refuge find, can refuge, can ref - uge find.

BEYOND THE SMILING AND THE WEEPING.

TARBUTTON. By per.

1. Beyond the smiling and the weeping, I shall be soon; Beyond the waking and the sleeping, Beyond the sowing and the reaping,
2. Beyond the blooming and the fading, I shall be soon; Beyond the shining and the shading, Beyond the hoping, and the dreading,
3. Beyond the rising and the setting, I shall be soon; Beyond the calming and the fretting, Beyond remembering and forgetting,
4. Beyond the parting and the meeting, I shall be soon; Beyond the farewell and the greeting, Beyond the pulse's fever beating,

home. . . .

I shall be soon. Love, rest, and home! Sweet home! Lord tar-ry not, but come.

home. . . .

OLD FOLKS AT HOME.*

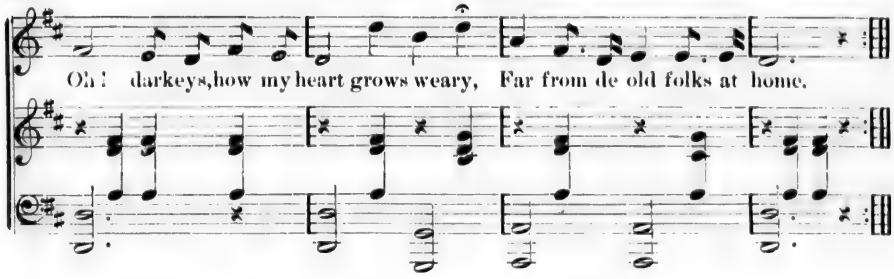
FOSTER. FOSTER. By per.

Moderato.

1. Way down up- on de Swa-nee rib-ber. Far, far a- way, Dere's wha my heart is turn-ing eb-ber, Dere's wha de old folks stay. All up and down de whole cre-a-tion, Sad- ly I roam, Still longing for the old plantation, And for de old folks at home.
2. All round de lit-tle farm I wander'd When I was young, Den ma- ny hap-py days I squander'd, Ma-ny de songs I sung. When I was playing wid my brudder, Hap-py was I, Oh! take me to my kind old mudder, Dere let me live and die.
3. One lit- tle hut among de bush-es, One dat I love, Still sad- ly to my mem'ry rush-es, No mat-ter where I rove. When will I see de bees a hum-ming All round de comb? When will I hear de banjo tumming, Down in my good old home?

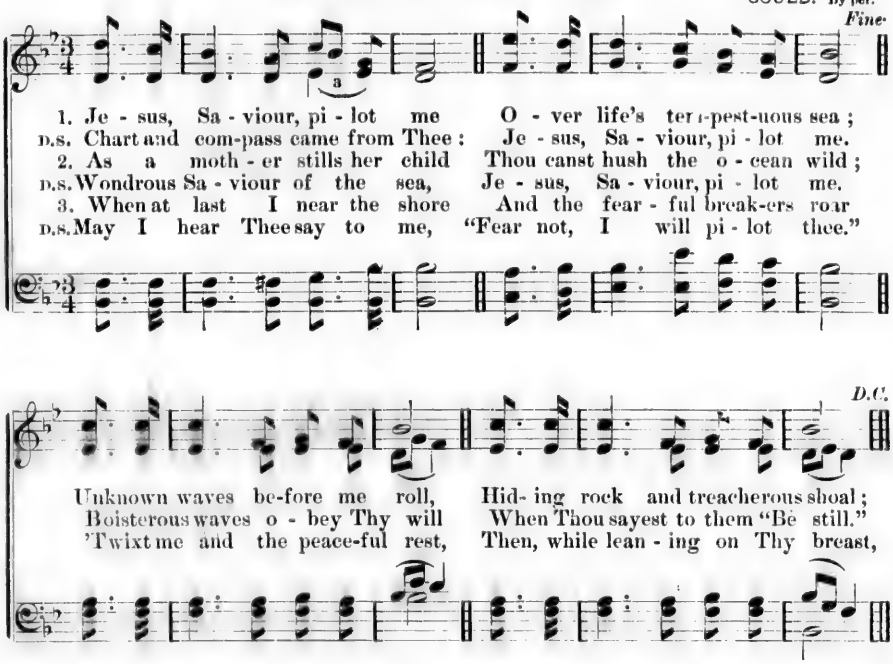
All de world am sad and drea- ry, Eb - ry where I roam,

*Play four first measures for introduction and interlude.



SAVIOUR, PILOT ME.

GOULD. By per.



BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCHES.

SKETCHES AND PORTRAITS

OF

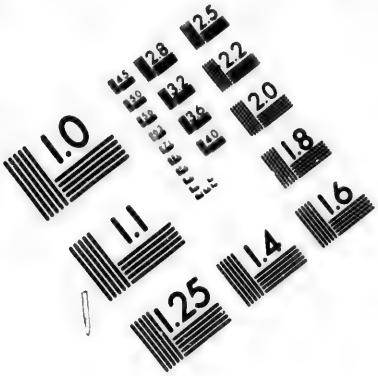
EMINENT MUSICIANS AND SINGERS.

Abt.—Franz Abt, whose songs are so widely known and admired, was born in 1819, at Calenburg, Prussia. He was early destined for sacred orders, and was, in time, sent to one of the famous schools to study theology. But Franz delighted more in music than in theology, and began to compose simple pieces for the piano and ballads, which soon gained wide favor and eventually secured to him the position as musical conductor of the Stadt Theatre, in Zurich, Switzerland. In 1852 he visited Brunswick, where there was a festival of the North German Sangerbund, and he was so warmly received that he was induced to emigrate thither. His fine and finished rendering of Mendelssohn's "St. Paul," secured him the position as chapelmaster of the Duke of Brunswick. The name of Franz Abt is dear to every German of the Fatherland; and throughout the world, wherever the charms of refined melody hold sway, his delightful compositions are echoed from heart to heart.

Albani.—Mlle. Emma Albani was born at Plattsburg, N. Y., in 1850. She manifested rare talent when very young and early became a music-teacher. As a member of the Cathedral Choir at Albany, she, one Sabbath, attracted the attention of Brignoli, who sought an introduction, expressed the warmest admiration for her voice, and recommended foreign study. In 1868 she went to Paris, where she remained two years as a pupil of Duprez, who then sent her to Lamperti, at Milan. In the summer of 1870, she made her *debut* in "Somnambula." She met with great success throughout Italy, and appeared in London in 1873, where she became at once a sterling favorite. On her return to America, she was received with the highest favor. Albani's voice is a rich soprano, with a large compass, singing the E flat in alto. Her style resembles that of Patti, and it is with pardonable pride that Americans pronounce her a bright star in the galaxy of their prima donnas.

Bach.—Johann Sebastian Bach was born March 21st, 1685, at Eisenbach, Thuringa. His childhood was spent amid the lovely scenery surrounding his home, not far distant from the well-known Wartburg, where Luther so long lived and worked. Unlike many other great composers, Bach gave no evidence of being an infant wonder. But he had the benefit of growing up in an atmosphere of good music, and one, besides, that was deeply imbued with the fervor of religion—the religion Martin Luther had taught, and of which he was soon to find a glorious exponent in Bach, himself. At ten years of age, he was left an orphan, dependent on his brother, John Christopher Bach, organist of Ohrdruff, who was Sebastian's first teacher. Under this influence the boy's genius was soon apparent. He fairly devoured all that came within his reach, fairly outstripping all the instructions of his tutor and leaving them far in his rear.

His progress in the elements and the higher principles of music, in singing and in organ playing were surprising to all who knew him, his fame becoming, as one biographer expresses it, "prodigious." He rose in musical rank and work, and extended his fame as a composer of the highest order, until both his name and his music have become the admiration of the lovers of music everywhere. Bach had a hot and hasty temper, and this fre-



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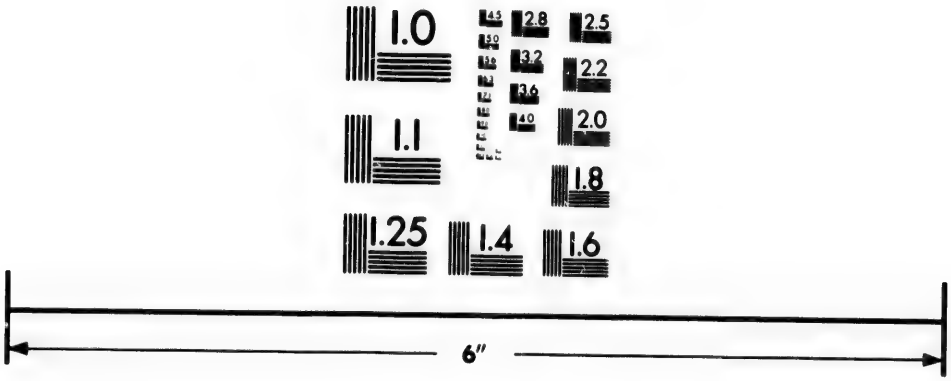

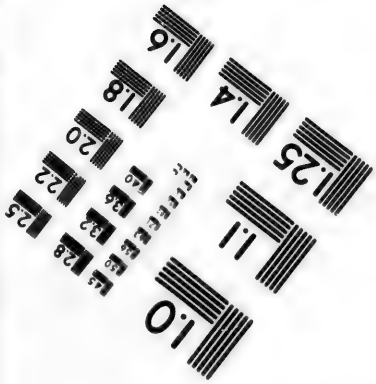

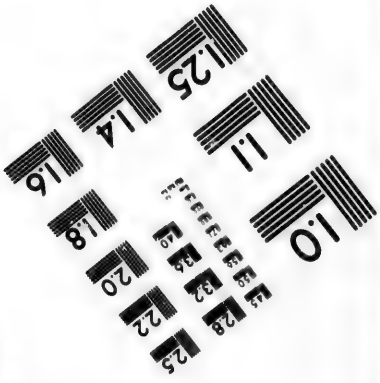

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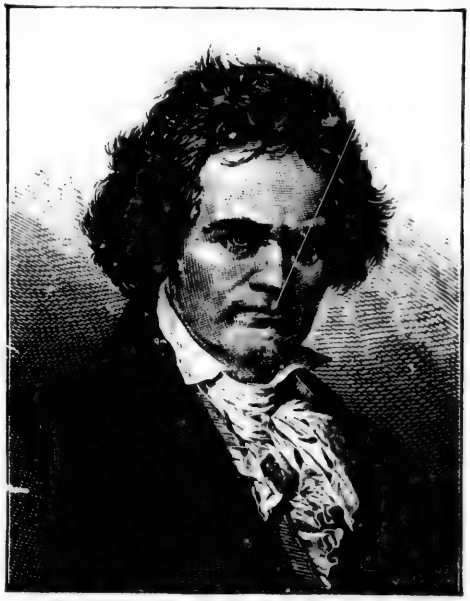
quently led to amusing scenes. There is a story told of one Goiner, a talented organist, who worked at one of Bach's churches, having struck a wrong chord at a rehearsal, whereupon the old man flew into such a passion that he tore off his wig and threw it at the unfortunate organist's head, thundering out, "You ought to have been a cobbler instead of an organist."

Bach was a prolific writer. The long list of his works includes two hundred and thirty complete cantatas for solo, chorus and orchestra; three complete sacred oratories, "The Passions;" seven complete masses; twenty-one shorter church services, with Latin words; four complete funeral cantatas, eighteen cantatas for birthday and other congratulatory occasions; twenty-eight motets for double chorus; forty-eight preludes and fugues for the clavecin; numerous toccatas; six French suites for the clavecin, six shorter suites; thirty-nine long works for the organ, with pedal obligato; fifteen inventions in two parts; fifteen symphonies in three parts; six sonatas for the violoncello; six sonatas for violin, without bass; various concertos for one, two, three and four harpsichords or pianos; seven overtures for instruments; the four volumes of the "Clavier-Uebung;" the "Art of Fugue;" pieces for the flute, and a host of single pieces, far too numerous to be mentioned.



LUDWIG VAN BEETHOVEN.

The great Schumann advised all young musicians to make "Bach their daily bread;" and this is advice which not only "young musicians," but the highest in the art, might act upon profitably to the end of their lives. There is no fathoming Bach.

Bach finally became blind, after great sufferings from diseased eyes and many operations for their relief. His health, too, gave way with his loss of vision, and on July 28th, 1750, he quietly passed away.

Beethoven.—Ludwig Van Beethoven was born December 17th, 1770, at Bonn, on the Rhine. His father was celebrated as a tenor singer, but was of intemperate habits and wretchedly poor. Ludwig's musical education was begun very early, with a view to making him a profitable musical prodigy. When but eleven years of age, his talent received high praise in the leading magazines of the day. When seventeen years old, he visited Vienna and saw Mozart, who, after hearing him, cried out, "Take care of this youth; some day he will make a stir in the world." He subsequently became a pupil of Haydn. He confined his performances to palaces and private mansions of the nobility till 1795, when he began to appear in public. At this time he was spoken of by the critics as "a colossal genius."

In 1800, Beethoven became deaf, which was to him the most terrible affliction. This calamity finally compelled him to abandon public efforts, and he gave himself wholly to composition. His greatest works were produced from 1804–1814, the "matured period" of his life. Nine great symphonies remain as the chief monuments of his genius, the last of which confessedly "exhausts the [illegible]

sources of instrumental music." Masses, cantatas and many other works also illustrate his greatness. Beethoven died, March 26th, 1827. "Nature sang her requiem over him. Amid a fearful storm of thunder and lightning, his spirit took its flight." Twenty-five thousand persons followed his remains to their burial, among them, kings, princes, nobles, poets, painters, artists, composers and the populace of Vienna, in the cemetery of which city a simple stone marks his grave with the one word, BEETHOVEN.

Beethoven's sensitiveness was extreme and oftentimes degenerated into caprice, which now and then caused him to neglect the commonest rules of courtesy. On one occasion he suddenly left the country-house of a nobleman, because, as he said, "the baron annoyed him with his excessive politeness, and he could not afford to be asked every morning if he was quite well." But these eccentricities were overlooked in consideration of his genius.

ANNIE LOUISE CARY.

A writer in *Watson's Art Journal* gives this touching incident in the life of Beethoven, after he had become deaf. "When his fifth symphony was brought out in Vienna before a vast audience the crowd rose to their feet, shouting their plaudits. Beethoven, who had conducted the piece himself, did not turn around to accept their applause, until at last a member of the orchestra took him gently by the shoulders and turned his face that he might see the upstanding audience waving their hats and handkerchiefs. The audience then for the first time remembered that the artist who had been so charming their ears was himself stone-deaf. Beethoven, when he beheld the scene, sat down on a chair and wept like a child. And many were they that wept with him." The people's regard for Beethoven was most enthusiastic.

Blind Tom.—This wonderful blind and idiotic colored pianist is an object of world-wide interest. He was born in slavery in the South, and early showed his genius for music and lack of it for everything else. A critic in *Music and Drama*, thus discusses him and his performances:

"That musical gold mine, Blind Tom, in his travels up and down the earth, has reached New York again. Just what to make of this wonderfully gifted boy has been a puzzle to musicians for a long time. To commend his playing as artistic and valuable, is to acknowledge that the sensuous charm of sounds and the emotional character of music was all there was of it, and thus to lower the position of every intelligent musician in the world; for if the work of a stupid, uneducated boy, not to say idiot, was artistically satisfactory, what has a man of brains to show for his greater abilities and harder work? But, on the other hand, to write Tom's performances down as worthless and inartistic, was, in the popular judgment, to fly in the face of the facts.

"The truth is, Tom has done considerable good musical work in his travels. Many a country piano teacher could have learned from him something about the production of good tone and the proper use of the pedal, if nothing else, and Tom has played considerable classical music to the people that perhaps never heard it in any other way. The fact is, Tom

is to be considered as a sort of animated phonograph or musical mirror. What he has caught from a good model or learned from a good teacher, he does well, and what he has picked up from inferior sources he gives just as he received it.

"There is little doubt that those who have had him in charge have rather cultivated than repressed his eccentricities, and probably if he had been trained with a view to it, he could have been as well educated as many another 'Innocent.' Neither his idiocy nor his blindness are total, although both are, no doubt, genuine. His musical memory is, however, something phenomenal, and enables him to bring out repeatedly, and after long intervals, what he has taken in through the ears. His playing is not his, but that of those who have taught him his pieces. This is shown in his playing of pieces set him as tests of memory in the presence of an audience. If some one plays for him, nervously, hitting wrong notes or blurring the runs, exactly as the piece is played, Tom reproduces it. He is as much responsible for the playing, as a mountain echo would be. Some of his best pieces have been learned from good teachers. His playing of several of the Beethoven Sonatas, which we have heard him render at different times, was admirable, and by means of them his teachers were able to do a work of musical education very much like that which a perfected telephone may some day enable them to do. It is true Tom does a great many inartistic and catchpenny things at his concerts, but they serve to get him an audience, and, since he gives the audience some good music after he has them within hearing, let us wish him well in his journeyings, and hope that no worse thing may happen to music in America than to have such characters as its exponents."

GEORGE FREDERICK HANDEL.

Cary.—Annie Louise Cary is a native of Maine, where she began her career as a vocalist and earned her first laurels. Her fame soon reached Boston, where she pursued musical studies under various competent instructors, and where she became a general favorite. So great was the interest in her at this city, that a concert was given for her at Music Hall, which netted her an amount sufficient to send her to Europe and to forward her studies under superior masters there. On her return she appeared in opera and was enthusiastically received. She has continued her studies diligently, both here and abroad, and now, in the judgment of many good critics, she is the foremost contralto singer of America. Her abilities as a singer are no more conspicuous than her worth as a woman, as her hosts of admiring friends unanimously testify.

It is greatly to be regretted that Miss Cary's work has recently suffered some interruption by reason of her ill-health. On June 29th, 1882, she was married at Portland, Me., to Mr. C. M. Raymond, of New York.

Essipoff.—Mme. Essipoff, the famous Russian pianist, was born at St. Petersburg, in 1852, her father being a counselor of the court and a distinguished musical amateur. At thirteen years of age she entered the St. Petersburg Conservatory of Music, under Rubinstein, where she gained high honors. In 1872 she made her *debut* in Germany and began an extended professional tour.

Her memory is extraordinary. She always plays without notes and her repertory comprises more than two hundred pieces of the highest classical grade. Her execution is extremely bold and spirited, but always accords with the severest classical taste.

Fisk Jubilee Singers.—In October, 1871, a little company of colored students, under Mr. George L. White, Treasurer of Fisk University of Nashville, Tenn., started from Fisk University to give concerts in the North. They did so to meet a crisis in the affairs of the Institution. Their plans were indefinite. The length of time they should spend in this work, their success and future indications of Providence must determine. Nor were their convictions clear as to the kind of music that would be most favorable to the accomplishment of their object. The new experiment of bringing the genuine songs of the colored people of the South before cultivated audiences of the North had never been tried. No special effort had been made to collect these songs, and it was not considered certain that the few which they had practiced would be required in their work. Experience, however, soon showed that the power of the movement and the great element of success were in the genuine songs of the race which the singers represented. Accordingly, they began to call up from memory the songs of their childhood, many of which they had not sung for years. Twenty-nine of these were thus brought together and were soon after embodied in the first edition of the Jubilee Songs. Other additions have since been made to their *repertoire*.

FRANCIS JOSEPH HAYDN.

The original members of the company were as follows:

Ella Sheppard, Pianist and Soprano; Jennie Jackson, Soprano; Maggie Porter, Soprano; Minnie Tate, Contralto; Eliza Walker, Contralto; Thomas Rutling, Tenor; Ben. M. Holmes, Tenor; I. P. Dickerson, Bass; Greene Evans, Bass, in all nine.

Seven of this party had been in slavery. Up to October, 1880, twenty-four persons had been members of this organization, of whom twenty had been slaves. The first effort of these singers was to secure $20,000 for their college home. This was soon earned and $100,000 additional was then secured for an endowment. Other large sums of money and valuable gifts have also been received and donated by them for the help of their Alma Mater.

For their excellent musical work, as well as for their noble aims, they deserve universal approbation. They have sung our own land over and over again. They have made two trips abroad, singing before the various crowned heads of Europe, as also before leading citizens, clergymen, etc., and ever with marked success. They have probably done as much for their race as has any other agency.

Gerster.—Austria, the "land of voices," was the birthplace of Etelka Gerster. Kaschaw, in Hungary, was her natal town. Here she began her life, twenty-seven years ago, and spent her early years without a dream of her coming distinction. When she was twelve years of age an amateur concert was arranged in the village, and her girlish voice was one chosen for part therein. Nothing marked was expected from this selection. It was purely accidental, as we say. But Hellmesberger, the great Musical Director of Vienna, was there. The girl's voice charmed him and he asked and received permission to give the child a musical education. The effort proved grandly successful. The first professional appearance of the young singer was a triumph. Other appearances followed, and in January, 1876, when but twenty-one years of age, Gerster entered fully upon the stage. The Musical Director of this performance, Carlo Gardini, of Venice, was enraptured with the young artist. He became her manager, and finally, her husband. Her voice is described as "lovely, tender, pure, chaste." Her singing is well described as pre-eminently soulful.

CLARA LOUISA KELLOGG.

Gounod.—Charles Gounod, the composer of *Faust* and of many other highly meritorious musical works, is a Frenchman, now about seventy years of age. When the German soldiers drew near to Paris in the Franco-Prussian war, this hero abandoned his home, and sought refuge in London. He was of a most erratic temperament. He began studies for the Romish priesthood, but falling desperately in love, he abandoned the holy orders and married. When he fled to London he abandoned his family, accepting a home under the roof of a wealthy family named Weldon, who resided in Charles Dickens' old house in Travistock Square. Here he remained three years, doing some good musical work. He at last returned to Paris, leaving his affairs with the Weldon's in anything but a pleasant shape. Law suits and bitterness followed, but Gounod remained with his family, enjoying a peaceful old age, honored by French society and surrounded by French artists.

His genius and capacity as a composer are unquestionably of a high order, but yet of an erratic sort, which found congenial play in the wierd scenes of "Faust." Not many composers could have done so grandly by such a subject, and were it Gounod's only work it would suffice to guarantee his lasting fame.

Handel.—George Frederick Handel was born at Halle, Upper Saxony, February 24th, 1684; and died, April 13th, 1759, on Good Friday, the very day on which he had long wished to meet his end. Of all the illustrious names inscribed on the roll of master-musicians, none is more revered than this great man's. It is inseparably associated with the grandest narratives of the Bible, which he indissolubly wedded to the most exalted musical strains. For nearly two centuries Handel's great works have

lived; and they are to-day as welcome everywhere, as are the flowers of Spring. Thousands and tens of thousands of hearts have been moved and melted by the "Messiah;" and yet to-day, ten thousands of other hearts love it, and sing it, with unabated admiration.

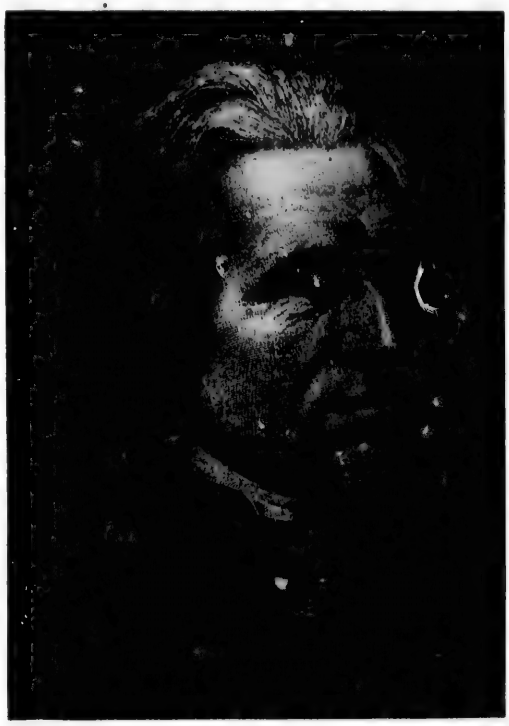
Handel's father designed him for the profession of law; but seeing the boy's love for music, he forbade him to touch any musical instrument or to attend musical entertainments.

Though a native of Germany, yet Handel spent most of his time in England, where he enjoyed the special personal favor of the then Prince of Wales. Among his works now in the Queen's Library are no less than fifty operas; eight of them in German, twenty-six in Italian, and sixteen in English. There are also twenty oratorios, with an immense quantity of church music, cantatas, songs and instrumental pieces.

Handel never became master of the spoken English, and some of his blunders of speech were quite amusing. He was exceedingly irascible when conducting important performances. He was notoriously averse to the tuning of instruments in full orchestra. This was always done beforehand. On one occasion a mischievous fellow having access to the prepared instruments put them all out of tune. Handel was in position to conduct when the first burst of discord came, which so frenzied him that he tore off his immense wig, kicked to pieces a double-bass, flung a kettle-drum at the head of the leader, and stood before the foot-lights snorting with rage and choking with passion. It was only on special request of the Prince, who was present, that he resumed his wig and proceeded with the opera.

Handel became blind, but he still composed and played on the organ, being led to his seat and to the front to receive the plaudits of the people. It is told that on one occasion, when he was at the organ, the great singer, Beard, rendered the pathetic solo of the sightless hero, Samson, in a most impressive manner. As Handel was giving the grand accompaniment of the "Total Eclipse," he turned pale and trembled, and many of his audience were moved to tears when the blind master was led forward to receive their applause at its end.

Other infirmities crept on apace. He knew that death was near, but at peace with God and man he patiently awaited his departure, which came just when he looked for it.



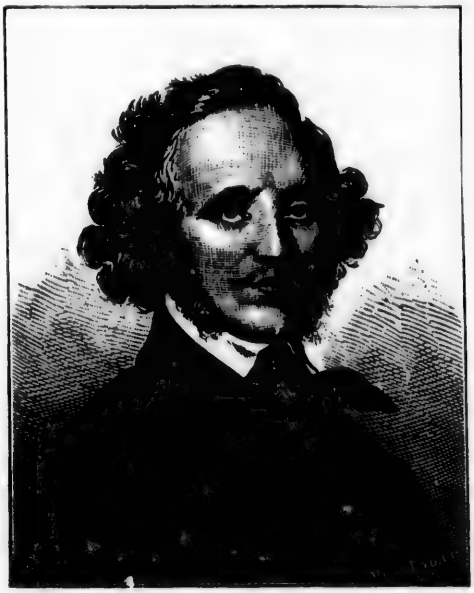
FRANZ LISZT.

Hauck.—Miss Minnie Hauck is a most distinguished American prima donna. From about 1867, she filled prominent parts in the leading operas, especially in Paris, London, Vienna and Berlin. The Emperor of Germany created her Singer of the Imperial Court, and the Queen of Belgium conferred on her the Order of the Star.

Strakosch engaged Miss Hauck for $100,000 for three years' services from 1877. Her

career began in 1866, she then being about fifteen years of age. Max Maretzek then became her patron and her bright soprano voice was rapidly developed under Errani, her first teacher. Her *debut* was made under her patron at Winter Garden, New York City. After singing with Parepa and Kellogg, she was sent abroad for study, and most faithfully did she improve her opportunities, by which she rose to her present well-deserved eminence.

Haydn.—Francis Joseph Haydn was born March 31st, 1732, at Rohrau, a small village near Vienna. He died at Vienna, May 31st, 1809. His father was a poor wheelwright, living in an humble but happy way, and musical evenings of an unassuming kind were frequently enjoyed by the Haydn family. A relative of the family present at one of these home concerts was amazed at the precision with which the little boy was beating time, and being himself a musician he proposed to attempt an education for the lad. This was the musical start of the great composer of "The Creation." He made great progress at his music and soon became famous, composing his first opera when but twenty years of age.



FELIX MENDELSSOHN.

Haydn composed all his productions slowly and very carefully, yet his works are exceedingly numerous, comprising 118 symphonies, 83 quartettes, 24 trios, 19 operas, 5 oratories, 163 songs for the baritone, 24 concertos for different instruments, 15 masses, 19 smaller church pieces, 44 sonatas for the piano, 12 German and Italian songs, the harmony and accompaniment to 365 old Scottish songs, besides an immense number of pieces for different instruments. In 1760, he wrote his beautiful symphonies (a style of composition in which he surpasses all other composers). The greater number of his magnificent quartettes also appeared about this time. Haydn led a very religious life. He says: "I was never so pious as when engaged upon the 'Creation,' I fell on my knees daily and prayed earnestly to God that He would grant me strength to carry out the work and to praise Him worthily." Thus, in his sixtieth year, he completed and gave to the world, his sublime work, "The Creation." The high rank assigned to Haydn by his illustrious compeer, Mozart, appears in the keen reply the latter made to a musical critic. "Sir," said Mozart, "if you and I were both melted down together, we should not furnish materials for one Haydn."

Haydn's death occurred while the French army was bombarding Vienna, and when an occasional shot was falling in his garden. The patriotism of the old man was so aroused that he was carried to his piano, where he played three times and sang his own "God preserve the Emperor." He was so overcome by his effort that he sank into a stupor from which he never rallied.

Kellogg.—Clara Louise Kellogg is a native of New York, where she did much of her early work, and where many of her finest triumphs have been gained. Her voice is a high soprano, of great clearness and purity and with close and fine quality. It is capable of rendering the tenderest inflections in the

most effective manner. Her intonations are remarkably correct and her acting is a fine exponent of her singing. Her public work is all characterized by a fine intelligence and a marked ingenuousness that wins for her hosts of friends. Her best operatic part is that of *Margherita* in "Faust." Her conception of it is purely her own, but none better can be found.

Many interesting incidents from such a career as hers could be cited. We give one only. When Miss Kellogg and Madame Pauline Lucca were singing as rivals in St. Louis, the Germans rallied for Lucca and the Americans for Kellogg. On the night of Lucca's first appearance the Germans took up a subscription and presented her a bouquet of flowers costing $35. On the following day the brokers on 'Change subscribed $135 for a testimonial to Kellogg. It was a turret of rare roses nearly eight feet high, and was laid at her feet during one of her operatic performances, amid thunders of applause. But the thing did not rest here. The Germans became excited in their turn, and resolved to outshine the Americans. They raised over $200, and gave the fair songstress an exquisite laurel wreath, lined with pure gold. The house was crowded when the presentation was made, and Lucca was overwhelmed in boisterous plaudits. The Lucca party was in hopes that this would prove a settler. It only incited the friends of Kellogg to a fresh exertion. They turned out in force and gave her a magnificent gold medal and chain, costing nearly $350. There were no further presentations at this time, but the offerings made to Kellogg's genius are innumerable.

WOLFGANG AMADEUS MOZART.

Lind.—Jenny Lind Goldschmidt, the "Swedish Nightingale," is a name which, as Ferris puts it, "shines among the very brightest in the Golden Book of Singers." She was born in Stockholm, Sweden, October 6th, 1821. At the age of three she could repeat any song she had once heard. When nine years old a prominent actress secured permission to train Jenny for the stage. She soon gained reputation as a prodigy, but when twelve years old she lost her voice. At sixteen it returned with all its early promise, and she rapidly rose in favor. Under Manuel Garcia she was, at a later day, wonderfully developed. Meyerbeer also became her special friend and did much to give her honorable prominence. A professional tour through Germany and Scandinavia in 1844, was a perfect ovation. Her popularity continued to rise from this time, she visiting England and America, and winning new triumphs everywhere. Her generosity was unbounded. In Germany she gave away thirty thousand florins; in England, nearly sixty thousand pounds; in America, fifty thousand dollars. On February 5th, 1852, she married Mr. Otto Goldschmidt, the pianist, who had been with her concert company. She finally made London her home, and still lives beloved by all.

Liszt.—The great pianist, Liszt, was born in 1811, near Pesth, in Hungary. His father was an excellent musician, who put the boy under instruction when he was but six years old, and who kept him steadily at work for many years. Before he was nine years old he played the most difficult music at concerts, and extemporized upon airs suggested by the

audience. When ten years old he played so charmingly in a concert that the great Beethoven came forward and embraced him. When about twenty years of age he secluded himself for five years of hard study, after which he entered on his triumphal march over Europe. From 1836 to 1848 he was the idol of the continent. It is said, the very sheets between which he slept were torn into shreds and treasured as mementos. In 1848, Liszt abandoned public performances and settled as musical conductor at Weimar, where he remained for twenty years, having many distinguished pupils. In 1868 he joined a religious order in Rome, and devoted himself to musical instruction. Liszt introduced many improvements in fingering and other matters, to a great extent revolutionizing piano playing. He may, indeed, be regarded as the best representative of the modern style of the art. Daunreuther speaking of Liszt, in 1878, said: "Now at sixty-six years of age, he is a perfect wonder as a player."

ADELINA PATTI.

Under date of May 1st, 1882, a writer from Weimar, thus sketches the Liszt of to-day:

"Among the great living composers I could not mention one whose name appears oftener in music and art journals, or on programmes, than that of Liszt. Even among the heroes of the past, not one could be named who lived to see his name so much before the public. Notwithstanding some reports to the contrary, Liszt is robust and vigorous. He rises as early as five or half-past, takes extended walks, and is still a hard worker. While he is almost visited to death, he has a pleasant smile for every caller. No wonder he is so popular. On the promenade old and young alike turn to observe him, as he goes on his way, lifting his hat every few moments, in recognition of some acquaintances. Even the domestics speak of him as 'the dear master,' for he has benefited so many, in one way or another, that every one loves him.

"From four to six o'clock on three days of the week he gives gratuitous lessons to young artists. When some wealthy person gives a large sum of money to a good cause, generally much ado is made of it, though it caused him no effort nor perceptible loss, but what can we say when a man—the greatest of all ages in his art—gives of his precious time the amount of one day's labor out of each week for the benefit of young pianists. The word generosity does not cover such a deed.

"Among his students there are some fine young artists. Now and then some presumptuous young man, or woman, whose technique and musical ability exist mainly in his, or her, own imagination, calls on the master with the intent of becoming his pupil. I happened to be present at such a time. The kind-hearted master made many corrections and even played several pages of the piece to the would-be virtuoso, but at last, when he could endure it no longer, he informed the aspiring youth that he did not know anything and that the air outside would be better for him. Well, I suppose the young man considered it an honor even to be 'kicked out' by Liszt."

Be this as it may, he left, as many another of similar spirit had done before him.

Lowry.—Robert Lowry, perhaps the best known of all composers of Sunday-school music, was born in Philadelphia, Pa., in 1827. His genius as a vocalist and composer appeared in boyhood, and some of the earliest juvenile hymns were his compositions, both in words and music. When a student at the University at Lewisburg, Pa., and in his subsequent career as a pastor, he was famous for his compositions and for his ability to lead vocal performances. He had intuitive perception of what was needed and just how the need should be met. His musical productions are almost numberless, including some world-wide favorites, such as: "Shall we Gather at the River?" "I need Thee every Hour," etc. His chief work as musical editor has been upon "Pure Gold," "Bright Jewels," "Royal Diadem," and other invaluable Sunday-school and Church Singing-books.

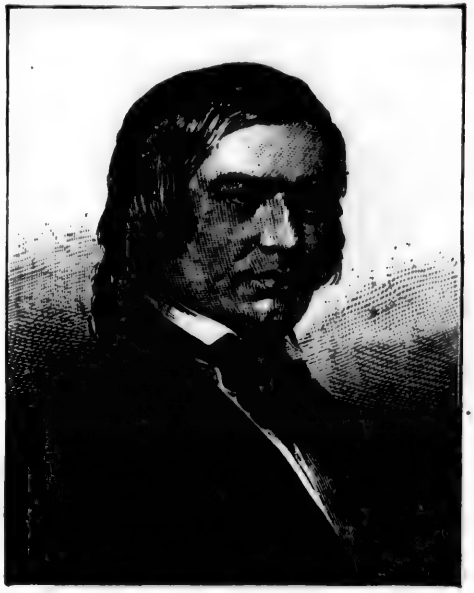
Dr. Lowry has composed some patriotic songs of great popular merit; "There's Victory at Last," and other well-known songs of the war being his.

FRANZ SCHUBERT.

Mason.—Dr. Lowell Mason was born at Medfield, Mass., in 1792, and died in New Jersey in 1872. In his youth he entered a banking-house in the South, but his ruling passion was music, and he studied the art assiduously. He was an excellent leader, shrewd and politic and always popular. The famous book which he published for the Handel and Haydn Musical Society, of Boston, had its origin in a collection which he made in Savannah, with the assistance of a trained musician—Mr. F. L. Abel, who was for a time his teacher. It was founded upon an early English collection made by Gardiner, the author of the absurd book, the "Music of Nature," who seems to have been better as a collector and arranger than as an author. In the Handel and Haydn collection, Dr. Mason added many tunes of his own composition, and this work became the first of the innumerable host of sacred collections which have had such an influence on American music. His contributions to the hymn service of this land have been very many, and, as a rule, very excellent.

Mozart.—Wolfgang Amadeus Mozart was born January 27th, 1756, at Salzburg, Germany, where his father, who was a most upright man, was engaged in musical pursuits. Wolfgang showed his genius for music when hardly more than a babe. When he could scarce reach up to the keys of the old-fashioned piano, he would amuse himself picking out and dwelling on the simple harmonies. He was put under instruction when four years old; soon after which he composed small pieces which his father noted down. At seven years of age he performed wonderfully on piano, organ and violin, besides being an accurate composer. The family made a tour of the continent soon after, when the lad and his very gifted sister aroused enthusiasm among the very highest classes. They were summoned from palace to palace, and performed before the most of Europe's crowned heads. Before he was ten years old, he had composed six sonatas; the "Gulimathus Musicus," for full orchestral use; and one small oratorio. When twelve years old, he wielded the conductor's *baton* for the first time.

In 1784, Mozart began a record of his publications. In the first six months of 1791, he produced nearly fifty compositions of various characters, including his last great opera, the "Magic Flute." The "Requiem" was Mozart's final effort. He wrote it under a presentiment of impending death. It was finished while, as he said, he had "the taste of death on his tongue." On his death-bed he sang its alto, three friends assisting him in the other parts, until he fell into a delirium from which he never rallied. He died the same night, December 5th, 1791. He was buried on a stormy, snowy day, in a common grave, in St. Mark'sground at Vienna, and when the exact spot was sought to erect a monument thereon, it could not be identified. So was lost the clue to Mozart's resting-place. But he lives in the hearts of men. His works are masterpieces, as the musical world. No wonder Schubert said: "O, Mozart! immortal Mozart! how many and what countless images of a brighter world hast thou stamped on our souls!"



ROBERT SCHUMANN.

Nilsson.—Madame Christine Nilsson was a countrywoman of Jenny Lind—a second great soprano which Sweden gave the world. Her greatest triumphs were scored in opera, where she is an acknowledged queen; but she was also famous for her ballad and song-singing. She was born in 1843, at a farmhouse between Wexio and Christianstad in Swaland, Sweden. After she had reached the zenith of her fame, in 1876, she visited her old home again, scattering benefactions among her kinspeople and former neighbors. In personal appearance she is described as having "a tall, well-proportioned figure, a noble and finely-chiseled countenance, in which two large, bright-blue eyes now touchingly glance, and now flash with passionate expression." On her first visit to this country she received $3,500 for one night's singing in Boston, and the entire visit paid her $380,000.

Patti.—Adelina Patti frankly admits that she was born February 19th, 1843. Her parents were theatrical people; her father, a Sicilian; her mother, a Roman; she herself being born in Madrid and brought up in New York. She learned the English, Italian, French and Spanish languages. Patti's half-brother, by a previous marriage, was Barilli, a good singer, who taught her music in a thorough and systematic manner. Strakosch did what he could at a later day in perfecting this accomplished artist. As a child, Adelina was passionately fond of music and acting. She attended wherever her parents played or sang, and rehearsed the operas over by herself in her own room at home. When seven years old, she appeared as a concert singer. She was then so small that when singing, she stood on a table beside the piano, at which her lame sister, Carlotta, presided. These efforts were very remunerative, and during a time of financial stringency, she maintained the family by her own singing.

When but fifteen years old, she appeared in the leading part of "Lucia di Lammermoor," at the New York Academy of Music. She was a mere child in stature at that time, but success attended her even then and thus she started on her wonderful career.

It has been said of Adelina Patti that she is "one of those rare singers who appear at long intervals on the musical horizon to revive not only the hopes of managers, but the enthusiasm of the public." Richard Grant White, who questions Patti's title as "a great prima donna," confesses that she "sings with perfect method, the highest finish, and in unexceptionable taste."

Rivé-King.—Mrs. Julia Rivé-King is a pianist of great promise. She is a native of Cincinnati. She studied abroad, finishing under Listz, and is regarded as a true artist, who can truthfully render the finest conceptions of the greatest masters. She seems utterly unconscious of self in her performances, and her skill commands the wildest applause on most occasions. One eminent critic said of her, "She is the most magnetic interpreter we have yet heard." Another has declared that "As an artist she stands the very first of American pianists." Her playing is entirely from memory, but is a marvel of accuracy.

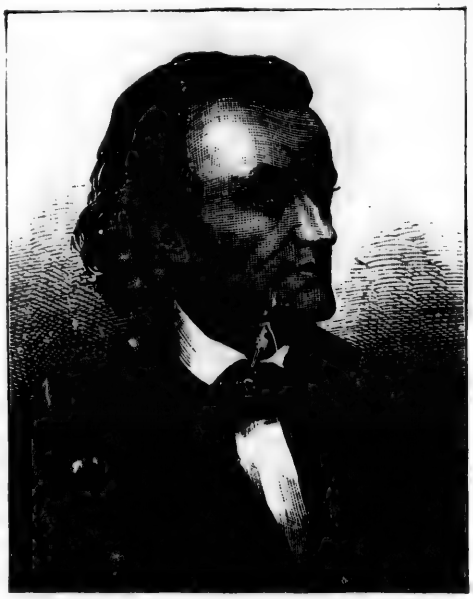
EMMA C. THURSBY.

Rubinstein.—Anton Rubinstein, the noted pianist, who made a very successful tour of this country in 1873, is a native of Russia, born in 1829. His first lessons were from his mother, his later instruction from Liszt. He made a concert tour when ten years of age. After years of most intense study he began, in 1856, to render his own compositions in concerts. His success in this line was most brilliant, and his sovereign bestowed a title of nobility upon him, with a large salary for life. His productions when played by himself are most effective, but are seldon attempted by others. He has been termed the "Lion Pianist." He can *roar*, as perhaps no other pianist can, but he can also be gentle as a summer breeze. His execution abounds in what many regard as excessive gesticulation.

Sullivan.—In the lighter ranges of musical literature, it is doubtful whether any name is better known and more widely respected than that of Arthur S. Sullivan. He is an Englishman, about forty years of age. He is principal of the National School for Music at South Kensington, and also professor of harmony in the Royal Academy of Music. Some four years ago Cambridge University conferred upon him the degree of Doctor of Music. Mr. Sullivan has produced a large number of songs, duets and other forms of concerted music. He is peculiarly happy in writing comic music, his greatest success being "Pinafore," which so swept the country a few years ago.

Sullivan came of musical parentage, from whom he inherited no common ability. When but six years old he attempted to write original melodies. At fourteen he took the Mendelssohn scholarship at the Royal Academy of Music, after which he continued his musical studies in Germany for several years and then began to give his musical compositions to the world. His works included ballet, cantata, operetta, anthem, symphony, oratorio, overture and chiefly comic opera. "Mr. Sullivan has succeeded, more or less, in every kind of composition which he has attempted."

Thomas.—Theodore Thomas, the great orchestral leader, was born in the Kingdom of Hanover, in 1835. He came to America in 1845 with his parents. He was taught the violin by his father, who was an excellent musician. He frequently appeared as "the boy violinist;" but he studied diligently, meanwhile, to master all that pertained to the musical profession. At the age of fifteen, he was first violinist in the fine orchestra which accompanied Jenny Lind in her first American concerts. At twenty years of age, he conducted both Italian and German operas. Adelina Patti would have no other conductor when she sang in New York. In 1861, he abandoned the conductorship of opera and began the formation of his famous orchestra. From this time until 1876, Mr. Thomas delighted the most cultivated musical people of New York, and elsewhere on occasional tours, with symphonies and other classical performances. He spent the Centennial year in Philadelphia; then some time in Chicago; thence, in 1878, he went to Cincinnati as Director of its great College of Music, which position he abandoned in about two years and resumed his former lines of work in New York and other great cities.



RICHARD WAGNER.

Thursby.—Perhaps no singer produced by this country has a better place in the American heart than has Miss Emma C. Thursby. She is a native of Brooklyn, N. Y., a pupil of Mme. Rudersdorff and Sig. Errani, and she is still in her youth. Her voice is a lovely, pure, sweet, fresh soprano. Its tones are "now richly colored with warm feeling, now bright and very bird-like." Her compass is from G *in alt.*, to A below the staff. For Sunday services in the Tabernacle Church of New York, she received a salary of $3,000. Strakosch agreed to give her $100,000 for three years singing in concert and oratorio, with her expenses, two months' vacation each year and the privilege of giving parlor concerts. Miss Thursby was devotedly attached to Mme. Rudersdorff, to whom she considers herself greatly indebted for her success. Her former teacher, in return, declares Miss Emma to be "just a little darling." She is of petite figure, with a very expressive face, and a most charming and modest bearing. She absolutely refuses to appear upon the stage in opera. During his visit to this country the Emperor of Brazil, Dom Pedro, offered her the most flattering inducements to visit his dominions, but she declined, preferring to pursue her studies, and follow her own plans of travel and study. Her recent successes abroad have been all that her earlier career promised.

Urso.—The name of Camilla Urso is familiar to the world, and her talents are everywhere admired. Her father and grandfather were both eminent musicians. At the age of six she was one of the most charming children in the world. The slightest sound would cause her to weep or laugh, as it expressed sorrow or joy. One day, at about this age, she said to her father, "I wish to learn the violin;" and like a sensible man he got a teacher at once. At seven she made her *debut.* It is impossible to describe the ovation which she received. On a tour through France shortly after she

was loaded with praise, bonbons and toys, a kind of ovation to which little Camilla seemed not insensible. A critic, speaking of her at the age of eight says, "What is most surprising is the sentiment of her execution; she excels in that essential expression that comes wholly from the soul, and which the composer, from lack of means to express, abandons to the discretion and intelligence of the executor."

In speaking of her early training, Madam Urso says, "I would practice six hours a day, playing until my poor little arm could no longer hold in position. Then I would run out into the street and watch the happy children in their little games. But my heart was in my violin, and to it I would return with a fresh delight. Many years I devoted myself to the closest application, always happy in my practice."

Standing as she does at the very top in her profession, beyond criticism, the praise she won at the age of eight is still the truth.

Zerrahn.—Among the famous musical men of Boston, there is no one better known than Mr. Carl Zerrahn.

He is a native of Malchow, in the Grand Duchy of Mecklenburg-Schwerin, where his *debut*, as an infant, occurred in July, 1826. In his twelfth year he began the study of music with F. Webber, in Rostock, and subsequently studied in Hanover and Berlin. About the time he attained his majority, musical interests suffered much neglect in Germany and elsewhere, owing to the political excitement of the times, which finally culminated in the Revolution of March, 1848. The upshot was that Mr. Zerrahn and about a score of others determined to leave the Fatherland, and to that end organized what was known as the Germania Musical Society. On leaving their native country, they made a brief visit to London, where they gave a number of entertainments with distinguished artistic success, though not with such pecuniary results as would induce them to remain. Their original resolution to seek a fortune in America was, therefore, carried out, and in August, 1848, they left London for New York. Commencing at Niblo's Opera House, October 5th, they gave sixteen concerts in New York and Brooklyn, after which they gave an extended series in Philadelphia, Baltimore and Washington, and then went to Boston, where their success was such as to cause the number of their concerts in that city to be extended to twenty-two. The principal cities of New England were afterward visited with the most gratifying results. During the following years, they appeared many times in conjunction with Ole Bull, Madame Sontag, and many other artists; and finally, in 1854, after the loss of many of their original comrades, they decided to disband.

Zerrahn now began to push for himself, and shortly after became conductor of the Handel and Haydn Society of Boston, and has held that position to the present time. When the Harvard Symphony Association was formed, fifteen years ago, he was elected conductor of their orchestra, and has been his own successor through the entire series given by them up to the present time. He will be remembered as prominently engaged in the work of the two Peace Jubilees of 1869 and 1872; and he has had exclusive control over the Handel and Haydn Triennial Festivals from 1865 to the present time, and also took a conspicuous part in the two New York Festivals in 1869 and 1873.

Mr. Zerrahn is now [1882] at the age of fifty-five, in the prime of his strength and usefulness. He thoroughly enjoys hard work, and thrives on an amount of it that would break down any common man.

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